THREE POLITICAL TRAGEDIES

NAPOLEON

THE LION AT BAY

THE TYROLESE PATRIOTS

By CHARLES G. FALL

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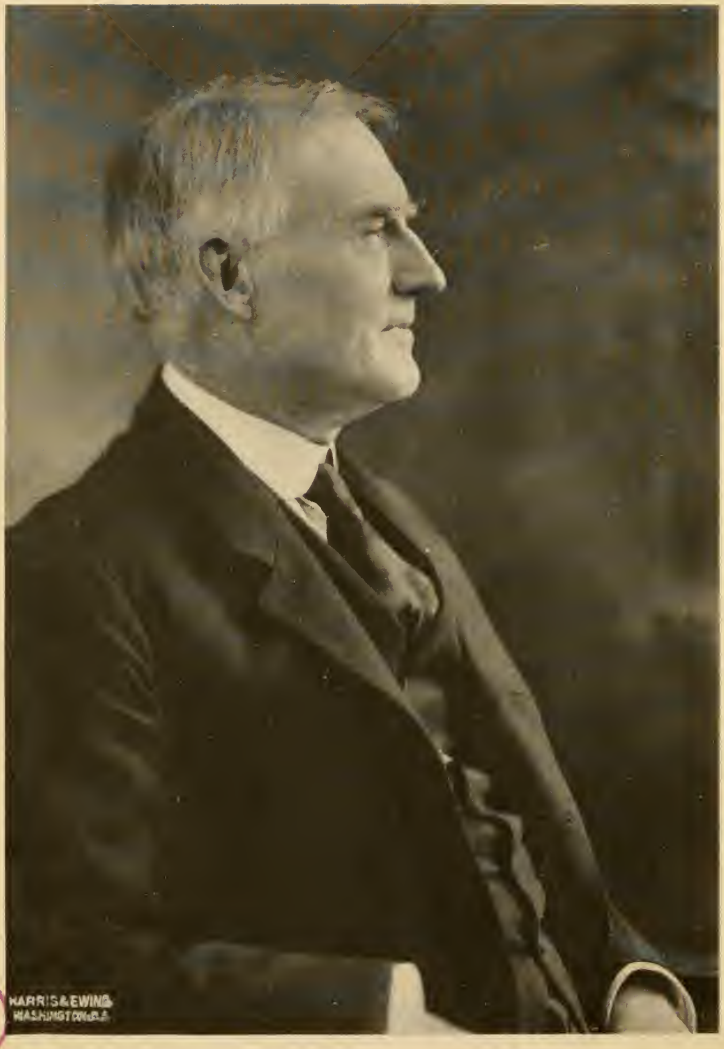

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Albert B. Fall

Three Political Tragedies

Napoleon
The Lion at Bay
The Tyrolese Patriots

BY

CHARLES G. FALL

Author of
"Patriot or Traitor," "Conflict That Saved a Nation," "Trumpets of Freedom," "Fiord, Foss and Field," "Eloquence," etc.

COHASSET
MASSACHUSETTS

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Charles G. Fall
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CONTENTS

	PAGE
Napoleon — From Toulon to St. Helena	1
The Lion at Bay	111
The Tyrolese Patriots	219

NAPOLEON — FROM TOULON TO ST. HELENA

This is an attempt to dramatize the career of Napoleon. What life since Adam was one more dramatic? From Toulon to Friedland ascending! From Friedland to St. Helena descending! Up like a rocket, down like a stick! The son of a notary; the rival of Charlemagne; the fellow of convicts. Nor is it difficult to believe that no such person has ever existed, so meteoric was his career. It surpassed Cæsar's, indeed, for Napoleon filled out his allotted days.

No one should attempt this task who has not tried to know his history as nuns know their Bibles. Nor is this knowledge enough; for the causes which lifted him and the causes which tumbled him should be discovered, and his character and opinions and those of the men around him must be learned. And with this must go a dramatic instinct and some poetical gifts. It is a task for Shakespeare. But Shakespeare isn't here and a village carpenter has attempted it. It has been badly done, no doubt. But such as it is, here it is.

NAPOLEON—FROM TOULON TO ST. HELENA

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

GOETHE, *the German poet.*

MURAT, *Marshal of France, King of Naples; brother-in-law of Napoleon.*

NEY, *Marshal of France; "the Bravest of the Brave."*

MACDONALD, *Marshal of France; hero of the coup d'état.*

TALLEYRAND, *Bishop of Verdun; minister and diplomatist.*

PRINCE METTERNICH, *Austrian minister and diplomatist.*

ALEXANDER, *Czar of Russia.*

BARRAS, *Member of the Directory.*

CARNOT, *Member of the Directory; organizer of the Revolutionary armies.*

LATOURNEUR *and two other Directors.*

COUNT HAUGWITZ, *Prussian minister; diplomatist.*

EUGENE, *son of Josephine; Marshal of France; heir presumptive of Napoleon.*

LOUIS BONAPARTE, *brother of Napoleon; afterwards King of Holland.*

JOSEPHINE BEAUHARNAIS, *afterwards Empress of France.*

Caroline Bonaparte, *wife of Murat; afterwards Queen of Naples.*

Pauline Bonaparte, *afterwards Princess Borghese.*

Hortense Beauharnais, *daughter of Josephine, who became wife of Louis Bonaparte, and Queen of Holland; mother of Napoleon III.*

Marie Louise, *daughter of Emperor of Austria, who becomes Empress of France.*

Queen Louise, *Queen of Prussia, mother of Kaiser William I.*

Fritz, *Crown Prince of Prussia; afterwards Frederick William III.*

Prince William *of Prussia, afterwards Kaiser William I.*

An Assassin, who attempts the life of Napoleon. An English Spy. An Hussar.

Kings, princes, dukes, in attendance at the Congress of Erfurt.

Note. — An attempt to dramatize Napoleon's life, his rise and fall, and its causes, must, of necessity, put upon the stage the characters prominent during the epochs of the life represented. Some of them, like Ney, Talleyrand, Murat, were prominent during his whole career; others, like Barras, Carnot, Metternich, Queen Louise, Marie Louise, Josephine, during a part only. It follows, therefore, that these latter appear in parts of the play only, and one actor can, if desired, take two of these parts.

One actor could take the part of Napoleon and Talley-

rand; Barras and Ney; Carnot and Macdonald; Hortense and Marie Louise; Josephine and Queen Louise; Murat and Haugwitz; Eugene and Alexander.

Louis Bonaparte, Caroline, and Pauline have little, and the kings, princes and dukes in attendance at the Congress of Erfurt, nothing to say.

ACT I

Scene I

The Garden of the Luxembourg. Costumes of the time of the Directory. BARRAS *and* CARNOT *in conference.*

Barras. More blood? Has not the guillotine yet slaked
Medusa's thirst? Think you this mob will move on us to-morrow?
Carnot. I hear that Saint Antoine's a seething cauldron;
Montmartre's ablaze with discontent; I fear Sedition
Shakes her Gorgon head at us!
Barras. The people hate this new-born Constitution
These blacksmiths now are hammering out;
I've heard the Earthquake's growls and mutterings;
'Twould seem as if the blood of all the thousands
Queen Guillotine has sent unshrived to Heaven
Should sate her greedy maw!
Carnot. The tiger, when he gets the taste of blood,
Cries, like the horse-leech, "Give, oh, give me blood!"
Such gory vaporings intoxicate
Like wine.
Barras. How many madmen do you fear?
Carnot. Some thirty thousand, Santarre says.
Barras. 'Twas such a mob that trudged, six years

Ago, from Paris to Versailles
To thunder Famine in King Louis' ears;
A swirling torrent! Such Vesuvian rage
The Bastille stormed, and bore De Launay's head
Through Paris on a pike.

Carnot. These were the agonies of centuries
That burst their barriers. . . .

Barras. To deluge France with Insurrection's bile.
But times have changed. These raving lunatics
Must now be chained. They'll have our heads, betimes.

Carnot. The medicine for madmen is cold iron.
They need steel bayonets and iron pills.

Barras. 'Twill either kill or cure; our heads are theirs
Or theirs are ours. There is a Corsican,
A sallow stripling, with big, hungry eyes,
Who dogs my steps and offers a prescription
Will quiet mobs, he says. A young lieutenant;
His eager visage haunts the gallery.

Carnot. What is his name?

Barras. I've never heard. He says that at Toulon
He had a battery.

Carnot. What is his medicine?

Barras. Volleys of grape-shot. This, he says, will send
These dervishes a-flying to their holes.

Carnot. But how would he administer his poison?

Barras. He'd station guns at the converging streets;
Build barricades with paving-stones, and
Send his leaden pellets down their throats.

Carnot. 'Twould fill more graves than doctors can with physic!

[TALLEYRAND *approaches, dressed like a Bishop.*

Barras. Who's this comes here? Is't Talleyrand?

Carnot. His form, his face, his limp!

Barras. Quintessence of deceit!

Carnot. A serpent's wisdom sanctifies his guile!
I knew him when at school; beneath that cassock
There lurks Ambition's impish frenzy.

Talleyrand. Good morrow, gentlemen!

Barras. Good morning, Talleyrand!

Carnot. Good morning! You've been away from Paris?

Talleyrand. Oh, yes. This climate suits not my complexion.
Whene'er the sun is crimson, skies rain blood,
Why, then, a man of my pale countenance
Should try a cooler atmosphere; this air
Of Paris was far too Vesuvian.
And then that collar Madame Guillotine
Adjusts so closely round her lovers' throats
Was not becoming to my pallid beauty;
When drawn too close it cuts the chin.

Barras. Yes, Robespierre complained of this.

Talleyrand. And I have read that the Assembly begged
Her Majesty, Queen Guillotine, to try
On him the coat he'd tried so oft on others.

Carnot. Where found you that salubrious air?

Talleyrand. Among the Red Men and the Puritans,

Across the seas in forest solitudes.

Carnot. America?

Talleyrand. My cloisters were primeval colonnades
Where Kennebec betroths Atlantic's surge.

Carnot. You knew her patriot sons?

Talleyrand. Yes, Franklin and the brace of Adamses,
And him who dipt his pen in eagle's blood
And wrote: All men have been created equal
In right to life and law and liberty; —
And Washington, the noblest of them all,
And one of Plutarch's men, the Scipios' son.

Barras. And Lafayette says he gave them back his sword
When he had cut the Lion's claws!

Carnot. You know their Constitution?

Talleyrand. Its stately tread is burnt upon my brain;
In wisdom 'tis the heir of all the ages;
For Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights
Were but the vestibule of Freedom's temple.

Barras. And will it stand the fires and hurricanes
Of party madness, civil war and faction?

Talleyrand. Aye! 'tis so braced, so buttressed everywhere,
That Samson's self could not its columns shake.

Carnot. Its seeds are scattering . . .

Talleyrand. With every wind. No ship that eastward turns
Its prow towards France or towards the German Rhine

But bears the seeds of Freedom, broadcast sows
This gospel of the free through Europe.

Carnot. How strange that in that Western wilderness
A cloud should rise no bigger than man's hand
And deluge Europe with its aqueous blessings!
From them we learned to sing our Marseillaise.

Talleyrand. But learned, besides, the Song of Anarchy!
These mobs; these Hydra Kings, now spouting blood
And fire; these butchers who have turned all France
To shambles and, like tigers when they've tasted
Man's blood, cry out for more and will not be
Denied; they threaten ruin to our lands.
Your Madame Guillotine a sister is
Of Thraldom's iron maid of Nuremberg.
You have no easy task, my friends, to hold
These devils in your leash. Beware! Beware!

[TALLEYRAND *goes out.*

Barras. Too well we know that Damoclean sword
Is hanging over us! Our eyes can see
Its gleaming blade, and see the single hair
Suspends it; seen it fall on other heads,
On Danton's, Roland's, Antoinette's, Lamballe's,
On heads as numberless as are the leaves
At Fontainebleau or countless sands restrain
The surging sea. Ah! but to see the sword
Is not to escape it! How can this be done?

[MURAT *enters, dressed in the uniform of the*

National Guard, and hands a letter to Barras, *which he reads and hands to* Carnot.

Barras. Young Bonaparte suspects the mob to-morrow!
Shall we enlist his aid? Do you approve
His scheme for our defence? [*To* Murat.
Know you the sender of this missive?

Murat. We wet our whistles, when we've sous enough,
And break our bread together.

Barras. Has he an iron nerve?

Murat. A nerve as dauntless as was Cæsar's!
Cæsar's his constant study, bedfellow!

Barras. Knows he the art of war?

Murat. He's godson of the God of War. The air
He sniffs is superfluous with battle-smoke.

Barras. Can he enforce his will?

Murat. He's inch on inch a soldier; born to snatch
Fair Fortune by the forelock.

Barras. At the Directory in half an hour!
[Murat *goes out.*
This youth has Fortune made for this occasion;
We must unsheathe the sword of Resolution
And gird it round our loins; think you not so?
Now Opportunity must seize War's hand!
The hour has flown when pale-faced, blue-eyed Thought
Should head the table at our council-board.
Is't true that when Toulon was captured back
This lad showed he had tiger's teeth?

Carnot. True! Now I do remember me I sent

A young lieutenant — Bonaparte his name —
To inspect our southern ports and their equipments,
And make report how best our sea-girt coast
We could defend against the Lion's paw.
He knew the uses of artillery.

Barras. Let us commend him to the rest! For time
Is pressing; our necessities are great. [*Both go out.*

Scene II

Same scenery. A council of war in progress. BARRAS, CARNOT *and the other three members of the Directory are sitting in conference when the curtain rises.*

Barras. The Hapsburg fears his dynasty's in danger
And little does he reck of those he rules;
Clamors for patient donkeys he can ride;
His fear is lest he lose his palaces,
His plunder and that sword of Charlemagne.
And Prussia's rule of blood and bayonets
Is but the Hohenzollern's greed of power.
Both seek to keep themselves and keep all Kings
Upon the thrones their bandit forebears won.
This grasping hunger has become a frenzy
And topples Reason from its high estate
To place the coronet upon War's brow.
Thou Genius of the Revolution! Come!
Strike off the shackles from our patient hands!

Kings are the People's choice, not God's elect.
Freedom would from the house-top swing her cap
And Thraldom weep if Royalty should die.
How children oft are slaughtered like sweet lambs
For sins some royal favorite has done;
And Virtue oft the scars of Vice will bear
That Kings may wear their father's livery.

Carnot. A sad, sad fate!

Barras. But war is Hell; 'tis never holiday;
The savage hand of Might, not Right!
The wraiths of glory that enhalo war,
That pageant of hoarse, clamorous tongues
Which Rumor's trumpet heralds through the world,
This is man's recompense for dying. The lad
Who cut the bridge when Tiber rolled beneath,
To stay Etruria's hordes of slaughterers,
And sank with it in Tiber's tawny arms,
Rose up upon the chariot-wheels of Fame.
But oh, the fathers, mothers, sweethearts, wives
Who wash down Want and Agony with tears!
They die as if a candle had gone out,
With none to tell that here some broken heart
With its faint sputterings expired! War! War!
You are the game of Kings; Kingdoms your stake!

Latourneur. What news bring back your spies from Austria?
What armies has the Hapsburg in his camps
Entrained for France?

Carnot. When Winter lifts her grip from off our highways,

Then Austria will send three armies forth.
The first will tempt our border from the north;
Another from the Rhine; a third will scale
The Savoy Alps; but all will steer their course
For Paris and the bleeding heart of France,
Their banners blazoned with: Long live all Kings.

Latourneur. And we?

Carnot. Our northern armies are now panoplied;
Jourdan commands the first; Moreau, the Rhine . . .

Latourneur. And Italy's?

Carnot. We've called for volunteers; our proclamations
Posted: To arms! The country is in danger!

Latourneur. And who commands these volunteers?

Carnot. What say you to young Bonaparte?

[MURAT *comes in excitedly.*

Murat. All Paris will be here anon! The people
Have heard your cry and boil with joy,
Cheering the orators, ready to march
With guns or clubs, pitchforks or anything!

[*Crowds begin to come in.*

Carnot. Here is the patriot's answer to our call!
France, fair France! dear mother of us all!
Your sons for centuries have poured their blood,
Their wealth, their honor, everything held dear,
Into your sacred urn, and lighted it
With fire called down from Heaven. Oft, too oft,
This incense rose as from a funeral pyre,
Faded as smoke to nothingness; and yet
The horrid holocaust goes on.

Scene III

This scene is spectacular, a continuation of the previous one, and is designed to recall the famous picture in the Versailles galleries called "The Enlistment." As the patriots come in three tables are brought from the wings, on which placards are hung: "To Arms! The Country is in danger!" BARRAS, CARNOT *and* MURAT *take seats at the tables and open enlistment rolls, which people come up and eagerly sign. Women want to contribute, and* MURAT *puts his hat on the table, into which they throw rings, bracelets, trinkets, necklaces, brooches, watches, etc., till the hat is full. Men in groups engage in eager conversation. Young* BONAPARTE *comes in, in the uniform of the National Guard, and calmly watches the scene from the wings. A veteran of other wars comes, in his faded uniform, on crutches, and brings his son, who signs; and he wants to do so himself. A widow brings her son and his father's sword, and when he has signed she buckles the sword around him and kisses him. A young man comes with his wife, leading her little children, signs the roll, and his wife and children kiss him with pride. A crowd of recruits, led by St. Cyr, march around the stage with muskets, swords, lances, pitchforks and the "Tricolor" tied to guns and swords. The orchestra plays the Marseillaise and the crowd sing it. The greatest enthusiasm exists.*

Scene IV

Same scenery. Costumes of the time of the Directory. BARRAS *comes in from dinner with* JOSEPHINE BEAUHARNAIS, *who afterwards marries Bonaparte, on his arm. The noise of plates and glasses is heard as the curtain rises. Afterwards* MURAT *comes in with* CAROLINE BONAPARTE, *who afterwards becomes his wife and Queen of Naples. As the curtain rises an orchestra behind the scenes plays some light music, suitable for a dinner-party. Later* TALLEYRAND *comes in with* PAULINE BONAPARTE, *and* LOUIS BONAPARTE *with* HORTENSE BEAUHARNAIS, JOSEPHINE'S *daughter, whom he afterward marries and becomes King of Belgium.* EUGENE *is with them. They dance a minuet afterwards, waving the "Tricolor."*

Josephine. Delightful! Charming! What infinite assurance!

Were all his soldiers really hungry, barefoot
And ragged?

Barras. Yes. Some had scarcely rags to cover them!

Josephine. How read his proclamation? Tell me, truly!

Barras. "Soldiers: You are hungry, naked, shoeless!

Across those Alps are fertile fields, rich towns

And provinces, prosperity, abundance;
Follow me and they are yours!"

Josephine. The falcon hardly strikes his prey more swiftly
Than he those Austrians! What were those rules
Of war he violated?

Barras. Sometimes he marched before the sun was up.

Josephine. (*Scornfully.*) How could he be so cruel?

Barras. He was so young, precipitate.

Josephine. The crime of Youth! He will outgrow it!
What else?

Barras. Sometimes he fought before they'd breakfasted . . .

Josephine. Cruelty incarnate!

Barras. He took their baggage; took their finery
And laces!

Josephine. Worse and more of it!

Barras. His sword was like the lightning!

Josephine. And like that fertile scimitar of Saladin,
Could slice a feather floating in the air
Or cleave an iron bar . . .

Barras. And like the Afric Monarch's trunk, which lifts
A needle or tears up a tree.

[*They continue their conversation on the side of the stage.* MURAT *and* CAROLINE *come in.*

Murat. Your brother has eclipsed my hopes!

Caroline. You knew him ere he went to Italy?

Murat. Oh, yes! We've often broke the bread of hope
And poverty together!

Caroline. Before or since we sisters came to Paris?

Murat. At Madame Angot's, on Saint Honore,
When Fortune smiled a sickly smile
And eked out scanty sous.

Caroline. This transformation seems a dream; but not,
I know, to him. When we were children, playing
Within our sea-girt realm of Corsica,
His wooden sword, 'twas Alexander's sword,
And I was Alexander's Queen, Roxana.

Murat. The child was god-sire of the man.

[*They continue their conversation on the side of the stage.* TALLEYRAND *and* PAULINE *come in.*

Pauline. My brother had no right in Genoa?

Talleyrand. None save necessity! For Genoa
Was neutral ground. But Austria's eagle perched
Across the Alps, meanwhile, sharpening his beak.
There is no law of nations. Conference
Has made no law defining nations' rights.
'Tis true that Grotius, yes, and others, too,
Have forged great principles, forged bands of steel
To hold great states in sweet accord; and true
Old precedents hold sway, as sovereign essence.

But these are garments cut for single use:
And no states yet have been created twins.
Self-interest it is that governs them,
And Might is always sovereign arbiter.

Pauline. Necessity? Was that sufficient warrant?

Talleyrand. What's Genoa? A wart upon the thigh
Of Italy! Let him protest who dares!
When Genoa's great son, the great Columbus,
Balanced that egg that fools were playing with
He *broke* the egg to do it. Macedon
Untied the Gordian Knot by *cutting* it.

Pauline. Did Austria protest?

Talleyrand. 'Twas idle wind that whistled round a castle!
The guns of Lodi and of Arcola
Soon drowned her wails, although she cracked her cheeks
With bellowings.

[*Here* Louis Bonaparte *and* Hortense *and* Eugene *come dancing in, waving little tricolor flags and shouting "Vive La France!" "Vive General Bonaparte!"*

Eugene. When's General Carnot coming, mama?

Josephine. Very soon, I hope, my dears.

Hortense. (*To* Barras.) Why, uncle, does not General Carnot come?

Barras. He's at the Ministry. Dispatches came
From General Bonaparte in Italy
About a treaty sealed with Austria
At Campo Formio.

Hortense. He promised to dance the minuet with me.

Here are musicians, and I too am ready.
Please send a messenger and tell him to make haste.
Tell him Hortense is waiting.

Barras. (*To* JOSEPHINE.) When Ajax lays his armor off, puts on

The panoply of peace and hies him home,
The Directory will give a gorgeous fête
Here in the palace of the Luxembourg.
All Paris will be here.

Josephine. 'Twill be a glorious spectacle, and worthy

To rank with Roman triumphs.

Barras. May I present to you the conqueror?

Josephine. Most gladly would I know him, for my children

Are always singing of his victories.

[*The minuet begins. While it is in progress* CARNOT *comes in. The dance breaks off and all run to meet him, lead him down front, where all gather round to hear the news.*

Carnot. A treaty hatched with Austria gives France

Belgium, Ionia, Sardinia;
And Northern Italy is now one state
Yclept Republic Cisalpine, ally
Of ours; and old Liguria becomes
Republican, with Genoa its head.
On eighteen battle-fields has Austrian pride
Kissed our Republic's feet; dear France

Is over-lord of Northern Italy;
The boundary of France is now the Rhine
As in our glorious past.

[*Enthusiasm, with the waving of flags by the children and handkerchiefs by the ladies, and shouts of "Vive General Bonaparte!" "Vive La France!"*

ACT II

Scene I

Austerlitz and After

The Imperial Garden at Schönbrunn. The garden shows its terraces at the back of the stage and a clump of trees on the side.

EUGENE, *eight years older than when we last saw him, comes on the stage with a packet in his hand he has brought post-haste from Paris.*

Eugene. So this is Schönbrunn! Still as is Sahara!
No voice awakes its echoes save the rooks
And hooded owls, — grim ghosts of faded splendors!
The King has fled, and court, this ancient palace
Of those Cæsars, — heirs of Charlemagne, —
Their ears have heard the guns of Austerlitz, —
Rolled up their tents, and vanished, bag and baggage.
I've messages from Talleyrand; have ridden
Post-haste; for time was more than horse-flesh.
Napoleon must be here ere long.

[*Noise of horses is heard, rattle of spurs and sabres, and of men dismounting.* MURAT *comes in with three or four of his staff, all covered with mud from a hard ride.*

Murat. Well, boys, 'tis here we camp to-night!
'Tis better

Than bivouacking on the frozen ground,
Toasting our toes on ice. How still 'tis here!
'Tis darkest Egypt, with no Mamelukes;
Throw out your scouts and place your sentinels!
The Emperor is here within the hour.

An Officer. We use these stables, grain and provender?

Murat. Use anything, use everything! They're ours!

Are they not good enough?

Officer. Oh, yes, they'll do.

Murat. But none too good for us! They were the Cæsar's, —

His plunder, and now ours: — the chance of War.

Eugene. (*Saluting.*) Good evening, Marshal Murat.

Murat. Eugene! Why, is this you, my boy?
And where did you come from?

Eugene. From Paris. Messages from Talleyrand!

Murat. How is dear Paris? Saint Honore?

Eugene. In love with you as 'twas three months ago.

Murat. 'Tis Paradise! Vienna's no more like her
That Saint Antoine is like to Saint Germain.
And Paris will be glad to see us? Eh?

Eugene. Quite overjoyed. Where have you come from now?

Murat. We hail from Austerlitz!

Eugene. How far away?

Murat. A hundred miles. Papa, the Emperor,
Sent on my cavalry, scouting, scouring;

But Dutchmen were like cabbages in Cairo, —
They scud like sheep before a winter's wind.
Eugene. 'Twas hot at Austerlitz?
Murat. Hot? Yes, 'twas Hell with all its furnaces ablaze!
That was a battle for the gods to see;
Great Cæsar would have had his belly-full,
And Alexander would have sighed no more.
'Twas pig-sticking, my boy! And Austrians
And Russians were like chaff before a fire.
The Emperor by his manœuvering
Had trapped the silly mokes as we bag foxes
Among the trees of Fontainebleau.
Eugene. I'd given a year of life had I been there!
They must have thought their teeth were breaking flint.
Murat. That day at Austerlitz was worth, to him
Whose meat and drink is battle-smoke, who loves
The shock of squadrons and the victor's cheers,
A lifetime, idled like a popinjay
In camps, musing on buttons, dress parades,
Deportment, and the smiles of love-sick maids.
Eugene. And think of me, poor devil, tying tape
And drinking ink and counting guns and noses,
Hived in a soldiers' nursery in Paris,
While you were driving Glory's chariot-wheels
Upon the slopes of high Olympus!
Murat. Be patient, boy! Your father has, I know,
A glorious task for you in Italy.
The Emperor!

[*The distant noise of carriage-wheels.*

Eugene. His strategy was wonderful?

Murat. He never was more truly God of War
Than on that day. Ere yet the Dawn was up
He reconnoitred — 'tis his wont — along
Our battle-front, muffled, riding "Old Marengo";
The grenadiers — he calls them his "Mustaches" —
Discovered him, and cheered; reminding him
It was his coronation-day. Their cheers
Awoke the camp and set the camp-fires blazing
Till day was jubilant with flames and shouts. . . .

Eugene. 'Twas so when great Achilles rode along
The Grecian battle-front!

Murat. A heavy mist concealed the two Kings' camps,
But with the sun — that sun of Austerlitz! —
The mist took wings as thieves skulk off
As soon as daylight comes.

Eugene. At first the fight was adverse?

Murat. So say our enemies! They never saw —
Poor fools! — the snare the cunning fowler set.
Two nations and two Kings were swallowed up
In that engulfing maelstrom's rage.
Two months ago we sat around Boulogne
While Nelson's sleuth-hounds scoured the Channel seas.
All Europe is the tail of England's kite;
'Tis England's gold that feeds their furnaces.

[*The noise of carriage-wheels arriving.*

Eugene. The Emperor!

[NAPOLEON *comes in, wearing his familiar gray travelling-coat, and embraces* EUGENE.

Napoleon. My son! When did you reach Vienna?

Eugene. An hour ago.

Napoleon. You came direct from Paris?

Eugene. With messages from Talleyrand.

Napoleon. Your mother, is she well and happy?

Eugene. Happy, but anxious, Sire.

Napoleon. Has she not heard of Ulm?

Eugene. That made her very happy.

Napoleon. Since then she's heard of Austerlitz:
I sent a messenger that very night.
Well, brother, how does this place suit the Son
Of Alcibiades?

Murat. A pretty place, well-named; but not Saint Cloud,
Versailles or Fontainebleau!

Napoleon. Eight years ago we might have been at Schönbrunn,
When fighting up from Italy.

Murat. Stopped by the soldiers' bugbear — armistice!

Napoleon. 'Twere better so; we could afford to wait;
You were not then a Prince, nor was I then
An Emperor. Be marshal of the palace;
Station your guards, and carefully!

Murat. Yes, Sire. [MURAT *goes out.*

Napoleon. Eugene, your letters and dispatches! Go
And see the imperial chambers.

Eugene. Yes, Sire.

[EUGENE *goes out.* NAPOLEON *walks about medi-*

tatively with his hands behind his back, as was his wont. The shades of evening are coming on and presently the moon comes up.

Napoleon. And this is Schönbrunn! 'Twas two weeks ago
The Sun of Austerlitz dispelled the clouds
That nightmare-like had veiled the face of Europe.
That sun! It may be 'twill outshine Pharsalia!
Less than a month ago we were at Ulm;
Two moons have dawned since, camping at Boulogne,
We cast our greedy eyes on England's cliffs,
Waiting for Villeneuve to hoodwink Nelson.
That greyhound of the sea had eagle eyes!
Fortune has taken mighty strides since then.
The light falls softly on these marble halls;
Silence is queen to-night; the nightingale
Fills these sweet shades with liquid melody.
My ears have heard too long the cannon's shout.
The Cæsars' palace! Yonder trails the Danube;
Vienna's lights paint spectres on the clouds;
Here will we rest from our campaign of blood,
Will rest our soldiers' feet and marry Ease;
Bind up our wounds and sing the Marseillaise.
Eight years ago, a beardless boy, I thought
That I should sleep within these royal halls
When fighting up through Italy. But Fate —
That cruel shrew! — willed otherwise. But Time —
The great avenger! — stayed the wanton's hand.

[*A noise of rustling leaves in the shrubbery, where an Assassin is concealed.*

What's that? Oh, nothing but the wind at play!
The barque that carries Cæsar and his fortunes
Need have no fear of zephyrs. Terms of peace
We must discuss. Discuss? No, not discuss!
Did Macedon, Arbela being won,
Darius and all Persia on their knees,
Discuss? His terms he pinned upon his sword!
With Austria upon her knees a suppliant,
The Russian Bear has lost his appetite
For war and longs to hibernate at home.

[*He sits down on a bench and begins to open his letters and dispatches; at first quietly and afterwards with evident excitement.*

At Trafalgar! Two weeks ago! Both French
And Spanish squadrons sunk! A holocaust!
Now, Fate's more cruel than she's wont to be!
But Villeneuve never was Lord Nelson's match;
I called him coward; better called him fool;
Were I great Jove himself, and omnipresent,
This had not been. A Jonah on the seas!
Great Julius was more fortunate at sea.

[*Reading further.*

What! Nelson dead? And dead upon the field?
The greatest corsair ever trod a deck!
Give me a Nelson and the world is mine;
I'd open it as fishers open clams.
The Continent is now my battle-field
For Britain's fortressed by her wooden walls.
Ulm, Trafalgar has answered, although three
And thirty thousand walked beneath the yoke,

Their standards o'er me draped in galaxies
Of glory — homage Madness paid to Might! —
I've answered Trafalgar with Austerlitz,
And cut the map of Europe into plots
For flowers till I shape them to a kingdom.
Roll up your maps, ye old geographers!
My sword is now your compasses.

[*Reading further.*

And can it be Horatio Nelson's dead?
Ye well may weep, proud sons of Albion!
Scatter his ashes like the dragons' teeth,
But no such hero will spring up again;
The Mamelukes before the Pyramids
Dubbed me "The King of Fire" in frenzied fear;
When Nelson's spirit finds Elysium,
Great Hannibal, Old Carthage's "King of Fire,"
Will grasp his hand in brotherly accord;
For blood and carnage were the air they breathed.

[*Reading again.*

"England expects each man to do his duty"
Was at his peak and pulsed with every beat;
"Now for the Peerage or the Abbey" glowed
In miniature in every drop of blood;
That royal heart was Alexander's son;
Nor has sweet Fortune played him false at last.
Had France a Nelson, England had been ours.

[*Reading further.*

Nor is this all her woes, for Pitt is death-struck.
A heart-broke pallor washes white his face;
As strategist and financier that calf

Was Chatham's bastard, Albion's blinking owl!
Why chase me over Europe on lead shoes
When she is castled by her triple seas?
His panting feet may drag a few steps further,
But when beneath the aisles of Westminster
He rests his weary heart the Muse will write
This epitaph: He died at Austerlitz.

[*Reflecting.*

'Tis Albion's gold is my arch-enemy;
It stuffs with provender these Austrian maws.
Ensconced behind her triple seas, this Island
Kingdom can stand as firm as her Gibraltar;
A nation truly great must own the waves: —
Else Rome had never on her rostrum hung
The beaks of Carthage's buzzards of the sea.
'Twas Britain's wolves that hunted me from Egypt,
Shattered my dream of Asiatic empire.

[*A young Assassin, who has been concealed in the shrubbery, steals out, and standing over him, raises a dagger to strike, when a shot from a sentry wounds him in the arm. He is a student, about sixteen years old. The guards seize him and are taking him away when* Napoleon, *who has remained unmoved, beckons them to bring him back.*

Who are you?

Student. A student in the University.

Napoleon. And live?

Student. In Vienna.

Napoleon. Why did you seek to kill me?

Student. You have destroyed my country.

Napoleon. Your Emperor made war on France.

Student. My Emperor is a thing of paste and patches.

You play this game of war with loaded dice.

Napoleon. Did you expect to die for this?

Student. Life has few charms for him who has no country.

Napoleon. If I should pardon you?

Student. I'd bide my time and seek another chance.

Napoleon. Take him away!

[*The soldiers take him out.*

Napoleon. Where were you? [*To the Sentinel.*

Sentinel. Behind that tree, Sire.

Napoleon. Where was the boy concealed?

Sentinel. In yonder shrubbery.

Napoleon. You saw him first?

Sentinel. Just as he raised his knife above my Emperor.

Napoleon. The fate of Kings! We stand upon our graves.

'Twas Cæsar's fate! To-day admiring eyes
And millions kneel and kiss our purple robes;
To-morrow some one worth a pigeon's price
Steals on us as a leopard on his prey,
And all those millions toss their caps in air.
'Tis those who live within the hearts of men,
Like Washington, whose palls are drenched with tears.
What is your regiment? [*To the Sentinel.*

Sentinel. The Twenty-fifth Hussars.

Napoleon. It *was!* Not *is!* You're in the Imperial Guard,
The Guard that dies but ne'er surrenders!
[*He turns to walk away as the curtain falls.*

Scene II

Making Terms of Peace

Same scenery. Afternoon of same day. NAPOLEON *and* METTERNICH *in conference.*

Napoleon. This coalition was the fourth has shadowed
France, hanging above her like some fearful dragon
Spouting out flames and smoke and desolation.
Metternich. The fourth?
Napoleon. Yes, since the Reign of Terror governed France.
Metternich. Yes, 'twas the fourth.
Napoleon. How many more will that old Harpy, England,
Foment against me, think you?
Metternich. This is her last.
Napoleon. What guarantees can Austria give France
That, when our conquering legions cross the Rhine,
Our guns are muzzled and our banners furled,
She will not breed some other pestilence?
Metternich. The sacred promise of a King.

Napoleon. A gambler's promise is a mockery!

Metternich. The Revolution killed your faith in Kings.

It was America distilled that poison.

Napoleon. Distilled besides this potent medicine:

That Hapsburgs, Hohenzollerns, Romanoffs,

Love best themselves.

Metternich. Our people have been vassals; now are subjects.

Napoleon. The Vassal Age, that age of abject peoples,

Is relict of decedent Barbarism;

Now Law and Liberty are children's playthings.

Metternich. Yes, since those Pilgrim Fathers held the plow

And Frenchmen sowed the seed they fostered.

Napoleon. But now for guarantees! The crown

And sword of Charlemagne must be surrendered.

Metternich. They're now but baubles and Museum curios.

Napoleon. That ermine of the Holy Roman Empire

Now France must wear.

Metternich. A sceptre, stript of lightning, is a barren twig;

Ev'n Jove, without his thunderbolts, was scorned.

Napoleon. It follows as effect must follow cause,

There is no German Emperor now,

Only an Austrian King.

Metternich. Custom has made the Imperial title dear

To us, but we must bend before your will.

Napoleon. A Germany united is a menace.
France needs some fringing zone of neutral land
Along the Rhine. If war comes unawares
'Twill save her from invasion's avalanche.

Metternich. But make those German fiefs a Celtic province. . . .

Napoleon. By making a Confederacy of the Rhine
Along our eastern border.

Metternich. Some provinces are Prussia's; she's been neutral.
Will she consent to give them up?

Napoleon. Will she? She shall! Her trembling envoy's here,
Craning his neck to hear what we demand.

Metternich. And should my King grant your demands, will then
You all go piping back to France?

Napoleon. I want my brother Joseph recognized
As King of Naples; Louis wear the crown
Of Belgium; Murat must be Grand-Duke.

Metternich. Then Bonapartes will govern half of Europe.

Napoleon. And why not Bonapartes as well as Hapsburgs?
What Hapsburg won by royal marriages
And brigandage, the Bonapartes have won
By genius shown in war. You feed upon
Your forebears' spoils and boast your pedigrees;
The Bonapartes are their own ancestors!

Metternich. (*With a sigh.*) Their star of destiny now kings the skies. [*Handing him the protocol.*

Napoleon. Here is the protocol! An armistice
Exists. But three great armies — chew that cud! —
Gaze down the muzzles of their guns.

Metternich. I will present the conqueror's terms of peace
To Austria and the Russian Czar, and bring
Back their response.

Napoleon. 'Twere gracious to return it ere 'twere night.

Metternich. By night? The vulture hungers for his prey!

Napoleon. But he has picked stale carcasses before.

[METTERNICH *bows and retires. An Orderly enters.*

Orderly. The Envoy of Prussia waits your sovereign pleasure.

Napoleon. His pleasure now is mine.

[COUNT HAUGWITZ *enters.*

Napoleon. Dear Count, I held you off at Austerlitz
That you might hear its battle-thunders wake
A continent from lethargy and change
The face of Europe, tearing down the walls
Of Charlemagne. You came to me with threats
Of war. I had no leisure for you then.
The sun of Austerlitz has cleared the sky;
Those buzzards threatened me have taken wing;
I now expect you bring the dove of peace.

Haugwitz. Yes. Prussia comes with smiles, and not with frowns.
The fever in her veins has quieted
And needs no drastic medicines. The hand
That Austria held out is now
A shrivelled skeleton, and Prussia brings
An olive branch, and not a sword. [*They embrace.*
Napoleon. The terms which I demand, you know?
Haugwitz. Full well. And oft these bones of controversy
Have been growled over in our chancelleries.
Napoleon. (*Reading the terms of the treaty which* TALLEYRAND *has sent him.*) Your ports are sealed 'gainst England's commerce.
[HAUGWITZ *assents.*
In wars, offensive and defensive, Prussia
Will be the ally of France. [*He assents.*
Both Cleves and Neuchatel belong to France.
[*He assents.*
And Hanover — the cradle of the Guelphs;
And loved as England's royal home! — is yours.
A bitter cud for English jaws to chew!
Haugwitz. You drive the knife too near the heart, I fear.
Napoleon. Maybe. The Lion is the Eagle's foe;
Safe in his island den, we are his prey;
He must be gagged.
Haugwitz. Will he not turn and rend you?
Napoleon. He's always rending us. He always will.
England is envious if I stroke a cat!

If fogs hang over London 'tis my fault!
Like Joshua, I bid the sun stand still!
Who has no enemies has lived in vain.

Haugwitz. Is Fortune not a fickle queen, — this queen
You court? A fairy smiling at the sunset,
But when the dawn lights up the eastern hills
Vomiting her spite upon her courtiers?
A gay coquette, 'tis said!

Napoleon. Her heart has been as constant as a star!

Haugwitz. But Fortune, when she dons the casque of War,
Loves best those armies boom the heaviest artillery.

Napoleon. And these have been and shall be ours!

Haugwitz. Another coalition you've destroyed,
But will not England brew a fifth?

Napoleon. As sure as destiny! Another year
Will find her fingers weaving golden webs
To catch these poor and penny-hunting Kings.
The protocol! [*Handing him the treaty.*

Haugwitz. Your terms are hands of steel, though hands are gloved
With silken gauntlets.

[*They sign both copies.* NAPOLEON *hands one to* HAUGWITZ, *who bows and retires.*

[*Orderly enters.*

Orderly. Prince Metternich.

Napoleon. Let him enter.

[METTERNICH *comes in.*

Metternich. Here is the protocol. Both Emperors

Have signed and sealed it with their signet-rings.

Napoleon. The clouds have fled! All Europe is at peace!

[METTERNICH *goes out.*

That Devil, War, now rests his groaning wheels.
No longer will the Furies drive his car;
Grim Famine rides, thin, gaunt, cadaverous,
And Pestilence, all leprous, spotted, pock-marked, —
Those triplets spewed from out the mouth of Hell
Now Peace and Plenty, Joy shall mount the car
And deck it with green garlands, sheaves of grain,
And scatter blessings o'er a smiling land.

[*Here promenaders, glimpses of whom have been occasionally caught as they walked in the garden, come in. A waltz is struck up by musicians who are hidden in the shrubbery, and a waltz is danced by French, Austrian and Russian officers with ladies dressed in the costume of the Empire.* EUGENE *and* MARIE LOUISE, *now a girl of sixteen, and afterwards* NAPOLEON'S *Empress, lead the waltz. After it begins* NAPOLEON *goes out.*

Marie Louise. How Joy and Merriment abound
When War's alarms no longer sound. . . .

Eugene. And Peace climbs up to Heavenly Heights
Of pure and innocent delights. . . .

Marie Louise. And Care no longer loads our feet;
And Pleasure takes the Muse's seat. . . .

Eugene. And Love, the charm of every home,
Greets man and maid where'er they roam. . . .

Marie Louise. And Furies hie away the sprites
Once haunted tired soldiers' nights. . . .
Eugene. And dry the weeping maiden's eyes
And soothe her heartaches, still her sighs!
Marie Louise. Is not the waltz a charming dance?
Eugene. Yes; we must take its charms to France!
Marie Louise. A gipsy gave it to Brussels
Some months ago, my Fairy tells,
And we all love its mystic spells
As lovers love their wedding-bells!
Eugene. From here to Paris, it must go
To lure Terpsichore's light toe
And wake the sleeping Allegro;
Make wine and mirth and music flow.
Marie Louise. When go you home? Not soon, I hope!
Eugene. I fear another moon will find us hence.
Marie Louise. Vienna has so many charms when Peace
Can shower her sunshine on our lovely streets.
Eugene. I will return so gladly when I can:
This life of camps and barracks has few joys
For one who hates dull drills and stale parades.
It has no joys can match the sweet delights
Have made the air of Schönbrunn musical: —
Sweet hours amid her bowers and sparkling springs,
Her velvet terraces and sylvan shades;
Elixir-drinking from each fleeting breeze
And weaving garlands for her Maiden-Queen.

ACT III

Scene I

A pavilion on the shores of the Baltic near Tilsit. The Czar *awaiting* Napoleon.

The compact with Russia, made in 1807, after the battles of Jena and Friedland.

Czar. Routed at Friedland! Now Invasion threatens;
And Moscow's breast is bare to ravishers.
Those French are fiends! It was Marengo's day;
Its memories gave them hearts of fire:
Nothing can stay the genius of Napoleon;
'Tis Hannibal again, or Scipio come
To earth to strangle us with tiger claws,
And turn the Slav to vassal of the Celt.
Invincible! We are but shuttlecocks,
And he our battledore; the Gorgon's toy!
He never had to learn war's secrets. No!
They were his mother's milk; the Genie's gift.
He scarce had donned his toga ere he played
With Austria, as 'twere some game of chess;
At thirty-six won Austerlitz, two years
Ago. Now Jena, Eylau, Friedland make
Prussia his serf, a cringing mendicant,
Begging for life, her King a fugitive.
Shall he be scourged like Adam from his realm?

And feed on husks? And haunt the barren moors
Of Brandenburg? A King without a crown?
Ah, War, Kings' game! 'Tis Kings of men, not Kings
Of pulp, should play. Fools! Fools we Emperors were,
Deluded by the golden calf! The pelf
Of England led us into this black bog.
The Romanoff must sue for peace and pay
The price this Jew demands, or stake his crown!
Another Attila and Scourge of Man!
Berlin threw wide her gates with loud acclaims;
And now he knocks at Russia's western portal
And will not be gainsayed. 'Tis peace, the peace
The beggar craves; this is a Czar's reward
For yielding to the tempter's siren voice,
And madly dreaming that old Ocean's tide
Could be swept back with brooms.

[*A boat approaches manned by French soldiers and with the tricolor at its stern, from which* NAPOLEON *alights. A single French, a single Russian sentinel is put on guard at the tent to keep any one from overhearing the conversation.*

Welcome, Sire! Thrice welcome!
'Tis not the spacious palace where the Czar
Of Russia should receive the Emperor
Of France.

Napoleon. Our trysting-place is little moment! Where
The Eastern Emperor receives his guests,
E'en though a raft afloat upon the Niemen,

Is like MacGregor's seat and Scotland's throne.

Czar. The purpose of our meeting sanctifies it.

Napoleon. Then clasp we regal hands of friendship, strike
A firm alliance 'gainst a common foe.

Czar. I hate those English as do you.

Napoleon. Then peace has been concluded!

[*They embrace.*

Berlin 'twas fulminated my decree
And sealed her ports against the world and locked
Her ships within their dens to rage and rot;
Whate'er her sea-wolves bear is contraband,
The prey of pirates and the spoil of war.

Czar. This policy of yours has my ukase!
But she blockades your ports.

Napoleon. My Roland for her Oliver decrees
Starvation's punishment for every hand
Is soiled with English merchandise.

Czar. Can paper precepts win that war?

Napoleon. All Europe's sea-dogs, too, must lend a hand
And strangle this Chimera, with the rope
Of coalition which she twists so well.

Czar. Will all the Continental sovereigns help us?

Napoleon. Yes, five are sure. Our swords we'll hang aloft,
Which, like that cross of Charlemagne blazoned
Across the sky, will terrify, if statecraft
Avail us not.

Czar. And will not Albion relent, throw up

The sponge, give up the fight? . . .

Napoleon. Nothing will turn the edge of her fierce purpose:

The Lion, driven to bay, has ten times more
Of courage.

Czar. Not sue for peace?

Napoleon. Twice have I offered it in vain.

Czar. Twice offered it?

Napoleon. Twice have I written to King George; twice asked
That we no longer stem these seas of blood.

Czar. And with what answer?

Napoleon. None.

Czar. None?

Napoleon. None!

Czar. But gentle Courtesy decreed some answer!

Napoleon. Aye! So I thought; but lived to learn a Brunswick
Owes no such cousinship to Bonapartes;
A Secretary sent a Spartan snarl,
No, flung denial straight at Talleyrand.

Czar. Madmen would show more wit; such imbeciles
Are worse than mad; they're Wisdom's criminals!
What was your answer?

Napoleon. How could I answer such contempt?

Czar. One way, one only.

Napoleon. And this I did. Marengo answered one;
The other drank the gall of Austerlitz.

Czar. 'Twas thunder to a baby's rattle!

Napoleon. There is no malice in my cannon's voice;
No malice in my statecraft such as bawds
And favorites have used to prime their guns.
We Kings who bear an empire on our backs
Live in an air without the taint of malice.
A favorite's revenge is like the breath
That filters through a Lilliputian's mind.
On with the treaty! Parlances to-day
Must deal with Prussia. Shall she have a King,
Or shall her King be Lord of Brandenburg,
And bear a sceptre stript of sovereignty?

Czar. Mercy's the fairest child of Statecraft. Yes,
'Tis Wisdom's foster-child; it binds with cords
Of silk; it heals War's wounds; 'tis soothing balm
For festering Pride; it makes a foe a friend;
'Twas the bright jewel in great Cæsar's crown.
This King was my ally, and I would well
Bespeak your favor; for, when Ulm's great earthquake
Shook both our thrones, to Frederick's tomb,
Led by sweet Prussia's beauteous Queen, we went;
And there by Midnight's flickering torch we swore,
And on the sword of Leuthen's conqueror,
To breast together your Excalibar.
The storms have wrecked him on a barren coast,
His barque a prey to Folly's raging sea.
And, worse than that, Rebellion's mutiny.
Be generous and let him keep his crown!
His sceptre is at best a fluttering reed.

Napoleon. (*After meditation.*) Your wish shall be
my law! But tell me why

To Frederick's tomb. He was no oracle;
A soldier, not a sage; and mad for fame.
He but rebuilt what Folly had torn down,
Destroyed a state that he might recreate it.
Who razes to rebuild is Wisdom's bastard son.
The conquests of great Macedon dissolved
As snows upon Pilatus melt in summer;
But Cæsar's stood like snows on Everest.
What we have said here let us double-lock;
No ear has heard it and no tongue can tell;
And let a General Congress be convened
Next year to which all Europe shall be bid,
And there we'll buttress up our scheme.

Czar. Agreed! And let it meet at Erfurt.

Napoleon. And now I take my leave. No brighter day
Has ever dawned for both our empires.

[*They walk away arm in arm.*

The Russian Sentinel. (*Who is to sell his information to the English Cabinet.*) Nor darker day for England! Ere two weeks
This compact you have made and every word
Now locked within the chambers of my mind
Shall be unlocked by England's golden Key.

Scene II

The Humiliation of Prussia

Similar scenery. A fisherman's house on the shore of the Baltic at Memel, not far from Tilsit. The sigh-

ing of the sea and the wind in the pine-trees is occasionally heard. Twilight growing into evening, when candles are lighted. A storm comes up towards the end of the scene, with flashes of lightning.

Queen Louise, *a beautiful woman, in ill health, about thirty-five years old, sits at a table with her needlework or reading to* Prince William, *a boy eleven years old, who afterwards becomes the first German Emperor; and* Fritz, *the Crown Prince, two years older, is standing at a rough pine desk studying Cæsar's Commentaries. A fire is glimmering, and a window at the back of the stage looks out on the sea.*

Fritz. Please, mother, where did Cæsar build his bridge
Across the Rhine?

Queen Louise. At Bonn.

Fritz. How wide there is the Rhine?

Queen Louise. A hundred yards, perhaps.

Fritz. And is the current swift?

Queen Louise. 'Tis deep and strong.

Fritz. And Cæsar says it is our largest river.

Queen Louise. It is, my dear. It rises in the Alps
And empties in the Northern Sea.

Fritz. And 'tis our western boundary?

Queen Louise. Yes, once it was; but is no longer.

Fritz. And is it beautiful?

Queen Louise. A dream of beauty. Europe has no river,

Not Volga, nor the Seine, no, nor the Po
Can match our German Rhine. From Bingen
To Coblenz its banks are mountains, castle-crowned,
And rich in memories and ancient legends;
'Twas Cæsar's highway to the sea.

Fritz. And where is Ehrenbreitstein?

Queen Louise. Coblenz. 'Tis where the Mosel joins the Rhine.

Fritz. This Cæsar calls impregnable. 'Tis here
So many Germans — half a million, so
He says — were killed. Why, mother, is it some one
Is always killing Germans?

Queen Louise. Oh! Cæsar was a horrid butcher.

Prince William. Come, mother, read of Uncle Frederick
Some more, and how he won at Rosbach.

Queen Louise. Yes, yes, my boy.

Fritz. Did Cæsar, mother, always tell the truth?

Queen Louise. Historians accept his tales as true.

Fritz. I don't like war.

Queen Louise. No, dear, it is the curse of all the Ages;
The cruelest of tyrants have been warriors.
They kill the fathers, break the mothers' hearts.

Fritz. I'll never be a soldier, then, but give
My people all the liberties they need;
A Constitution if they want it.

Prince William. But I shall be a soldier; try to gain
From France the land she's robbed us of!

Queen Louise. Hush! Hush, my dear, for spies are everywhere.

Fritz. Here in this Memel forest on the Baltic,
Among these fishermen and lumbermen,
Are we not safe?

Queen Louise. I hope we are.

Prince William. I'd rather stayed at Potsdam. "Nap" with all
His bluster does not frighten me.

[*A knock at the door and a fisherman brings in an armful of wood and fixes the fire.*

Queen Louise. Are many soldiers here?

Fisherman. Stragglers from Friedland, tramping back
To Petersburg, and ammunition-carts
And baggage-trains returning home.
A Russian man-of-war has anchored off
The shore just now.

Queen Louise. Is it from Petersburg?

Fisherman. Yes. When I saw it doubling round the point
It seemed from there.

[*Looking out of window.*

One of the boats is heading towards this shore
With Russian officers aboard.

Queen Louise. How far is Tilsit?

Fisherman. Some fifty miles.

[*He opens the door to go out; turns back.*

The officers are coming here.

[*Knock at door.*

Queen Louise. Go to the door, Fritz.

[FRITZ *opens the door and an officer enters in a Russian uniform.*

Officer. The Czar of Russia presents his compliments to

Queen Louise of Prussia, and waits her pleasure.

Queen Louise. The Queen of Prussia waits his pleasure.

[*Officer goes out. The* CZAR *enters; salutes the* QUEEN, *kissing her hand, and embraces the children.*

Queen Louise. A cordial welcome to your Majesty!

I would I could receive an Emperor

Beneath a roof more suitable.

Czar. Where Prussia's Queen holds court, that is

A palace always.

Queen Louise. Your health? How has it borne this hard campaign?

Czar. Its toils have been the toils of Hercules,

Its horrors, disappointments were Ulysses'.

Queen Louise. Friedland has shipwrecked all the hope we had

When we stood round great Frederick's tomb.

Czar. Alas! Now Hope is like the Northern Star, gone out!

Queen Louise. Napoleon is invincible.

Czar. And we must bow our heads to his hard terms.

Queen Louise. What are his terms?

Czar. You've Poland lost; your boundary must be
The Elbe.

Queen Louise. Sand-dunes and bogs and barren
moors are all
That then remains to Prussia!

Czar. Your army must be small and powerless,
And you must join the league 'gainst England;
Must pay, besides, a rich indemnity.

Queen Louise. Adversity has tost us on her horns!
Our peasants now can scarcely squeeze their bread
From out the sand they sow, much less
Can shoulder an indemnity.

Czar. 'Tis peace at any price, and this I told the
King;
He sends you this. [*Handing a letter, which she reads.*

Queen Louise. He sends for me to come and see
Napoleon,
To try if Magdeburg cannot be saved;
This for a cradle for our children.

Czar. And at your audience remember this:
Napoleon's heart is flesh and blood; at times
Tears are no strangers to his cheeks. Ambition
Is the Chimera rules his days and nights;
His blood is Southern and like Southern wines,
'Tis red with sunshine and aglow with fire;
His eyes are blue, hair brown, and face is ruddy.
But Talleyrand is steel. Beware of him!
Forget not you are at the knees of Genius.

Queen Louise. How have we fallen from the dizzy
height

Of former glories to grovel in this mire!
A leafless oak, and prone! A scorn and byword!
Pity and contempt, that legacy of woe,
Is all our children can inherit.

Czar. Though sad your lot, it might be worse; your crown
Is left. This boon I begged. 'Tis better far
Than simple Duke of Brandenburg.

Queen Louise. And had it come to that?

Czar. I fear it had. 'Twere charity to think so.
The Berlinese Napoleon's progress strewed
With flowers; hosannas greeted him whene'er
They saw him at your palace windows.

Queen Louise. Yet once they loved their King!

Czar. And they do now; 'tis but a fleeting fancy;
They greet the rising, scorn the setting sun;
Hopes of a Constitution gleam, 'tis said,
Before their eyes.

Fritz. And they should have one, mother, were I King.

Queen Louise. And so your father thinks, my son. I've heard
Him say the same a dozen times.

Czar. But these affairs of state have serious import;
The weeds of Revolution — Columbia's gift
To Europe — these may grow so tall and rank
As choke the seeds of royalty. Our thrones
Are standing on a crumbling precipice;
Unless we guy them well with ropes, support
Their fainting sides with hearts of oak, I fear

We fall in that abyss of Anarchy.

[*Lightning occasionally.*

Queen Louise. Another kingdom gone! All swallowed up
In one remorseless maw! One man alone
Owns all the land from Elbe to far Gibraltar.
When on our journey here we stopped to rest
Our jaded horses at a roadside inn,
My Willie here went to the fields and picked
Some flowers. "You wear no jewels now; wear these,"
He said. I made a corn-bloom wreath of them
And placed it on his head, and said I feared
'Twas all the crown he'd ever wear.

Czar. I hope no echo of what-is-to-be!

Prince William. But, mother dear, that very night I had a dream,
That very night you made the corn-bloom wreath.

Queen Louise. And still remember it?

Prince William. Indeed I do! And may I tell it you?

Queen Louise. Your Majesty, and may he tell his dream?
'Twill comfort him, may comfort all of us.

Czar. Yes, certainly. Come sit here on my knee,
My boy, and tell it us.

[Prince William *goes and stands beside the* Czar.

Prince William. That night, while lying in my bed asleep,
Or half-asleep, I saw a gray-haired man, —

He looked like me, as I might look grown old, —
In some great hall where all the walls were mirrors.
This gray-haired man stood on a sort of dais, —
'Twas not in Prussia, but some foreign land! —
The hall was full of soldiers, helmeted;
They looked like soldiers of our Fatherland;
And at the word — the words I heard were German —
They raised their gleaming swords high, overhead,
And swore that he should be their Emperor
And they would vaunt his title 'gainst the world.
Two men, — they stood in front, — it seemed to me,
Were leaders of the band; and one of them
Was thin and pale and eagle-beaked, a soldier.
The other was a giant, mountain-browed;
A man of blood and iron; eyes like burning coals
Which shoot forth flames and scorch his enemies;
He looked the picture of Olympian Jove;
'Twas he who called the old man, Emperor.
Three times they cheered, Hoch! Hoch! Hoch!

[*A long silence ensues, during which the* QUEEN *calls* WILLIE *to her side and kisses and fondles him.*

Queen Louise. Our dreams are fictions Sleepy Fancy weaves.

Czar. Sometimes our dreams cast shadows on before.

In Holy Writ God spake through Samuel
And told the child that Eli's sons should die.

[*Thunder and lightning. An Officer knocks and enters.*

Officer. Your Majesty, a storm is brewing; the sea
Looks angry, and the Captain thinks the ship
Too near the shore.

Czar. Then I had better go at once. I hope
Your Majesty will pardon me for bringing
Cassandra's face with me.

Queen Louise. Cassandra's heart was heavy, and she spoke
Her sorrow with sweet sympathy.

Czar. The wish for better-days--to-come I leave
With you. Farewell!

[*Kisses her hand and kisses the children and goes out. The* QUEEN *goes to the window and looks out.*

Queen Louise. The clouds hang heavy and the sea is beaten
To whirlpools.

[*She resumes her seat at the table and calls her children to her, embraces them, stroking their heads, apparently dejected.*

Night spreads her raven wings! My heart is broke!
Dear Prussia is Pompeii! Hopes are ashes!
The sun will never shine again within my heart!
I am not well, my boys. Ere long your mother
Will lay her heart in sweet Charlottenburg.
I was not made to act Theresa's part;
Not all are Roman matrons; some are flowers
That bloom in sunshine, wither in the shade.
Come close, my boys! My Fritz, my Willie, hear
A dying mother's words and treasure them.

To Prussia and her army and her glory
Devote yourselves. Your lives belong to her.
A phantom now; but phantom still has breath.
Build up her army; fill her treasury.
It may be you can conquer back from France
The darkened glories of your ancestors.
Weep for your Fatherland! Weep not for me!
Be men! Be Kings! Restore the Fatherland!

[*She falls in a swoon and the boys kneel down beside her.*

Scene III

The Congress of Erfurt

Time, October, 1808. Place, the nave of the Cathedral at Erfurt. A dais stands at the angle of the nave and transept, with seats set for NAPOLEON *and* ALEXANDER. *The walls are hung with tapestries; everything arranged for a royal pageant.* TALLEYRAND *and* NEY *come on the stage. The Cathedral is darkened and brilliantly lighted to show off the gorgeous costumes. Perhaps the March from "Tannhäuser" could be used when the procession comes in, although not yet written.*

Talleyrand. This day is big with fate and circumstance
For France. Here all of Germany has come
To seal the peace of Tilsit; prove their faith

And loyalty. And Russia meets us here
In conference, and ratifies her new-born
Alliance. Sovereign Princes of the Rhine,
The Prince of Prussia and four reigning Kings,
Bavaria and Rhine-swept Würtemberg,
And Saxony and newly crowned Westphalia,
Grand Dukes galore, and Princes by the score,
And marshals, generals, and counts and statesmen,
All these, with all the pageantry their courts
Can boast, have held for days high carnival.
Now Erfurt rivals Fontainebleau in the years
When our gay monarch, Francis, made the welkin
Ring with the pomp and glory of fair dames
And gorgeous cavaliers.

Ney. Soon shall the clock ring out the joyous hour
When this cathedral, built for prayers and worship,
Casts off the habiliments of sanctity,
And dons the coronation robes.

Talleyrand. As mayor of the palace, chamberlain,
To-day all ceremonies wait your bidding.
Is all prepared? Knows every one his entrances
And station?

Ney. As time permitted. Chance and every man's
Good taste and sense of fitness, here as elsewhere,
Must govern circumstance.

Talleyrand. Now War lays off the helmet and cuirass,
And puts on ermine and the robes of state;
The courtier dons his plumage, smiles and bows,
And makes the Court of Love his battle-field;

The maiden courtesies, and from her glancing
Eyes shoots her arrows, sharper, deadlier,
Than even merry Robin Hood could throw.

Ney. You've had your conquests in the Court of Love,
I hear it said in Paris.

Talleyrand. Few victories, but many agonies!

Ney. Diplomacy knows subtile flatteries
And courtly graces soldiers never know.

Talleyrand. Bludgeons for heads! Rapiers for hearts! Blunt words
And catapults are kin. But gentle manners,
Sweet words and grace in saying them, and tact
In choosing, are the honeys of Hymettus.

[*The Cathedral clock strikes ten.*

Ney. The clock strikes ten. Here come our first arrivals.

[*The Usher comes forward.*

Usher. (*Announces.*) The Marshals of France.

[*Several Marshals of France come from the transepts, dressed in the costumes of the Empire, and arrange themselves around the hall, but the Marshals who are the "Pillars of the Throne," take their places at the foot of the dais.*

The Princes of the Confederation of the Rhine.
The Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar.

[GOETHE, *the German poet, who was the Prime Minister of the* GRAND DUKE *for forty years, follows the* GRAND DUKE.

Ney. (*To* TALLEYRAND.) Who is that who looks some Grecian god?

Talleyrand. Goethe, the poet! The Duke's Prime Minister.

Ney. 'Twas he wrote "Faust"?

Talleyrand. And many plays and books.

Ney. If met by chance at night beneath a bridge,
While seeking shelter from a storm, I well had known
That man was one of Nature's noblemen.

Talleyrand. God never puts a pigmy mind in such a mould.
I must go speak with him.

[TALLEYRAND *goes up to* GOETHE *and enters into conversation with him.*

Usher. (*Announces.*) The Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt.
The Duke of Saxe-Gotha.
The Duke of Oldenburg.
The Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.
The Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.
The Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Baden.
Joseph Bonaparte, King of Würtemberg.
Ludwig, King of Bavaria.
Augustus, King of Saxony and Poland.
Jerome Bonaparte, King of Westphalia.
William, Prince of Prussia.

Ney. (*To* TALLEYRAND, *who has returned to the front of the stage.*) Who are those with Prussia?

Talleyrand. The Barons von Humboldt.

Usher. (*Announces.*) The Czar of all the Russias.

[ALEXANDER *takes his place on the dais.*

Napoleon, Emperor of France and King of Italy.

[NAPOLEON *enters and ascends the dais. After greeting Alexander and bowing to the assembled Kings, Princes and the rest, both take their seats on the dais, and the Marshals of France, as "Pillars of the Throne," gather about it.*

Napoleon. Your Majesties, Grand Dukes and august Princes:

When France and Russia made at Tilsit terms
Of peace, they then agreed to meet thereafter
And ratify our treaty and alliance,
And Prussia then joined hands with them in friendship.
The Eastern and the Western Emperors meet
In Congress here at Erfurt, and join with you,
Bavaria and Saxony and Prussia,
Westphalia, Würtemberg, our royal cousins,
And you, Grand Dukes, and Princes of the Rhine,
And Dukes of lesser German States, all join
In an offensive and defensive compact.
The terms have been with patient labor framed,
What each in men and money shall contribute,
To aid us in our common enterprise.
His Majesty of Austria makes with France
A solemn pact; so Spain; so Portugal;
The Northern Kings, both Sweden and old Denmark,
Are likewise bound to France in firm alliance.
We, then, the Continental Powers of Europe,

United stand against our common enemy.
No English ship shall enter any port
Or transport any English merchandise.
We'll sweep her commerce from the four great seas.
Our treaties have been sealed and ratified
And placed among the archives of each state.
One act remains. 'Tis more of ceremony
Than sovereign essence. Thus shall we proclaim,
Louder than trumpet blasts, to Europe's ears,
So loud each port and hamlet in our lands
Shall hear, this strict embargo placed on England.
Raise up your swords each one and all,
And swear three times your faithful loyalty
That naught shall turn us from our plighted word.

[*All raise their swords, and say in unison:*

All. We swear. We swear. We swear.

Napoleon. The Emperor of France has heard your oath;

'Twill be recorded in her books of state.
The King of Italy has heard your oath;
The Russian Emperor, my brother, hears;
And all of you have heard each other's oaths;
So may it be as you have duly sworn!
Now let us to our several homes return
And keep this promise treasured in our hearts.
Our work is done. This Congress is dissolved.
Now let the trumpets this announcement make.

[*The trumpets sound three times and the assembly departs in the reverse order of their coming in. As they pass out* TALLEYRAND *joins*

GOETHE *and they walk forward to the front of the stage.*

Goethe. You now have reached a pinnacle of glory
Eclipsing Cæsar's empire.

Talleyrand. This Spanish war keeps us awake of nights.
Napoleon's sent to Spain the noblest army
The sun has seen, with flags ablaze with victory.

Goethe. (*Satirically.*) And Soult and Ney to lead them!

Talleyrand. And yet it melts like snows before the sun.

Goethe. But they are marshals, not commanders. Bats
And moles need eyes. Not one of all your marshals
Can fight except beneath Napoleon's eye.

Talleyrand. It may be true.

Goethe. Your house is built of sun-dried bricks.

Talleyrand. Your mood is merry, sir; you speak in jest.

Goethe. I could not jest at such a time, when all
My Fatherland is sad.

Talleyrand. Then you mistake. This empire we have built
Is buttressed like this temple here.

Goethe. This temple rivals granite, iron-clamped;
Men come and go; grass grows and rivers flow;
These arches stand; and from these windows' eyes
Survey the scene they have for centuries.

Talleyrand. But not more firm than is our empire.

Goethe. Not so. Your arch is friable; 'twill crumble,
And tumble this great fabric on your heads.
Talleyrand. It stands on bayonets.
Goethe. But bayonets can never stand unless
Held up by arms of flesh and blood.
Talleyrand. Millions of arms support them!
Goethe. But arms are powerless unless warm hearts
Shall nourish them.
Talleyrand. All Germany is loyal! Heard you not
These oaths?
Goethe. A convict's oath! The men this side the Rhine
Love their own hearths and homes, and love themselves
Too well to break a lance for France, except —
Talleyrand. Except?
Goethe. Some Fury with a flaming sword shall drive
Them into battle.
Talleyrand. Napoleon is the ward of Destiny!
Defeat not once has perched upon his banners.
Goethe. 'Tis true that Jove and all his thunderbolts
Was ne'er more fortunate. And yet this god
Has feet of clay; a genius wonderful,
Not infinite as his ambition.
Talleyrand. No plummet yet has sounded all his depths.
Goethe. The depths of knowledge, true, are infinite:
No single art nor science fathomless;

And men will learn sometime his tricks of war
And use them 'gainst himself.

Talleyrand. His genius will invent some other wiles,
To net dull-pated fools.

Goethe. War is an art. 'Tis not an abstract science.
In art the knowledge *many* men possess
May yet surpass what *one* man knows. The robe
The sibyl wore, her mystic sight, is not
Bequeathed to me, yet hear my prophecy!
In the Tyrolean Alps, one summer's morn,
I climbed a mountain with the climbing sun.
The rocks, the rills, the deer, the birds and trees
Were waking from their slumbers, singing matins
Of joy. We reached far up the giant's shoulder
Where two deep valleys join. Our eyes were rapt
In wonder at the awful scene. A storm
Was rising. Soon the thunder rolled. The forest
Trembled and rocked. There came a crash. We saw
Trees, and earth, and rocks in motion down
The mountain's side, and when they reached the gorge,
Make one mad leap into the dread abyss.
A cloud streamed up and floated off; then all
Was solitude, — a fading memory.
Now mark the simile! An avalanche,
When Heaven's flash of liberty has fired
The German heart, will surely come.
This storm will rise where Baltic mourns for freedom's
Sleep; sweeping west and gathering force each league,
'Twill hurl your pigmy treaties, frail alliances,

Your paper empire built on bayonets,
Your broken columns, shattered, routed legions,
Into the seething maelstrom of the Rhine.

Talleyrand. But if this flood shall come (which ne'er will come),
The Hohenzollerns, too, — your taskmasters, —
Will ride, be sure, astride the climbing wave,
Monarchs of all was theirs before.

Goethe. I fear they may, and yet their yoke is lighter
Than yours has been. It galls the German's neck
To have his laws promulgated from Paris.

Talleyrand. Your ghostly vision of poetic fancy
Would appal me could I think its portents true.
Here stands a mighty empire, hewn by the sword;
Mightier than Charlemagne or Cæsar carved.
All government must rest, no doubt, upon
The people's will, — 'tis written in the stars! —
In part, at least. A generation new
Will grow; forget their former idols; learn
To kiss the chastening rod which smote their sires.
Here stands a lofty temple. Its columns, base
And architrave the hand of Genius raised;
No architect since time began has built
In ten short years such strange magnificence.
The sun that gilds its dome lights half the world.
At morn and eve half Europe turns its eye
Towards its pinnacles, as Saracens
Turn theirs towards Mecca.

Goethe. Your temple stands upon a mountain-top:

Its grandeur lures all Europe, yes, the world;
That mountain's name is Ætna, Ætna! And when
She shakes her head and Thunder's voice awakes,
Beware! Beware, the falling ruins!

ACT IV

Scene I

Decline and Fall of Napoleon

Time, autumn of 1809. A salon in the palace of Fontainebleau. JOSEPHINE *dressed in black.*

Talleyrand. (*Enters alone.*) Kings' ministers
sleep not on beds of roses
And cherubs fanning them with perfumed wings;
Nor are their nights such rapturous siestas
As dreaming maidens know in fairy tales.
The cares of state, like ghosts who never down,
Sit often by their bedsides all the night,
Or chase each other madly through their brains.
A King — why not? — prefers his roses picked,
And lets his ministers enjoy the thorns.
A mournful business this! I'd rather battle
With a score of stalwart men than one frail woman.
Betwixt her tears and smiles, conceits and wiles,
Her innocence and craft, her scorn and blushes,
Her drooping eyes and sidelong, upturned glances,
To lie drawn out upon the rack were heaven
Compared to such bewildering torment! Patience!
Keep silent! Be ice, but seem like Niobe.

[JOSEPHINE *enters.*

Josephine. I know, Prince Talleyrand, your mournful mission.
I seem to see my execution-block,
Whereon my head must lie as lay the wives'
Of England's Henry, falling like the poppies
O'er-ripened in the sun. A strange presentiment
Of my fate has haunted all my dreams for weeks,
Driving the hues of morning from my cheeks.
My Emperor's smiles have ceased to feed my heart
With that sweet manna which in days of yore
Was bread and drink to my enamoured soul.
It needed no handwriting on the wall
To tell me that my sun of life had set.
Talleyrand. Take not this circumstance so much to heart,
I pray your Majesty.
Josephine. Take not my fate to heart? You never knew
Those halcyon days of early love, when words
Dropped from my lover's lips like strings of pearls;
When every smile was like the blushing sun
That sheds its radiance o'er some sleepy dell,
Awakening it to glories never dreamed
Before; kissing the dews away; giving each flower
A sweeter perfume and a fairer face.
Talleyrand. No. I have been a hard ascetic, priestly
Bishop and anchorite.
Josephine. And half of life has been an unread book,
Sealed up and bound with iron clasps! Ambition

Has its joys, if such they can be called, where contest
Is the aim of life and victory its crown;
The heart is seared, 'tis shrivelled like a bud
Half-grown, or eaten by some serpent worm.
No children thrust their trusting eyes before
Your face, nor clamber up your knees and place
Their heads against your heart, to hear it spell
Their names and tell them of your love.

Talleyrand. Too true! These joys were all denied me. You
Forget! These roseate hues you paint so well
Napoleon never saw, but fain would see.

Josephine. He's had *my* children, *loved* them, and *they him.*
No lovelier has sunny France e'er seen
Than my Eugene and my Hortense. When we
Were married, in the happy days when he
Came back a Charlemagne from Italy,
And browned with Egypt's suns, no sweeter songs
Of praise or triumph did his ears e'er hear
Than those my children sang. Aladdin days!

Talleyrand. How well he loves them, you and France know well.
Full often has he spoke to me of making
Eugene the heir of all his sovereignties.
But yet these children are not his.

Josephine. That truth was long a dagger to my heart!
Oh, could you know the tears, the scalding tears
I've shed when he lay fast asleep beside me!

Ah, that's my cross! There is no cross a woman
Bears heavier than this. She bears her husband's,
Her *own* upon her slender shoulders. None
Can say it is her fault. 'Tis her misfortune.

Talleyrand. Napoleon never censures you for this.

Josephine. Nor censures me at all! Censures his wife?

Not when my crown cost him a kingdom's ransom
Was he displeased, save in his kindly eyes.
Not when my jewels, ermine, robes of state
Mortgaged his treasury was his great brow
Once darkened with a cloud.

Talleyrand. Yet they were great extravagances.

Josephine. 'Tis true! 'Tis true! And true I am a woman!

Remember that. We're birds of paradise;
Our feathers and our faces are our pride,
Our passports, countersigns of royalty.
You make us so. You pay your court to beauty
Of face, of form, of dress, of equipage.
The mind is but the gem, the dress the setting.
E'en Cleopatra's self, the fairest mind
The Julian Age e'er saw in petticoats,
Loved all the pomp and panoply of robes,
And gorgeous state, and splendid retinues,
Barges and jewels, palaces and pageantries,
When she would lead great Cæsar in her train.
Mad Anthony — a lion when in battle! —
Threw half of Rome's great sovereignty away
To let her smooth his mane, and be her lap-dog.

Then, blame me not because I am a woman.

Talleyrand. But would you not this dynasty should stand?

Not perish when Napoleon's sands have run?

Josephine. He has Eugene. And he can make my son

The heir of all this royalty. Faithful

He's ever been; he's of imperial mind.

No son was ever loved more worthily.

But must the tree be Bonaparte, both root

And branch, with nothing grafted? Take his brothers,

Jerome and Joseph, Louis: these are Kings,

And by him vested with their purple robes;

Nor are they childless. Why is not that law,

That Salic Law, — it rules in other courts,

In many a land, succession to the crown, —

Not good enough for France? I beg of you,

Present these cogent reasons to my lord —

My Gracious Majesty, I ought to say,

Perhaps, however alien to my tongue.

Talleyrand. These are not new inventions, but already

Are threadbare platitudes, at court.

Josephine. But I am part of all his victories!

I held Ambition's ladder while he climbed;

I fitted him for battle, soothed his sorrows,

Took his head upon my breast and kissed

His woes away. I stilled his battle-fevers

When they raged too high. When he has come to me

With Care, Cassandra-like, upon his brow,

Or with that awful look of Austerlitz,
When mighty schemes disputed mastery,
How often have I rooted out the tares
And sown the garden with anemones!
You lords of earth! You little know how frail
You are, amenable to pleasantries
And sweet cajoleries. Don't tell my husband
This. But tell him that Josephine has been,
And is, and shall be, while she lives, his wife,
Faithful and true, loving and kind. The shadow
Of no cloud e'er stood between us since our wedding,
When he, with glory for his purse, his heart
A well-spring of delights and sweet enchantments,
Came home from Italy and took us three,
My children and myself, to love.

Talleyrand. I need not tell him this, for he, the court,
All France has learned it as their catechism.

Josephine. (*Reflecting.*) *Still* ice! The Church cannot our banns annul!
The Holy Father *will not.*

Talleyrand. An imperial decree will do this office,
In which the Senate can concur.

Josephine. And — this — decree — the — Emperor — will — sign?

Talleyrand. The Cabinet is so advised.

[JOSEPHINE *throws herself on the sofa, and buries her face in her hands, sobbing. After a while she regains her composure.*

Josephine. Farewell, then, to my happiness, my glories!
I'll dwell at Malmaison, in widow's weeds,
His face upon my walls and in my heart,
What span of life is left. Now all is lost!
I've lost my Love! I've lost my Emperor!
Oh, my once-Emperor! God might have made
Some demigod and gifted him with grace
Of mind, with sweet bewilderments, more potent
To make all men adore, obedient,
And follow captive at his chariot-wheels, —
But never did! I've shed more bitter tears
Than that tall glass contains of crystal drops.
Eugene, Hortense have wept with me, bemoaned
My fate. My son came here from Italy:
Napoleon sent for him and begged him break
To me the baleful tidings his soft heart
Could never lisp. — He would not trust himself.
His enemies will murder his good name.
Men call him cold; men say his heart is stone.
His mind is like the diamond, and shines
The brightest in the glare of many minds.
His heart is but a child's. Had this been lord,
And kinged his life, this world had happier been, —
And Josephine. The cup he offers me
That cup I'll drink; not I alone: my children
And himself will drink. All's lost! My robes of state,
My crown, — a pretty bauble now! — my maids
And chamberlain will show you. They are the state's.
My few remaining years in deeds of faith

And charity shall all be spent. Tell him,
That should the clouds obscure the sun, should shadows.
Adversity e'er cross his path, tell him
He knows the path to Malmaison; he knows
The necromance unlocks its doors. Tell him
That should some other queen ascend his throne, —
He crowned me and he can uncrown me too, —
Some child come straight from Heaven to gladden them,
The prayers of Josephine are for all three,
For him, for her, and for their child. Farewell!

[*Exit* JOSEPHINE.

Scene II

Austria joins the Alliance against Napoleon

Time, June 26, 1813. Place, a garden in the outskirts of Dresden. Russia, Prussia, England, Spain and Sweden are already allied against him, and Austria has offered its friendly offices to secure peace. Russia and Prussia have accepted them, and METTERNICH *comes to see if* NAPOLEON *will accept the terms they offer; otherwise Austria will join the alliance against him. The scene opens in the late afternoon, but when* METTERNICH *goes, it is dark. The scene portrayed here lasted several hours, and this effect is designed to show that considerable time elapsed during the scene. When the scene opens* NEY, MURAT *are in animated conversation, gloomy and despondent.* NAPOLEON *is in a passion at times. He knows* MET-

TERNICH *a liar, and unfortunately distrusts him. He is sincere in thinking his father-in-law will not make war on him.*

Macdonald. (*Comes in.*) An armistice has been declared and lasts
Two weeks.
Ney. To settle terms of peace?
Macdonald. Aye, peace! And Metternich comes here to-day
Armed with authority to fashion terms
Or throw the sword of Austria into the scale.
Ney. With Russia, Prussia, England, Spain and Sweden;
And then the scale will kick the beam, for Europe
Has caught its breath, has gathered courage since
The ghastly horrors of that Moscow rout.
Three hundred thousand gibbering ghosts have told
Their tale unto the tattling winds, and they
Have sung it in all Europe's ear.
Murat. But Austria will never fight us! Napoleon
Has married Austria's daughter.
Ney. Else marriage vows are false as harlots' prayers!
Macdonald. We must have peace! All Europe now is sick
To death of blood and bayonets and famine,
Of fruitless fields and empty granaries.
Ney. France, too, cries out in clarion tones for peace.

Her men are dead, and we have robbed her cradles
To fill our ranks. There's hardly a moustache
In all my legions. Napoleon called us cowards
At Lützen; raged like half-mad Lear, because
We bagged no prisoners. But puling boys,
Just loosened from their mothers' apron-strings,
Are no fit match for Prussian panthers, frenzied
By freedom's shibboleths; or Tartar Cossacks,
Half-man, half-horse, barbaric centaurs.

Macdonald. (*In a low tone.*) Well, here comes Metternich, as gay and heartless
As Leda's swan, though bearing Europe's fate
Upon his back. [*Enter* METTERNICH.

Ney. (*In a low tone.*) When the mighty Julius was a lad, no gallant
In Rome wore gayer plumage; yet Sulla saw
A second Marius in that wild boy.

Murat. But Cicero, I've read, then laughed to scorn
Red Sulla's jaundiced prophecy.

Ney. The silent soldier saw the spark of genius,
Although the shallow talker saw but folly.

Macdonald. (*Approaching.*) Good day, Prince Metternich.

Metternich. Bon jour, Monsieur le Maréchal. I hope
The hero of the Coup d'Etat is well.

Macdonald. Quite well. But sighing for the boulevards
And peaceful pleasantries of Paris.

Murat. (*Approaching.*) Good evening, Metternich.

Metternich. Bon soir. How fares the King of Naples?

Murat. As well as soldiers can away from home,
And fed on Saxon garbage.

Ney. Prince Metternich, we're glad to see you.

Metternich. Your greetings I return in double measure.
I hope the "Bravest of the Brave" is well.

Ney. In health; but tired of war, campaigns, the roar
Of guns and smell of sulphur.

Murat. Well, bring you peace or war?

Metternich. Both peace and war. I bring in my right hand
Peace, Plenty and Prosperity. Like Ceres,
I pour them in a stream from Autumn's horn.
But in my left I hold the dogs of War
In leash, ready to spring at all your throats;
Your Emperor and you can choose your fate.

Macdonald. We all want peace; would see Aurora pierce
The thunder-clouds above our heads and paint
A golden lining on their sombre folds.

Metternich. What says your Emperor?

Macdonald. Who would consult the Delphic oracle
Must seek his fate himself; and modestly.

[NEY *and* MACDONALD *go out.* NAPOLEON *comes in.*

Napoleon. (*Advancing brusquely.*) How is my father's health, — the Emperor?

Metternich. I thank your Majesty, he's very well, —
Or was on yesterday, when I left Prague.
He hopes you are the same, and sends by me
His warmest, kindest greetings.

Napoleon. I thank his Majesty with all my heart.
A noble sire, but most unfortunate;
Hedged in by proud and empty-pated lordlings!
[*Brusquely.*
You, too, want war! Well, you shall have it so.
I swept the Prussians from the field of Lützen;
I crammed the Russians' throats with death at Bautzen;
'Tis now your turn. Vienna is our goal.
Three times I've placed your King upon his throne;
His daughter is my Empress; and his grandson
Is King of Rome and will be Emperor —
Italy's Boy-King, but Charlemagne's successor.
All this and more the Hapsburgs owe Napoleon.
What dowry has his daughter brought to France?
She brought France naught but largesses of woe,
The poisoned robe of Nessus, rank with discord,
Misfortunes and imperial jealousies.

Metternich. (*Sarcastically.*) Another Trojan horse!
'Twas most unkind,
Although well meant.

Napoleon. And what bring you to-day?

Metternich. I bring the olive branch, and bring the sword;
You have your choice. The fate of Europe lies,
As does your own, within your hands. Sweet Peace
Allures in dulcet tones your bloody feet

To green ambrosial vales. My Emperor
Has heard the voice of Conscience, tolling out,
As 'twere some deep cathedral bell, his duty.
Will you not listen to your own? Not hear
All Europe's cries for peace?

Napoleon. What would you have me do? Degrade myself?

Not one hand's breadth of soil will I give up!
The Rhine my boundary? No, never that!
Your Kings are born to rank and palaces,
And twenty Wagrams would not drive them thence;
Success or failure filches not their thrones.
But I — the child of Fortune! — cannot survive
Longer than my great sword awakens terror.
'Tis true, I've had my losses, — lost in one
Cold night full thirty thousand horses. Bah!
What's that to France? She loves me just the same.
Mine is the finest army e'er faced Death;
I'll hold a grand review and show it you.

Metternich. And yet this army begs of you for peace.

Napoleon. No, not the soldiers, but the generals.
The snows of Moscow chilled their blood to ice;
Demoralized them all. I've seen the bravest
Break down and cry like babes; but what of that?
Two weeks ago you might had peace. Not now —

Metternich. Your peace is never more than truce. Misfortune,
Success, — both hurry you to war. Both you
And Europe now throw down the gauntlet. Each

Is bent on war. But *one* can win, — that's Europe!

Napoleon. How many allies are there? Four, five, six,
Or more? Who cares? October's sun will see
Us in Vienna.

Metternich. (*Sadly.*) This is an epoch-making day. Events
Are poised, like vultures, o'er our heads. My King
Would mediate between you all. The Western
Empires accept with joy his kindly offers;
And will not you?

Napoleon. I know the strength of Austria's battalions;
Know every man she has; yet fear her not.
She holds no dagger o'er my heart.

Metternich. And I know yours. I've seen your soldiers. They
Are babies fresh from school. If these are swept
Away, what then? You have no more. The crop
Of men is not perennial, like grass.

Napoleon. (*Angrily.*) You were not bred a soldier, but I was.
The barracks were my nursery, the camp
My cradle. Soldiers value men as players
Do pawns in games of chess. A million men
Might bite the dust and I not lose my nerve.
The gambler stakes sometimes the house that shelters
His children from the rain, without a qualm.

[*Throwing his hat into the corner of the room.*

Metternich. Throw open the doors! Call in your officers!

Proclaim these sentiments aloud to France!
Within a year your head is gibbeted.

Napoleon. (*Recovering his composure.*) My people love me well, and I love them.

I've shown them heights Elysian.

Metternich. (*Interrupting.*) And fields Elysian, too.

Napoleon. Three hundred thousand bleaching skeletons
Outface the moon on Russian steppes. How many,
Think you, were French, of all that mighty host?
But thirty thousand! All the rest were Germans,
Or else were Poles.

Metternich. Forget not, Sire, that I am German, too.

[NAPOLEON *walks up and down the room, across the stage, with his hands behind him, and goes and picks up his hat from the floor.*

Napoleon. But would your Emperor dethrone his daughter?

Metternich. He loves his people more than kith or kin.

Napoleon. (*Meditatively.*) My Austrian marriage, then, was brainless folly!

I've tried to weld the old and new; to blend
Old Gothic with new French. I may have failed.
My throne may fall: but with its tumbling ruins
Down comes the world.

[*An Usher brings in candles, and hands a letter to* METTERNICH, *who looks at the superscription.*

Metternich. Pardon me, Sire, but may I look at this?

Napoleon. Certainly.

[METTERNICH *breaks the seal and reads; meanwhile* NAPOLEON *keeps up his slow walk.*

(*Soliloquizing.*) In two weeks more our armistice expires.
Affairs of such great moment need reflection.
There's need, perhaps, of longer time.

Metternich. (*In a low tone to himself.*) This letter comes from Schwartzenberg. He will,
Should this my mission fail, command the Allies;
Lead four great armies 'gainst Napoleon.

[*He reads.*

"My army would, in twenty days, add to its strength seventy-five thousand men. I should consider the possibility of obtaining this extension of time a happy circumstance. But the twenty-first day would be a burden to me. SCHWARTZENBERG."

[*In a low tone to himself.*

He must have time; have twenty days at least.

Napoleon. (*Aloud.*) My Russian-Prussian-Swedish truce will last
Two weeks. Prolong this time till August tenth.
Will all consent to this extension?

Metternich. At *my request* they will.

Napoleon. So let it be! Our conference has been
Prolonged till darkness hides our faces. But we

Shall meet again, I hope.

Metternich. Whene'er you wish, before the tenth of August.

[METTERNICH *goes towards the door by which he entered.*

Napoleon. (*Touching him familiarly on the shoulder.*) And know you what will happen? You will not make

This war on me you threaten. We, at least,
Shall smoke the pipe of peace.

Metternich. (*Sternly and sadly.*) Ah, Sire, you know not what you say. You would
Not be convinced were Duroc's ghost to rise, —
Your dearest friend's, — and warn you of your doom.
Vesuvius were not more dangerous
Than where you stand. Your throne is tottering,
Shaking with France's volcanic throes; and yet
You smile in mockery at my prediction.
Presentments of your fate came hand in hand
With me: its certainty goes hence with me.

Napoleon. When shall we meet again?

Metternich. Before the clock *strikes midnight, August tenth,*
Or on the field of battle.

Napoleon. Draw not the veil which hides futurity
From mortal ken, with such assuring hand.
What say you to Vienna, next October?

Metternich. That cannot be! Too many bayonets!
A half a million men must perish first.
'Tis likelier we meet at Fontainebleau,

And cross a sea of blood to get there.

[METTERNICH *steps out into the night, and* NAPOLEON *looks up at the sky.*

Napoleon. My star of destiny shines bright to-night.

The same star guided me at Austerlitz.

Metternich. Adieu.

Napoleon. Say not adieu, but au revoir! Your King

Will make no war upon his daughter.

ACT V

Scene I

Time, Monday, October 18, 1813. 4 P. M. The battle-field of Leipsic.

Third day of the battle of Leipsic. Since 7 A. M. NAPOLEON *has been directing the battle, most of the time under an old windmill, where the "Napoleon Stein" now stands. But the desertion of the Saxons has called him to the village of Schönefeld. He has had little sleep or rest for days; has, as was his custom, eaten little. He realizes his defeat, but pride has so far kept him from giving the order to retreat. It means the surrender of Germany from the Niemen, on the border of Russia, to the Rhine.*

This is the sixth Coalition formed against him, and comprises Russia, Prussia, Austria, Sweden, England and Spain. Bavaria, Saxony, and Würtemberg desert him during the battle; and these countries, with Westphalia and the Confederation of the Rhine, are lost as the result of his defeat. Thiers says, "This is the greatest battle of which history makes mention," — 350,000 in the allied army, 160,000 in NAPOLEON'S.

The curtain as it rises discloses a street in front of the little inn in the village of Schönefeld. A table spread with maps and papers. A couple of chairs, in one of which NAPOLEON *has just fallen asleep.* NEY *and*

MURAT, *with several orderlies with messages, are standing together in respectful silence. Booming of cannon and rattle and whistle of musketry and explosion of shells is occasionally heard. The street shows the ravages of battle; houses have marks of shots, a dismantled gun-carriage, castaway muskets, and one or two dead bodies are visible, showing that here, too, there has been a fierce fight.*

Murat. How well he sleeps! At seven the battle opened,
And now 'tis four; and all these hours he's breasted
Four nations and three hundred thousand men
With half their number. Last night was all commotion;
The day before, and Saturday, the battle
Raged; many days he's scarcely ate or slept.

Ney. Must we not wake him?

Murat. Two thousand cannon shout their mad defiance!
The voice of tired nature drowns their roar.

Ney. But we must wake him!

Murat. He looks so worn! 'Tis cruelty to waken him;
Yet cruelty to let him sleep.

Ney. We are surrounded everywhere. A thousand Cannon are vomiting their fury on us.

Murat. Yet Saturday a messenger was sent
To Paris, with news of victory.

Ney. These last two days carve Europe into quarters.

Murat. Would he had taken our advice at Dresden!
Six nations turn their guns upon us now,
And Wellington has reached the Pyrenees.

Ney. The time for might-have-beens is past! The present
Bristles with danger. Retreat, retreat towards Paris —
This is our only hope against destruction.

Murat. Then I will wake him!
(*Calls.*) Napoleon! Napoleon!
[*Touches him.*

Napoleon. (*Waking quickly.*) Murat! My brother!
Can I have been asleep?

Murat. For a little moment only.

Napoleon. The horoscope has darkened while I slept,
I see it in your faces!

Ney. Blücher with his Prussians closes on us
Towards our northern front, and Bernadotte
Has joined his Swedes on either wing. The Russians
And their Cossack cavalry, and Austrians
Spread like a crescent south and east and west —
A general attack seems imminent.

Napoleon. Our troops must hold them till the night comes down.

Ney. This is impossible. Our centre holds;
Our wings are weakening. The Allies are two
To one against us; fresh with reinforcements.

Napoleon. How many have we lost?

Ney. Full fifty thousand lie upon the ground,
No covering except the cannon's breath
Floating across them like an ocean mist.

Napoleon. One third are gone! How many have they lost?

Ney. As many more at least.

Napoleon. A hundred thousand scorching in the sun!

This is the fiercest fight we ever fought.
For three long days we've held these hounds at bay.
The page of history displays no battle
Surpassing this in dignity and fury.
A battle of the giants! Four Emperors
Are fighting here for mastery. The stake
Is Central Europe! [*An officer enters.*

Officer. Your Majesty, the Saxons have deserted:
Full fourteen thousand men have joined the Prussians.

Napoleon. What base ingratitude! I made Augustus
King of both Saxony and Poland,
But *he* is loyal and his *people* false.

[*Another officer enters.*

Second Officer. Your Majesty, the Würtemberger Horse
Has joined the Austrians. [*Another officer enters.*

Third Officer. Your Majesty, Bavaria has turned her back upon us.

Napoleon. All Germany is slipping through my hands.
Bavaria showed me her back at Dresden.
The chain which I had hoped to bind them with
Is but a rope of air.

[*Another officer enters.*

Fourth Officer. Our artillery is short of ammunition.

Napoleon. We had two hundred thousand rounds, — yes, more, —

When we left Dresden.

The Officer. Our guns have hurled that down the German throats!

Supplies have come from Mainz; but not enough.

Napoleon. (*To* MURAT, *pacing up and down the street, and after long reflection.*) Has any message come from Austria?

Murat. None, Sire.

Napoleon. Two nights ago I sent a message, asking

For an armistice and offering concessions.

Murat. No answer yet has come.

Napoleon. Must we retreat towards France? What think you, Ney?

Ney. I think we must, and long have thought so.

Napoleon. (*To* MURAT.) What says the King of Naples?

Murat. Retreat or be cut off from all supplies!

Napoleon. That means the Rhine must be our base, and all

Of Germany must be surrendered, — lost;

That Saxony is gone, and Würtemberg;

Prussia regains her long-lost rank;

The great Confederation of the Rhine,

Which France has made her bulwark of defence,

Is swept away, as one of Holland's dikes

Crumbles before the rush of ocean's tides.

All these were ours for years, by right of conquest.
The Allies want the Rhine our boundary.
Then, France were far too small to rustle in.
All hangs upon the issue of this day!
This Leipsic is the battle-field of nations!
One mighty onset, such as turned the tide
On many a field we've fought, may save us yet.
Murat, lead out your cuirassiers and storm
Your hill again, where sit the Emperors.
To bag three Kings at one fell swoop were game
Murat, in all his wars, ne'er bagged before.
When Spain caught Francis, France was on her knees;
Such hostages would bring us instant peace.

Murat. Two days ago I tried to bag them. Now
They are as coy as hunted deer.

Napoleon. You had them snugly netted. When you drew
The string they slipt away. Try once again,
For France, Napoleon, and your throne of Naples.
Tighten your saddle-girths! Be thou a whirlwind!
Be this your battle-cry: "Remember Friedland!"

[MURAT *rides off.*

Come, Ney, take one battalion of the Guard; —
They've stormed a hundred hells! Go teach old Blücher
The yelpings of those Prussian wolves no terrors
Have for such old heroes.

Ney. The Guard has had no rest for three full days.

Napoleon. Three days! What's that to them? Three weeks

Of carnage were a welcome, well-spread feast
If you or I but tempted them. They are
Not schoolboy soldiers like the rest.

Ney. They are but men. And three to one are odds
Too great for men. I fear we fail.

Napoleon. We fail? And was it you within one month
Who sent this answer back: "*A Marshal of France Never surrenders*"? No! Your code of war
Has never heard of *fail.*

Ney. It never has of yore. But now that word
Is smeared on every page.

Napoleon. The "Bravest of the Brave" should be the last
To lisp that word. You held the Cossacks back
From Moscow to the Niemen. Why, matched with that
This carnage is a picnic!

Ney. These picnics come too frequently of late.

Napoleon. Our star just now is in its apogee;
But soon it will come nearer, blazon forth
With all its former glory.

Ney. "You'd sacrifice us all to your ambition."
These were the dying words of Lannes; Duroc,
And Lannas; those marshals you loved best,
Laid down their lives for you. They thought you were
Some god sent down to earth for them to kneel to.

Napoleon. (*Reflecting and sad.*) I loved them both.
I've been too fond of war.
When Duroc fell, the cannon's voice was hushed

Till I could dry my tears.

Ney. So I have knelt to you, and so do still:
And thousands more have thought their lives were naught
When matched against your wish. Your mad ambition —
'Twill be my death and that of thousands yet.
Two million men have been your hecatomb;
And half of Europe chants their requiem.

Napoleon. Speak not so loud, my friend, if you do love me!
Some of their ghosts may hover round us here.

Ney. (*Impulsively.*) Your nod was ever and shall ever be
The law that governs me, my Emperor.
I'll give those Prussian curs a taste of Ulm!

Napoleon. (*Exultantly.*) 'Twas there you bagged your twenty thousand.

Ney. Aye, three-and-twenty thousand beer-barrels,
And wagon-loads of standards.

[NEY *goes away in haste.*

Napoleon. Too fond of war! Too fond of war! I've met,
Like Hannibal, my Zama now! [MURAT *comes up.*

Murat. These putty-pated boors have learnt at last
Some of your tricks of war.

Napoleon. What tricks?

Murat. They've learned to spell the word "*concentrate!*"
And learned the trick so well they spell it backwards.

Old Schwartzenberg has ordered all four armies
To a general advance.

Napoleon. And Bernadotte is with them. 'Tis he has taught
Them all they know.

Murat. Moreau, of Hohenlinden, too, is there;
He's on the Russian Emperor's staff.

Napoleon. Moreau is dead! A cannon-ball cut off
Both legs six weeks ago at Dresden.

Murat. Moreau is dead? He knew your art of war
As children know their prayers.

Napoleon. Another trick of strategy they've learned.
In former years, when we had whipped one army,
They sent a rescue after it to share
Its fate. The foxes now retreat when pressed,
And run like sheep, except they're all together.

[NEY *and* MACDONALD *come up.*

Macdonald. The Allies advance upon all sides, on north,
On south, and east, and west. They're storming now
With Hell's hot rage the bridge that spans the Elster,
To cut off our retreat towards the Rhine.
The Prussians pound their devilish fists against
The eastern gate; our outpost walls are crumbling;
The roads are floods of flying men; and twenty
Villages are now in flames.

Napoleon. That means retreat! We must abandon Leipsic,
And turn our faces back toward France.

[*To* MACDONALD.

Defend the Dresden gate with all your might,
And keep the Prussians out till we have crossed.
Your troops are freshest.

[*To* PONIATOWSKI.

You hold the bridge across the Elster till
Our troops, a hundred thousand, all have crossed.

[*To* MONTFORT, *Chief of Engineers.*

Go mine the Elster bridge, and when the army
Has crossed, or, when you see the Prussians on us,
Then blow it up!

[*To* MURAT.

Your cavalry goes first. The road to Erfurt!

[*To* NEY.

Follow Murat. Let all be orderly!
The world must never know we're routed.

[*All go out.*

Napoleon. The world turns round against me!
Fortune shows
Her back, whose face for years has been all smiles.
Ah, had I followed their advice! Too late! Too late!
Ambition, Passion, Pride have blinded Reason;
My judgment's lost its sovereign equipoise!
The sword of Friedland, it shall conquer yet!
Oh, for an Austerlitz! 'Twould save the Rhine!

[*Exit* NAPOLEON.

Scene II

Time, March 31, 1814. Fontainebleau. Place, "Cour des Adieux." At the back of the stage is shown the

famous double stairway from which Napoleon bade farewell to the Guard, a few days afterwards.

Evening. Moonlight. MACDONALD *comes upon the stage after the curtain rises.*

Macdonald. (*Alone.*) Lost! Lost! All lost!
Three months ago we crossed
The Rhine! Since then these wolves have hunted us.
Marches and battles! Battles and marches!
All spell one word, Retreat! Four armies chased
Our half-clad schoolboy legions on towards Paris.
And yet we fought six battles in eight days;
And all were victories, — yet here we are!
The Congress of the Powers made offerings
Of honorable peace, — yet here we are!
He must be mad. He'll have the world or nothing.
No peace! No compromise! And no surrender!
Last night a barber's chair at Moret was his bed.
For weeks he's scarcely slept: riding by night,
Fighting by day one army or another,
His genius at its zenith! Yet here we are!
Ah, here comes Ney. He looks so sad! What news?

[*Enter* NEY, *dejectedly.*

Ney. This forest is an arsenal of bayonets.
Old Blücher's hounds are round us everywhere.
A scout brings me a letter that old bulldog
Had sent to Wellington. [*Reads.*

"We have the tiger in a cage at last. For twenty years he has ravaged Europe as if it were an Indian jungle. But now his lair is his own den, at Fontaine-

bleau. We have surrounded it, have stopped up every egress. Every road and almost every yard of ground is watched and guarded. Be sure that after hunting him so many years he never will escape us now. The allied army is pounding at the gate of Paris. Montmartre was stormed and has capitulated. Marmot either has or will surrender Paris soon, we think. The people are enthusiastic for the Bourbons. They hate Napoleon now. The Senate will declare against him. Talleyrand heads this revolution against Napoleon, and thinks he will abdicate before many days.

"BLUCHER."

Macdonald. And *where* is Wellington?

Ney. He's in the Pyrenees, and holding Soult
At bay. He's driven him from Spain and Portugal.
Those English are the spawn of Hell; don't know
When they have got their bellies full of fighting.

Macdonald. (*Reading the letter.*) When was this written?

Ney. Two days ago, so says the date.

Macdonald. What news from Paris?

Ney. To-day the Allies entered Paris; an army
Of fifty thousand, their sovereigns at their head,
Princes, ambassadors and generals,
With all the pageantry of a royal progress.
The people greeted them with shouts and vivas,
Plaudits hurrahs, as if Napoleon's self
Were coming home from Eckmühl or Marengo.
The Bourbon fleur-de-lys and white cockade
Are rampant everywhere. The tricolor,

Which once they climbed the steeple-tops to see,
Now hides its head in shame. The Czar proclaims
Napoleon and the Bonapartes all exiles;
The Senate has accepted this decree,
Demands his abdication. Our Cæsar
Is as sceptreless as three-and-thirty stabs
Made his great prototype.

Macdonald. *Can this be true?*

Ney. As true as Holy Writ!

Macdonald. It cannot be!

Ney. What *cannot be,* that *is!*

Macdonald. And does Napoleon know it all?

Ney. Yes, all. The scales have fallen from his eyes.

That wily fox, old Talleyrand, is scheming
To overthrow him. He wants the Bourbons back.

Macdonald. A sorry day for us when they broke friendship!

'Twas Talleyrand knew well Napoleon's inner heart;
His genius; knew his frailties; knew his purposes;
Knew all the courts and sovereignties of Europe;
What strings would make those manikins
Dance to the music that his fiddle played.
The second pillar of the Empire, he!
And dared to face him; dared to pull the blinders
From off his eyes; expose his flatterers;
Hold up the glass of Truth.

Ney. Napoleon knew all this.

Macdonald. And will he abdicate? I hear such rumors.

Ney. In favor of his son, the King of Rome.

Macdonald. And where is *he?* And where's the Empress?

Ney. Marie Louise has fled with him.

Macdonald. Where?

Ney. Gone to Vienna, many think.

Macdonald. It all seems stranger than a fairy tale!
This cannot be! It cannot be! Is't all
A dream? Are we who stand here flesh and blood?
Is this Macdonald? Was it I who led
My grenadiers to parliament? And did
They fly like frightened sheep before my sword?
And have we helped to build a mighty empire,
And seen it fade away, as does the world
When the great orb of day goes down and Night
Its curtain o'er the landscape draws?
Or are we spirits, moonlit, vaporous ghosts,
Who float in some ethereal realm of dreams?
And have we lived, or only thought we lived,
These twenty years of fierce, tempestuous strife?
Were we at Lodi? Austerlitz? at Friedland?
Or has Imagination played us false?
Were you or I, upon some winter's eve,
To take our children on our palsied knees,
And tell them things we think we've seen,
Tell them this tale: how once a beardless boy
Swept like a hurricane through Italy,
And led his legions past the Pyramids;
Thrice opened with his sword Vienna's gate;
Made Prussia's Queen a frightened fugitive,

Her land a wilderness of desolation;
Led half a million 'cross the frozen zone,
And saw them die beneath the Ice-King's breath;
Picked up the sword and crown of Charlemagne
And wore it as if born to royal state;
And died an exile on a desert isle,
Cowherds for courtiers, rooks and whirling winds
For servitors, — their wondering eyes would say
It were Aladdin's tale or we were mad.

[*They walk out.*

Scene III

Same scenery. Time, April 4, 1814.

Napoleon. Ambition's dreams are o'er! My course is run!
These royal hounds have driven me to cover:
Their teeth are at my throat; they taste my blood!
My mother, France, disowns her favorite son,
And says that he must lay aside the crown
Of Charlemagne she placed upon his head;
Exchange that empire for a barren isle.
I'd rather join the ranks of Freedom's sons
Across the sea. I gave the young republic
Full half her empire — sold Louisiana
For a louis as a nursery of freemen;
I hoped to see them — grown to manhood's might —
Defy these puny sons of pedigree.
My cradle was the glens of Corsica;

My childhood sipped the wine of Liberty;
The breast I nursed was warmed by Freedom's fire:
I hated Kings and hoped to lift their yoke
From off my countrymen. The siren came.
The Genii of War revealed their secrets;
Showed me the path that led to high Olympus;
The path young Macedon and Cæsar trode;
And beckoned me to follow. Ambition, lust
Of power, dispelled the hopes of earlier days.
I learned, at Arcola, that skill in war
Was mine by birthright; learned the world
Was his who conquered it; what men call genius
Was Herculean, well-directed toil.
The praise of men, the craze for deathless fame,
Inflamed my energies; became the air
I breathed; my drink; my daily food.
The sword became my toy; the cannon's voice
The rhapsody whose music thrilled my ears.
At length I made myself a King; but France
Would have it so. She'd felt the iron hand
So long that, when the Revolution raised it,
Freedom to Riot flamed and burned to ash.
I strangled tyrannies with tyranny.
Oh, had I trod the path of Washington, —
My young ambition's idol, — laid down the sword
And bound with cords of love the lands I conquered,
They all had learned to love their conqueror!
The temple I had built — 'tis now a ruin! —
Shivered by earthquake's shock! — might then have
stood.

Could I turn back Time's hand upon the dial,
I ne'er again would lightly estimate
The might of England's navy. This ruined me!
I thought myself omnipotent; a god;
And, Atlas-like, thought I could lift all Europe.
I should have torn the crown from Prussia's brow,
And made her Kings the Lords of Brandenburg.
The wife who loved me should have stayed my queen:
This cost the scorn of womenkind. Her voice
'Twas soothed Ambition's madness in my veins.
Had Talleyrand stayed true, that Russian fever
Had never burned with such consuming fire.
But why live o'er my failures? What *is*, that *is!*

[*Meditating, he walks the floor with his hands behind his back.*

I might come back sometime; might reinstate
Myself, perhaps. 'Twould be the dicer's chance!
For France is worn with wars; her energies
Are nerveless; Europe joins her hands against her.
Money is King in war! 'Twill conquer Genius.
I cannot wait for boys to grow to men,
For school-day sinews to mature, for, then,
The charm of my great name would be dispelled;
Nor can I be an idler? No; in Elba,
In years to come, I'll fight my battles o'er
Again; like Cæsar write my history,
For ages yet unborn to ponder o'er,
And read my future in the drifting skies.
I have not fought for petty purposes,
But for a haven in Valhalla's halls,

A chair by every Frenchman's fireside;
And these are mine whatever woes betide.
The Code Napoleon will survive, and France
Will love me, widowed, tired now of war.

[*Enter* NEY, MACDONALD *and several Marshals, and a Secretary bearing a parchment on a salver.*

Here comes the parchment I must sign;
The bearers of the bier, my greatest Marshals.
Come forward, friends! I'm ready for the hemlock
My follies and our enemies have mixed.

[*He takes the parchment, reads it with a sigh, and takes a pen to sign it.*

See! That's the hand that held the sword
Of Austerlitz! 'Twere better burned than do this deed!

[*Hesitates; walks across the floor, head bowed.*

But I must keep my word! 'Tis best for France!
A lighter hand, a lady's hand she wants,
And France shall have her will! Perhaps 'tis best.

[*He signs, then he throws himself on the sofa and buries his face in his hands and sobs violently for some time. Some of the Marshals are moved to tears. Then he starts up, and with all the grandeur and animation of his greatest moment, exclaims:*

Comrades! Ney! Macdonald! Victor! St. Cyr!
Let us to the field again! All is not lost
With hearts and heads like ours!

[*They all shake their heads.*

Ney and Macdonald. Too late! Too late!
Napoleon. (*Repeating.*) Too late! Too late!
[*Sits down at the table, clutching the parchment, and buries his face in his hands.*

Scene IV

Time, April 20, 1814. Same scenery as last scene. The Imperial Guards are assembled in front of the grand double stairway leading from the palace into the Cour des Adieux. General Petit, who commanded them, and several officers, stand immediately in front of the landing of the stairway, which is several feet above the courtyard. NAPOLEON *comes out of the palace on the landing. The colors are draped in mourning.*

Napoleon. My brave companions of the Imperial Guard, —
The Guard that dies but ne'er surrenders! —
This is the saddest hour we ever knew;
And you the truest friends I ever had.
How many, many years have we been friends!
Friends in the storm of battle; on weary marches;
Upon the Russian steppes; on Prussian moors;
Climbing the Alps; in sunny Italy;
Beneath the shadow of the Pyramids;
Where'er dear France has found an enemy.
We crossed the bridge of Lodi; Arcola
Together; together stormed the heights of Acre;

We've fought our way across a continent,
From where Gibraltar lifts her frowning front
To where the Kremlin tolled our requiem.
You are the chosen heroes of my legions, —
Heirs of that deathless Tenth, Great Julius' pride! —
And some can count a hundred battles won.
But we have fought our last! My sword is sheathed!
Last week I courted Death as Cupid, Psyche;
The vixen turned her back with a Fury's scorn.
My old gray coat you'll never see again;
Nor old Marengo! Do not regret my fate,
You have another sovereign you should love.
I see you weep, who never shed a tear
In all your battles, all your sufferings.
My heart is there with you! My voice has fled!
I must not, Europe looking, play the woman:
But I must stop until my voice comes back.

[*Stops for a moment; sobs are heard below.*

I would I could embrace you all, but cannot.
I will embrace your General for each.

[*Beckons to* General Petit, *who comes up upon the landing, and Napoleon embraces him.*

Bring me the Eagles!

[*The colors are brought to him, and he kisses them fervently.*

Ye blessed Eagles! Ye have been our guides
In campaigns glorious for long, long years!
Ye've led our blood-stained steps through Alpine snows,
Following the path great Hannibal had blazed;
Thrice have your pinions circled o'er Vienna;

You've shown us where the Prussian Vulture
Paid his mock homage to the Russian Bear. Dear Eagles!
Oh, may the kisses which I shower now
Resound upon your loving hearts, my children!
Farewell, my dear companions! Farewell, boys!
Whene'er you fight your battles o'er again,
And show your children how our fields were won,
Tell them how well you loved your Emperor;
How in the deadly breach he found you true.
Do not forget me in my lonely isle:
There will I write the story of your deeds, —
Immortal as the deeds great Homer sung!
Immortal as the deeds of Marathon!
Immortal as the Titans' war with Jove!
Our wars will ring like bugles through the Ages,
And be an epoch Clio's tongue will fondle.
Let no man slander me while you stand by;
Surround me once again, as you have done
At Jena, Ulm, and Wagram, and Marengo!

[*He goes down among them. They surround him. He embraces some of the officers. Soldiers kneel and kiss his hands and the hem of his coat. He takes off his sword and presents it to* General Petit, *and kisses the Eagles once more.*

Farewell! My heart I leave with you.

[*As he retires.*

Scene V

Spectacular. Shown by the stereopticon.

1. His death-bed at St. Helena.
2. " The Invalides."
3. Napoleon's Tomb.
   (*The Moral of His Life*)
4. Five million graves.

THE LION AT BAY

THE PLOT

Louis XIII, the weak but kindly son of Henry IV (Henry of Navarre), at odds for most of his life with Anne of Austria, his Queen, resigned the reins of government to Cardinal Richelieu for nearly twenty years. Richelieu at the time of the play is fifty-eight years old. The play occupies several days. Time, 1642. Ends with the death of Cinq Mars and Richelieu. Richelieu has destroyed the power of the nobles and established the authority of the King. He has persecuted the Huguenots and become Papal Legate, the Pope's vicegerent in France, and has used the power of both Church and State with unscrupulous craft.

To keep the power in his own hands he has estranged the King from his own mother and from his Queen. He has worn himself out with his long struggles to preserve his power and establish royalty, and at the period of this play, is on the verge of the grave and hated by the Queen-Mother, the King's brother, Gaston, the Queen and all the Court and distrusted by the King.

To keep the King from meddling with affairs of state, it has been necessary to keep him amused. Other means having failed, Richelieu brought Cinq Mars to court two years before the play opens. Cinq Mars was then twenty-two years old, a nobleman of extraordinary gifts and fascinations. Before coming to Paris he lived at Chaumont, on the Loire, in Touraine, with

his mother, who, in her youth, was beloved by Richelieu, whose attentions were not appreciated. Richelieu has never married. He at one time aspired to the love of Anne of Austria, but she made sport of his gallantries. This angered Richelieu.

Richelieu has a foster-child, his sister's daughter, Marion de Lorme, who has just finished her education and come home to the Palais Cardinal. She is twenty-two years old, a girl of wonderful charm, beauty and cleverness. She, at her uncle's instigation, who has ambitious plans for her, becomes in love with Cinq Mars, but his love is fixed elsewhere, upon Marie, the Princess de Gonzaga. They have been playmates from childhood, and are in love with each other. She is of kin with the Queen. Her royal rank makes their marriage impossible without the Queen's consent, which Cinq Mars hopes to gain by so distinguishing himself as to be made Constable of France.

Richelieu brings him to court to amuse the King. The persecution of his own order and of his religious friends, the Huguenots, by Richelieu, so exasperates him that he determines, if possible, to overthrow Richelieu. The times and circumstances are propitious for this conspiracy. Even Marion's love aids him against her uncle. The conspirators meet in an apartment she has secured for their use.

The Duke of Buckingham, who wooed Henrietta, the King's sister, for Prince Charles, and brought her to England to become his Queen, is at court during the play, and begs a bracelet of the Queen. This Richelieu

learns of, and resolves to use this knowledge to estrange the King still further from the Queen. Buckingham is killed by an assassin, at Portsmouth, but the bracelet is returned to Paris in season to thwart Richelieu's purpose.

The climax of the play occurs in the fourth act. Cinq Mars, to have a sufficient force to resist, if necessary, the troops Richelieu has at Perpignan, makes an agreement with Spain by which she is to furnish him seventeen thousand men. This is a dangerous expedient. Richelieu has heard of it, and gets possession of the agreement while it is on the way to Spain for ratification. Just as Cinq Mars thinks himself master of France, Richelieu produces the compact, accuses him of treason, wins back the King, who is too weak to govern France himself, and obtains an order for Cinq Mars' execution.

Richelieu is loath to execute him. Marion begs for his life. But in vain. With Cinq Mars dead, the conspiracy is finally quelled. In the last scene Richelieu dies, just two months after Cinq Mars is beheaded.

SCENES

Act I, Scene I. Richelieu's Cabinet. (Front of stage.)
Scene II. A forest scene. (Whole stage.)
Scene III. Same scene. A hunting-party.

Act II, Scene I. In front of the church. (Front of stage.)
Scene II. The thwarted marriage. Interior of church. (Whole stage.)

Act III, Scene I. The conspiracy. A dimly lighted catacomb. (Whole stage.)
Scene II. Richelieu's Cabinet. Same scene as Act I, Scene I. (Front of stage.)

Act IV, Scene I. A salon in the Louvre.
Scene II. The denouement. The fruitless intercession. Cinq Mars refuses to disclose the names of the conspirators.

Act V, Scene I. A cell in the Conciergerie. (Front of stage.)
Scene II. The execution. A square in Paris. (Whole stage.)
Scene III. Richelieu's Cabinet. Death of Richelieu. (Front of stage.)

The Play could be advertised by posters:

I. Richelieu in scarlet cardinal robes.
II. Cinq Mars, Grand Ecuyer, on horseback.
III. The execution. Cinq Mars at the block.
IV. The death of Richelieu.

THE LION AT BAY

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Louis XIII, *King of France, who reigned but did not rule.*

Gaston, *his brother; an enemy of Richelieu, but weak and pusillanimous.*

Richelieu, *Lord Cardinal; a great and crafty statesman, of whose power the King and all his court are tired.*

Cinq Mars, *Grand Ecuyer; a nobleman twenty-four years old, of much ability and magnetism; the King's favorite.*

De Thou, *a friend of Cinq Mars; son of President de Thou.*

Baptiste, *a Jesuit priest and factotum of Richelieu.*

Count Coligny, *a Huguenot; son of the great Admiral.*

Duke of Buckingham, *an English peer, and friend of Charles I.*

Duke de Bouillon, *a French nobleman, conspiring against Richelieu.*

Several Noblemen, *also conspirators.*

Grandison, *Cinq Mars' man-at-arms, an old man.*

Pere Hyacinthe, *a Huguenot minister.*

Anne of Austria, *Queen of France.*

Marie de Medici, *widow of Henry IV, and mother of the King.*

Marie, Princess de Gonzaga, *a Spanish Austrian, twenty years old, in love with Cinq Mars, and with whom he is in love.*

Marion de Lorme, *daughter of Richelieu's sister, beautiful and commanding, and in love with Cinq Mars.*

Two Ruffians, *employed by Baptiste.*

Isabelle, *maid of the Princess de Gonzaga.*

Two Fops, *courtiers and friends of Cinq Mars.*

Laubardemont, *a decayed nobleman turned ruffian.*

ACT I

Scene I

Time, 1642. Richelieu's Cabinet in the Palais Cardinal, now Palais Royal, Paris. RICHELIEU, *pale and consumptive, fifty-eight years old, in a cardinal's robes and hat, sits in an easy chair by a table spread over with documents, head on his hand, in deep thought.* BAPTISTE *and* LAUBARDEMONT, *the former dressed as a Jesuit, the latter as a mountaineer of the Pyrenees, are talking in undertones at side of stage front.*

Baptiste. You're out of luck?
Laubardemont. Yes.
Baptiste. Walking on your uppers?
Laubardemont. Exactly so.
Baptiste. How long has this been?
Laubardemont. Ever since the Cardinal destroyed
My barony and made nobility
A mockery.
Baptiste. Your lands?
Laubardemont. A desert!
Baptiste. Your sheep and herds?
Laubardemont. Sold to the slaughterer.
Baptiste. Your chateau?
Laubardemont. The prey of kites and wolves.
Baptiste. All gone?

Laubardemont. All gone except my skin and sword.

Baptiste. And these?

Laubardemont. For sale.

Baptiste. For what?

Laubardemont. For any purpose brings me wine and bread.

Baptiste. So low?

Laubardemont. Aye, low if you will call it so! The kite
May breathe a purer air, and sweeter, too,
Than he who grinds his nose with honest toil,
Raising his crops for crows and usurers;
The mountain pass his den, and travellers
His plunder.

Baptiste. Among the Pyrenees?

Laubardemont. Aye, there has been my eyrie.

Baptiste. But Paris?

Laubardemont. There are no geese just now among the mountains.

Baptiste. And so to Paris you have come for plucking?

Laubardemont. (*Nods.*) The geese so far are bones and feathers.

Baptiste. Your den?

Laubardemont. In Saint Antoine with Jacques, the slaughterer.

Baptiste. Hush! Soft! The Cardinal is waking from
His reverie. Begone! We may have work

For you sometime.

[LAUBARDEMONT *goes outside.*

Richelieu. (*Soliloquizing.*) I've walked for years upon a sea of ice
With panther step, expecting every day
Would see its surface crack and let me down.
Each step, each motion has this mirror
Reflected to my timid King and courtiers,
Argus-eyed with jealousy. The Queen
Has hated me that I usurped her province,
And ruled her lord; whom all her wealth of beauty,
Her stalwart mind and pride has never conquered.

Baptiste. This scarce was happiness!

Richelieu. Scarce happiness? 'Twas Hell! No cooling breath
Of gratitude has fanned my fevered brow
In twenty years. Who serves a fickle King,
His sire, Navarre, has schooled to idle ways,
Must watch, as sailors do, the shifting breeze;
Must train his sails to whirlwinds and to calms;
Must stake his life upon the dicer's chance.

Baptiste. So Strafford served King Charles.

Richelieu. And Strafford's head has paid the penalty.

Baptiste. Is Strafford dead?

Richelieu. Stone dead! Beheaded by the Lords and Commons.

Baptiste. His children are attainted? Lands are forfeit?

Must grub like dogs and swine for bread.

Richelieu. The Commons have relieved them of that penalty.

Baptiste. Martyred for faithful service!

Richelieu. The ground I tread is quicksand. Ever ready
To sink or snare my feet. How Pym and Hampden,
How Cromwell rides rough-shod across old England,
Sharp-spurred, big-booted, clanking sword and all!
The panther of the jungle would sigh with envy
To see how, like a summer's breeze across
A field of grain, I creep, with spirit-step,
Among the purlieus of the court.

[RICHELIEU *is here interrupted with a fit of coughing.*

Baptiste. Does this not frighten you, Lord Cardinal?

Richelieu. Not frighten me? 'Twould frighten Cœur de Lion!
It tells me my few sands of life run low.
Ere many moons shall wane, my sad, sad journey
I'll make alone across the Styx, with one
Lone obolus for Charon.

Baptiste. Were it not best to turn your thoughts away
From worldly things and state affairs?

Richelieu. At morn and eventide! But when the sun
His quadriga shall urge athwart the sky,
Then must my watchful eyes be bent on France.
I've strangled these proud barons till they choked,

Coughed up the feudal rights they've fattened on.
Their ancient pillars have I tumbled down.
The state rests on one pillar royalty.

Baptiste. And when that falls?

Richelieu. Then all nobilities have fallen! Then
The people shall be sovereigns. Richelieu dead.
I've seen the lilies grow till they
O'ertop nobility and stand supreme.
I would a little longer water them;
Some other gardener might not love them so.

Baptiste. Loves not the Queen our fleur-de-lys?

Richelieu. The Queen is Austrian. The quick, hot blood
Of a hundred kings jumps in her purple veins.
This daughter of the Cæsars, she would rule;
And hold in leash the hounds of State and War,
Or let them loose to howl, to prey, devour,
Whene'er some idle fancy pleaseth her.
These awful powers are not for women's wiles,
Conceits and fantasies. This — this is why
My schemes have kept these two apart, estranged
By methods devilish, unless the ends
Can answer for the means. The King twice sought
To sow in maiden minds the seeds of love,
And twice I've sown the weeds of charity
And mured them both in convent walls.

Baptiste. The King is starving for companionship.

Richelieu. Such is the fate of Kings. Mt. Blanc stands all

Alone. The eagle and the glacier and
The silent spheres, these are his bosom friends,
Though his tall front be seen by a million eyes.

Baptiste. The King is hungering for friendship.

Richelieu. Yes, yes. It troubles me lest he should break
The hedges I have built, lest he should burst
His cage, like some imprisoned stag, and find
His solace with the does and fawns.

Baptiste. Is it not time to find him some companion?

Richelieu. Aye. Man, not woman. She is hard to mould
To purposes of state. Affection is her lode-star.
She sighs to tread the flowery paths of love
And piety. Ambition is a tree
Of too majestic growth and foliage
For garden lawns. Such grandeur flourishes
In high sierras, mountain glens; it craves
Companionship with towering pines.

Baptiste. And has your quest been fruitful?

Richelieu. What think you of Cinq Mars? He is both young
And handsome, light of heart, of princely bearing;
A hunter and a soldier; quick of wit;
And clay that may be moulded.

Baptiste. His name was on my tongue. He has withal,
Dame Rumor says, a soft, responsive nature,
A soul attuned to stately melodies,

And may be tuned to sing your song as parrots
Can tell the tale they're taught.

Richelieu. I know the tree from which this graft was cut,
And for some days have sampled it. Convey
To him my wish. Go say that Richelieu
Would speak with him of matters diplomatic.

Baptiste. At once?

Richelieu. At once. Before the dinner has grown cold
It should be eaten.

Baptiste. He lives at Chaumont?

Richelieu. On the Loire,
Some three hours' journey on beyond Orleans.
My horses wait your bidding.

Baptiste. I start to-night. [*Abruptly.*

Richelieu. (*Amazed.*) By carriage or on horseback?

Baptiste. (*Who is very fat.*) It matters not.

Richelieu. (*Smiling ironically.*) But, Baptiste, can you ride so far?

Baptiste. (*Boastingly.*) As feathers ride upon the wind.

Richelieu. (*Mischievously.*) I think, perhaps, a mule would better
Support your bulk, or Baalam's ass. My horses'
Frail backs have scarce the strength to carry hogsheads
Of port. You need a coach and four. Oh, Falstaff!
Have you some percheron or plow-horse saddled!
My grooms can find you one.

Baptiste. (*Confused.*) I fear your Grace is poking fun at me.

Richelieu. Oh, no! No! No! But don't you think your soul
Is jeopardized by so much feasting.

Baptiste. (*Quite serious.*) I mortify the flesh. I do the penance
Our order has prescribed.

Richelieu. That nose of yours is such a monument
Of abstinence! It blossoms like a rose;
One milestone on the road to Paradise.

Baptiste. 'Twill never pale. It is a birthmark.

Richelieu. Tut! Tut! Ten rosaries for that!
Are all your fasting brothers stamped with birthmarks?
My butler ought to close the Palais vaults
When they come here for mass. You monks, how hardly
Can you, so fond of Israel's fleshpots, and rich men,
Enter the gates of Heaven! Look and see
Your pattern. I can do the needle's eye. [*Coughs.*

Baptiste. (*Aside.*) Yes; so can ghosts.

[*Goes out. After he has gone* RICHELIEU *has a violent fit of coughing.*

Baptiste. (*Pokes in his head.*) Not long for this world.

Richelieu. Ah, Baptiste, I thought that you had gone.

Baptiste. I feared that you had gone, Lord Cardinal.

Richelieu. (*With evident exhaustion.*) No, not
for many years. Go tell my niece —
You'll find her in the library, devouring
Some book of love, . . . I wish to see her here.
Don't tell her that you caught me coughing! Baptiste,
Your tiger jaws are not fit fellowship
For her soft cheeks, as when in childhood days
She sat upon your knees. She's woman now.

[BAPTISTE *goes out and* RICHELIEU *arranges his robe and hair, smooths the wrinkles in his face, etc.* MARION DE LORME, *a beautiful, stately girl of twenty-two years, enters.*

Richelieu. Come here, my bird of paradise! Come
sit
Here on this chair-arm, as in childhood's days.

Marion. (*Hesitating.*) Our lady superior says I
ought to sit
Now at your feet. Here is an ottoman.
'Twas thus that Mary sat at Jesus' feet,
And Esther on Ahasuerus' footstool.

Richelieu. Ah, Modesty! Thy name is Prudery!
These convent-mothers are too finical.
Well, never mind; sit anywhere, my dear,
If only by my heart.

[MARION *sits down, and* RICHELIEU *draws her head towards him, and plays with her hair.*

Richelieu. (*Meditating.*) My fingers love
To play at hide and seek among your tresses.
They revel in sweet thrills of fond delight.
Ten years ago — ten years! — your father died.

It seems an age! What beauty blossomed here!
The mother of our Lord was not more saintly
Than you, my child, were then. Your mind of that
Imperial mould of Margaret Angouleme,
Navarre's grand'mère; nor had the famed Diane
A mien more like a goddess. How I've loved
To see you flower into womanhood!
For years these were the apple of mine eye,
The Church, dear France, and my dead sister's child.
Come closer to me, sweetheart! Let me hold
Your hand and see the star-dust sparkling in
Your wondrous eyes. I may not have you always.

[*He takes her hand and she turns her face up to his.*

Miranda's hand nestling in Calaban's!
The hand of Childhood in the clutch of Death!
A rosebud coffined in a thistle!

[MARION *shudders and draws back.*

Oh, do not leave me, Marion! 'Twas but
A shadowy thought!

Marion. But why such gruesome spectres, uncle?

Richelieu. (*Pensively.*) I know not why. I have great schemes for you.
No longer nursed in convent glooms, your spirit
Must feed upon the breath of courts and palaces;
Must drink the gaiety of masques and pageants;
Commune with courtiers, dukes, and princely dames;
Must sip the wine of flattery, nectars
That madden the brain and turn at last to poison.
These hereafter are your food and drink.

Marion. And these have often been my girlish dreams.

Richelieu. But doves should never nest among the hawks,
Nor maidenhood with courtiers.

Marion. But must I pine at home and waste my perfumes
In those desert halls?

Richelieu. No, I must find some mate for you.

Marion. Let him be good, I pray, to win my love;
Be wise, to keep respect; be brave and princely,
To fire my admiration.

Richelieu. He shall be all, else lose this sparkling jewel.
I would not have you mate with royalty.

Marion. No. I would rather be a dairy maid
Than royal paramour.

Richelieu. (*Kissing her forehead.*) Thou art thy father's child. How oft I've heard
Him rail at great Navarre for chasing tinsel
And peacocks' plumes along the quays of Paris.

Marion. (*Pleased with his admiration.*) I'm glad you think I'm not of base alloy, Papa.

Richelieu. Papa! Papa! The name we call the Pope.
I hoped to wear that triple crown, but France forbade.
There cometh soon to court a noble count.
His mother was my boyhood's friend, and I
Her worshipper. Had she but smiled upon
My suit, I ne'er had worn these priestly robes.

I thought the pearly gates had opened wide
And let some saint walk down the golden stairs.
Once, at a tournament, we sat together.
There entered in the lists an unknown knight
Of wondrous grace and dignity. It seemed
That Bayard's self had come again. He won;
'Twas 'gainst all France; then came and laid his chaplet
Down at the feet of her I sat beside.
My doom had struck! Had God's archangel spoke
From out the clouds, I could not felt more sure.
The son of these will come to court, anon;
And should he turn his eyes upon your face,
You'd think the sun in all its splendor shone.

Marion. Perhaps the glare will dazzle me?

Richelieu. I wish it might! No wish would lay its head
Nearer my heart. And when I lay my head
Upon the bosom of our Mother Earth,
I wish that you, my child, and he I hoped
Would be my child, would bear my pall.

[*He begins to cough, and, fearing another fit of coughing is coming on, suddenly exclaims:*

Now run away, my child, for I am tired.

[MARION *goes out. A violent fit of coughing attacks* RICHELIEU, *and when it is over he sinks back exhausted.*

Scene II

The Huguenot Martyrdom

Night. An open space in a forest. In the centre a cross, surrounded by dry fagots. A young priest, URBAIN GRANDIER, *and a young woman,* JEANNE LAUBARDEMONT, *both in white robes, and a dozen Huguenots, come, with a procession of Capucin priests, singing the "Hymn of the Huguenots."* GRANDIER *is then tied to the cross by a priest. The hymn continues, as an excited crowd assembles. The priests form a circle round the cross, and as each verse is sung, chant a funeral dirge to drown this hymn.*

O Lord, our Shepherd, Saviour, glorious King,
Who Israel led through desert wastes and sea,
A cloud by day, a beacon light by night,
Shield us beneath the shadow of Thy wing!
Comfort Thy children, longing to be free;
And as our spirits take from earth their flight,
Oh, steel our hearts! Oh, give us grace!
And as Death strikes, show us, O God, Thy face!

A Young Girl in the crowd. Poor man! His face tells of his sufferings!

They stretched him on the rack, and screwed his thumbs.

He groaned and writhed sometimes. Recant he would not.

First Woman. No corpse was ever whiter than his face.

Second Woman. Why did he not recant? Had he but turned
His face towards Rome, the thumbscrews had been loosened.

First Woman. Recant? He's no turncoat.

Third Woman. An obstinate, rebellious goat!

Some Man. Because he would not bend to Richelieu's will!

Another Man. No tyrant ever held a tighter rein!

[*Second verse of hymn sung.*

Attune our trembling tongues to sing our song
With clear, firm voice as Death its victim takes.
Oh, let that faith that stayed the martyr's tread,
As we the scaffold mount, keep our steps strong!
And when the gleaming axe the headsman shakes
And we upon the block lay down our head,
O Thou who hadst upon the cross no fear,
To each, Thy brother! then draw near, draw near!

[*Low funeral chant by the priests to drown the hymn.*

First Woman. Death holds the reins. They're fixed between his teeth.
He coughs up blood already!

Young Girl. Is Richelieu a king?

Third Woman. Yes, king of kings! He holds the keys
Of life and death, aye, Heaven and Hell.

First Woman. These are the attributes of God!

Third Woman. The Pope has Peter's keys. And Peter was
The Lord's vicegerent, held the keys of Hell;
And Richelieu is the Pope's anointed son.

First Woman. Our royal Louis would not soil his hands
With such foul dirt as this low Grandier.

A Soldier. Silence! You scolding termagants! Unless
You stop your tongues I'll tear them out with pincers.

[*The women are frightened and move back into the crowd.*

Soldier. (*To the Girl.*) Come back, my pretty doe! Don't run away!
My bark is fiercer than my bite. [*Singing continues.*
May visions of the streets of Paradise,
Of those bright pavements that the martyrs tread,
Of that seraphic choir that chants Thy praise
In shining robes, illume our dying eyes!
Oh, may some guiding light its glories shed
Whene'er our souls their fluttering pinions raise!
Dear Lord, from out the clouds reach down Thy hand
As our eyes close upon this fading land.

[*A priest sets the fagots on fire.* Cinq Mars *and* De Thou *watch the scene from the side of the stage.*

Cinq Mars. Fierce factions have for generations stained
The soil of France with its best blood, — one faction,
Then another.

De Thou. The river at Amboise was red with blood
When hundreds went unshrived to Heaven.
Cinq Mars. Bartholomew's dread day! It shook the world!
Men washed their hands in blood as tigers bathe
Their burning paws in water.
De Thou. The Huguenots have fled from France as doves
Fly cotes that robber hands once rifled.
Cinq Mars. The King can stop these holocausts.
De Thou. And would if piously enlightened.
Cinq Mars. Have thou no fear! For I will now besiege
His heart with prayers till I have gained a charter
For each to worship God, whate'er his creed,
And when and where and how his sovereign wish
Inclines. This vow I register in Heaven.

Scene III

As a hunting-party passes by, enter GASTON, MARIE DE GONZAGA *and* COLIGNY.

Gaston. Oh, we have had rare sport to-day.
Coligny. How your royal father had enjoyed it!
Marie. Navarre's white plume had distanced every lance —
Been earliest at the death.
Gaston. How many stags has Buckingham?

Coligny. The last he killed was tenth.

Gaston. He is a very devil with his bow!

Coligny. A Robin Hood! In all the English court
No one can match big Buckingham.

Gaston. King Charles has bested him sometimes, so says,
Beneath the rose, my royal sister. [*Laughing.*
And surely wives should know their husbands' virtues.
One day in Richmond Park he struck twelve bucks,
And shot at worthy distance.

Coligny. Another Robin Hood! But royal stags
Are hamstrung to await the royal favor.

Gaston. True! True! Their parsnips are all buttered!

Marie. What lion-hearts those English have for sports!

Gaston. And always had. The churls that Cœur de Lion
Marshalled to Palestine, tow-headed Saxons,
Were mad for bows and bills, for hammer-throwing,
Hurling the bar. Why, Cœur de Lion's self
Swung full two stone of lead within his axe-head.

Marie. Our English cousins, like their oaks, are stern
And gnarled and knotted; oftentimes their tongues,
Ill-fashioned for our knightly courtesies,
But true as is the needle to the pole:
We love them for the enemies they make.

Gaston. Our Henrietta rides to hounds full well.
But Charles should teach her archery. She loves

Too much fêtes and levees, and fields of gold
For England's Queen, I fear.

Marie. All graces grow beneath the wand of love.
This great enchanter makes all pastures green.
He gives a golden lining to each cloud,
The sun by day, the moon to illume the night;
The hill of difficulty seems a stride,
And fens and bogs have all a silver sheen,
And every arrow's tipt with golden fire.

[*They go off.*

[*Enter* MARIE DE MEDICI *and* DE THOU.

Queen Dowager. He is a cunning fox. I held the ladder
By which he climbed to royal favor. I taught
My son to love him. Gratitude like his
Would starve a snail! Honey would be wormwood
Beside the sweetness his smooth lips distil!
Ye shades of Machiavelli! This lean priest
Forgets more every night than you e'er knew
Of craft and damned deceits and deviltries!
When great Navarre lay dying, faintly breathed
His trembling lips: "Our Louis' head is soft,
A plaything in the hands of craft. Beware!"
Because my mother's heart would guide the King
I'd nursed and cradled, this Satan dungeoned me:
Convoyed me away and chained me up in Blois.

De Thou. But you escaped — and how?

Queen Dowager. Have you ne'er heard?

De Thou. No, ne'er from lips that knew.

Queen Dowager. Bundled in a basket, as Moses was.

The shades of night my screen from argus eyes:
Let down by ropes from out a palace window
As thieves sneak out from treasuries they've rifled.

De Thou. A dizzy risk for such an argosy.

Queen Dowager. But better that than starving heart and dense,
Black, maddening solitude, the sport of Fortune
And scorn of courtiers once had worshipped me.

[*They walk off.*

[*Enter* Cinq Mars *and* Marion de Lorme.

Marion. But tell me more of England.

Cinq Mars. It is a lovely isle, buttressed upon
Four seas! Her giant cliffs, that rear their pale
Inviting faces, smile and seem to say:
Here are sweet homes, delicious memories;
And Ocean her great diapasons shouts
As some grand organ thunders through the heart.
Those cirling mists that veil her from the sun,
They keep the mother and her children fresh;
Here dwells a race of stalwart, conquering men
Have scoured the seas from Arctic unto Ind,
A race of empire-builders, whose proud crest
All peoples 'neath the sun have bowed before:
Their cannon-shots shall echo 'round the globe.

Marion. But royalty is on its knees?

Cinq Mars. The puny royalty of kings, not peoples!
The men who hold the rudder, shuttle, plow,
And beckon 'cross the seas to other lands,
And weave and spin and fashion spiders' webs
For their and other climes — these now are King.

When once the Commons sent their leaders forth
To seek King James, "Set out twarl thrones! Here come
Twarl Kings!" he said, as they drew near.
Marion. But Hampden, Pym and Selden, Cromwell, who
Are these, whose names the North Wind shouts above
The roaring sea of revolution?
Cinq Mars. These too are empire-builders! They would make
Their fatherland a freeman's land as well.
Marion. Those Puritans, pray who are they?
Cinq Mars. Short-haired, high-browed, stern-visaged, honest men,
Who love the home that Piety has built,
Hate churchly idols, courts and purple pride;
Would bow the knee to God where'er He dwells,
In forest or in fen, and read the Book
With their own eyes and in their native tongue;
Set Freedom's cap aloft and bow to it,
Not bow to wooden gods.
Marion. And some have breasted western seas?
Cinq Mars. To build there altars, scatter freedom's seed
In that far western world. These seeds shall grow
As once the dragon's teeth, sown broadcast, grew,
Into a race of giants.
Marion. This rage for freedom frightens me!
Cinq Mars. Resisted, it may swamp all royalties.
'Tis like the might of ocean's surging tides,

That climb, recede, but climb again and conquer.

[*As they are walking slowly off, they pass the embers, and* Cinq Mars *stirs them with his sword.*

Marion. Is this where Grandier was burnt?

Cinq Mars. The very place! The embers are scarce cold.

These are the embers of that fire we call
The massacre of St. Bartholomew!
O France — fair France! Dear mother of us all!
Your children have for decades poured their blood,
Their wealth, their honor, everything held dear,
Into one sacred urn, and lighted it
With fire invoked from Heaven. Oft, too oft,
This altar was a funeral pyre whose smoke
Had faded into nothingness. And yet
The horrid holocaust goes on. [*They go off the stage.*

[*Enter the* Queen *and* Duke of Buckingham. Baptiste *watches them, unseen by them.*

Buckingham. I soon must speak the saddest of all words.

Queen. Pray what is that?

Buckingham. Farewell.

Queen. And must you turn your prow towards England soon?

Buckingham. To-night I start for Calais. Such, alas,
The orders of King Charles!

Queen. We all shall miss your joyous, shining presence.

The court, from King to servitor, has rung
With praise of noble Buckingham.

Buckingham. I thank your gracious Majesty. 'Tis some [*Bowing low.*
Slight recompense for sorrow.

Queen. I thought your court not tuned to flattery. [*Archly.*

Buckingham. And you thought rightly. English tongues, somehow,
Can never trip to courtly measures.

Queen. And yet, were you an Irish duke, I might
Suppose you'd kissed the Blarney stone.

Buckingham. I fear your Majesty makes jest of me.

Queen. Then pardon me, your Grace! At such a time
My idlest word would fly on raven's wings.

Buckingham. Perhaps I might make bold to beg some token,
Some souvenir as a remembrancer
Of this delightful visit?

Queen. Are not its memories sufficient? [*Archly.*

Buckingham. But memories are unsubstantial tokens.

Queen. And fade perhaps? [*Coquettishly.*

Buckingham. Some memories will never fade!

Queen. Tut! Tut! You must not flatter! [*Putting her finger to her lip.*
'Tis not the custom of your court, you know.

Buckingham. May I not beg that locket — that jewelled rose

Suspended round an alabaster vase?

Queen. It was his Majesty endowed this gift
Upon our wedding-day. His picture is
Within.

Buckingham. May I not beg this bracelet? You have dozens,
Doubtless, of jewels prized more highly.

Queen. What would you do with it? You are a man
And could not wear it.

Buckingham. But I would lock it with my choicest gems,
Within my holiest of holies, among
My decorations, jewels of the Garter
And Golden Fleece.

Queen. And never show it? Play the braggart? Say,
'Twas Anne of Austria gave this to me?

Buckingham. No, never! On my honor as a knight
And gentleman.

Queen. Then take it. It is yours. [*Impulsively. [He takes off the bracelet and as he does so kisses her hand fervently.*

[*Enter the* King *and* Gaston, *his brother.*

Gaston. We all are tired of his tyrannies.
This glutton's stuffed with pelf his claws have filched!
One palace now outshines Mahal, that jewel
On India's breast whose wonders starve the world.
His nose, his lackeys, spies are everywhere.
Our boudoirs are not safe, our secret closets

Some minion of the Cardinal may open.

[*Enter the* Dowager Queen *and* De Thou. De Thou *and* Buckingham, *as the conversation is about state affairs, join each other and withdraw.*

There is no tongue in all the court but bites him.
Our mother he has baited like a dog:
He walled her up in Blois, and hunted her
As if she were some pheasant, he a falcon.

King. What says our royal mother?

Queen Dowager. Oh, Richelieu is merciless! More tears
Than crystal drops in yon carafe this Satan
Has wrung from me. Not tears of wounded pride,
But drops of blood distilled from my red heart!
Do mothers give their children suck, and live
Upon their baby breath as bees on honey,
To dwell alone like starving nuns in convents
Where their sweet babes are Kings?

[*Enter* Cinq Mars *and* Coligny.

King. What says Cinq Mars, the idol of the Court?

Cinq Mars. 'Twas Richelieu ensconced me here. 'Twere strange
Ingratitude to turn state's evidence
Against my friend.

King. But speak the truth! Your King commands! I dare
To hear it now and here.

Cinq Mars. Then this I say, I never yet have known
The tongue of courtier sugar his sentiments:

His words are steeped in gall and vinegar.

King. What says our faithful counsellor, Coligny?

Coligny. I hate this stormy petrel, this firebrand
Dissembler, fox dressed in a lion's skin.
We beg for freedom, the right to worship God
Both when and where, yea, how we please, no more.
Religious wars have drenched fair France with blood:
From every chateau, house-top, church and tower
One universal voice cries: "Peace, peace, peace."
Since St. Bartholomew's mad hunt of death,
When my sweet father fell as falls the stag,
One deluge, then another 's swept o'er France;
While Richelieu reigns our ark will never rest
Upon the peaceful head of Ararat.
He slaughters Huguenots like swine.

King. I thank you one and all for this brave counsel.
My royal consort and myself will this
Advice digest, assimilate, and act
Upon ere long. [*The rest go out.*
These cares of state are no ethereal mists
Which float away with sunshine's balmy breath.
More like those iron caskets soldiers wear,
The gauntlets, greaves and coats-of-mail they groan
Beneath.

Queen. But if your Majesty would let me help
To bear your load, and be your wife and helpmeet,
Your cares might weigh less heavily.

King. Well spoke, beloved Queen! It shall be so!
Some clouds have hung of late about the horizon

Of love and happiness; nor were they all
Of our assembling. May they fade away!
[*Embraces her.*
Why wear you not to-day my favorite bracelet?
Please grace your arm with it at our next pageant.
[*They walk off.*

[BAPTISTE, *who has been concealing himself during this whole scene in the edge of the forest, comes out on the stage with an anxious look.*

Baptiste. So doves delight to bill and coo and toy
With Love in soft, enamoured dalliance!
Ah! When the hawk's away the doves will play!
But when he hurtles through the sky or swoops
Upon their sweet, innocuous delights,
Their notes of joy grow hoarse as ravens' cries.
I'll hence to Richelieu. The hawk must know
These angel messengers of peace are on
The wing and hovering o'er the Louvre.

[*Conceals himself as* DE THOU *and* MARION *enter.*

De Thou. How beautiful your Palais Cardinal!
Its hooded towers and dreamy colonnades
Enchain the mind in ecstasies of bondage.

Marion. The gold that lay entombed in Ophir scarce
Excels the quarries of our Paris. This wealth
Is cleft and hewn and sawn to milk-white blocks
And piled up mountains high in towers and bastions,
Is chiselled into gargoyled oafs and elfs
Which Time's encrusting hand invests with robes
Of immortality.

De Thou. What Wolsey reared at Hampton Court your uncle
Reduplicates, embellishes.

Marion. This is but one of many palaces.
Chinon's proud keep, and that ethereal Abbey
Where great Plantagenet and Lion-Heart
Wait Gabriel's trump, are both his treasure-trove.

De Thou. No prelate in our land has climbed so high
In one short score of years. He holds in leash
The lions of both state and war, and hurls
The Church's thunderbolts.

Marion. Their fangs will soon be drawn! Another god,
A younger one, aspires to be the thunderer;
Conspiracy is rampant, seeks to snatch
The sceptre from his grasp, to give the ship
Of state another helmsman. Youth and strength
Are flying. Ponce de Leon's spring of life
My uncle famishes to taste — alas!
This font perennial of eternal youth
No eye has seen, no foot will ever find.
Has Cinq Mars gone?

De Thou. I left him with the Princess.

[MARION *manifests jealousy.*

[*They go out.* BAPTISTE *comes out of his hiding and goes off on tiptoe.*

ACT II

Scene I

At the Altar — Hope Deferred

Midnight. Dark and rainy; lightning occasionally. Cinq Mars *and the* Princess de Gonzaga *are in full dress of the period of Louis XIII. Have just come from the* Queen's *reception. The raising of the curtain discloses in the middle of the stage the entrance and steps of a church.* Grandison, *an old servitor of* Cinq Mars, *in powdered wig and black small-clothes, heavily muffled in a cloak, enters side of stage.*

Grandison. (*Shivering.*) How cold! How dark
and gruesome! Not a step
Awoke the silence of Saint Honore
Or old Pont Neuf, nor till I reached the statue
Of Henry Fourth. There lightning played queer pranks
About his head, and lighted up two ruffians
Who sat there muffled like some Spanish brigand,
Playing rat-tat to keep their feet from freezing. Soon
Old Notre Dame will toll the hour of twelve.

Cinq Mars. (*Who approaches heavily muffled.*) Ah, Grandison, how long have you been here?

Grandison. A quarter-hour, your Grace.

Cinq Mars. Père Hyacinthe — has he not come?

Grandison. Not yet, your Grace.

Cinq Mars. He will be here ere long?

Grandison. Surely by twelve, he said.

Cinq Mars. Have you the key?

Grandison. I have, your Grace.

Cinq Mars. Unlock the door!

[GRANDISON *unlocks the church door and* CINQ MARS *enters.* GRANDISON *relocks the door, and stands beside it.*

Grandison. What magic power has love! Naught frightens it.

On such a night, when Paris yawns with sleep
And goblins haunt the corners of the streets,
A timid dove will brave cyclones of rain,
A gloom so palpable a knife can cut it,
To hear one sweet, soft voice coo in its ears.
Hark, here she comes!

[*The cathedral clock tolls twelve.*

[MARION DE GONZAGA, *closely veiled and muffled against the rain, comes from the side of the stage, opposite from* CINQ MARS' *entrance, with her maid.*

Isabelle. Here is the church, Mlle. la Princesse.

Marie. (*To* GRANDISON.) Your master, has he come?

Grandison. Just now, your royal Highness. He has entered.

Marie. Unlock the door.

[GRANDISON *unlocks the door.* MARIE *enters.* GRANDISON *relocks it and resumes his place.*

Grandison. Have you met any one?

Isabelle. No, not a soul! Oh, yes, two men, two beggars

Were watching out the night at Henry's statue.

Grandison. Strange place for Poverty to warm itself!

But our King Henry, he had suffered much:

His form in bronze, like life, sheds warmth around.

You saw no solitary Huguenot?

Isabelle. No, no one else.

Grandison. You're cold, my child. Go hide yourself, until

I call, within the western portal.

[ISABELLE *goes off. After she has gone two ruffians rush upon the stage, seize* GRANDISON, *gag him to keep him quiet, tie his hands behind him, feel in his pockets, find the key.* BAPTISTE, *cloaked like a Huguenot, with the hood of his cloak over his face, enters and takes the key from one of the ruffians.*

Baptiste. Are both inside?

Ruffian. Yes, both.

Baptiste. And Hyacinthe has not appeared?

Ruffian. No, only the lady's maid.

Baptiste. Begone! Not far away! You know my whistle?

Ruffian. Yes; don't the father know his child?

Baptiste. (*Startled.*) I have no child.

Ruffian. (*Incredulously.*) No more had Solomon, with all his wives.

Baptiste. Here, take this key, unlock the door, and when
You hear my whistle, wings, put wings,
Upon your feet.

Ruffian. I fear they would not suit. For wings, you know,
Fit only angels' feet.

Baptiste. Unloose, ungag the knave, and place him there
Within the western portal.

[*They lead* GRANDISON *away after unlocking the door for* BAPTISTE *to enter, and relocking it. Presently* PÈRE HYACINTHE, *dressed as a Huguenot minister, comes to the church door in great haste. He tries it, finds it locked, knocks, knocks several times, waits awhile, tries it again; is deeply disappointed. Walks about to find entrance, looks at his watch.*

Père Hyacinthe. Can I have disappointed them — these two,
Dearer to me than my two eyes, my life;
Whose path of love has been through snares and briars
That pricked and tore their feet at every step?
Married in Heaven! Divorced by man's base law!
This night, when Nature has grown mad and rants
And raves in her delirium, has kept
Them both at home. Sore disappointment!

[*After trying the door again, and looking about, he walks off.*

Scene II

The scene now shifts, disclosing the interior of the church, dark, and lighted only by the red lamp in front of the altar at back of the stage. At the altar are disclosed Cinq Mars *and* Marie *kneeling.* Baptiste *is in a side-chapel or confessional, almost unseen.* Cinq Mars *and* Marie *remain at the altar in silent prayer awhile and then come forward.*

Cinq Mars. Dark the labyrinths of fate! How strange that we,
Here at this dead of night, when all the world
Is cradled in dreams, here in this church, alone
With God, should seal our marriage vows!
Had you, Marie, been peasant and not princess,
Or had I worn a coronet of France,
Sunshine and flowers, smiles and songs of joy
Had met me bringing home my bride.

Marie. Would we might plight our troth where peasants can,
In courts above! Speak not so loud, for walls
Have ears, sometimes.

Cinq Mars. Not these to-night. Each door was sealed long hours
Ago. 'Twas swept of all intruders.

Marie. Père Hyacinthe is here?

Cinq Mars. Yes. Heard you not his key unlock the door?
He waits in some confessional. The Queen,

Knows she your purpose?

Marie. Ah, no! Nor that I left the dance. Oh, Henri,

How do I tremble! Scarcely can I speak!

This place! The hour! No guards! No witnesses!

Midnight! The thunder's voice! Lightning and rain!

The moaning wind! Black tombs! — Their ghostly tenants

Are not fit bridesmaids for a princess!

Cinq Mars. I know it well, alas! too well, and would

It were not so.

Marie. But this conspiracy? Is Richelieu doomed?

Have you the headsman ready?

Cinq Mars. We cannot fail. The King has promised us.

Marie. But kings have promised so before.

Cinq Mars. The Queen has given her hand in friendship.

Marie. And she is constancy, but powerless.

The chains she binds her husband with are silk;

No, spider's web, as unsubstantial, fragile

As moonbeams are.

Cinq Mars. But Gaston, he has sworn to aid us.

Marie. Ah! Gaston is but putty, fit to stop

A hole, not hold in adamantine grip

A mad conspiracy.

Cinq Mars. The Court, the courtiers all are stretching out

Their hands to strangle this sick priest.

Marie. But courtiers, they are weathercocks; and when
The wind blows east will face the east,
And when the western wind sits in the sail,
They face to westward.

Cinq Mars. The Duc de Bouillon is chief adjutant.

Marie. Now, there's a man! Ulysses is his name!
In courage, honor, craft he stands supreme.
Ill-luck has always chased him down the wind:
Charybdis, Scylla, or Calypso's isle,
One always wrecks his argosies.

Cinq Mars. Throw not cold water on our enterprise!
Your name is not Cassandra.

Marie. Nor am I Icarus, to fly so near
The sun as melt my wings.

Cinq Mars. Richelieu is lying on his grave.

Marie. Has lain there years! He laughs at Death
Whose sickness is incurable. Cats have
Nine lives, some say, but Richelieu has twenty.

Cinq Mars. His henchman, Baptiste . . .

Marie. His shadow, rather!

Cinq Mars. He has no love for him.

Marie. Nor any one except himself.

Cinq Mars. Baptiste would poison him. He has been heard
To say as much.

Marie. Worms to catch sculpins! Baptiste hopes the primate
Will make of him a bishop. If some one

Would soak him in a tun of Burgundy!
Hundreds are hanging on such hopes.

[BAPTISTE *is heard to move uneasily in the confessional.*

Cinq Mars. (*Listening.*) Our friend likes best the cup of Charity.

Marie. It grieves me to offend him. Richelieu
Commands an army down in Perpignan.

Cinq Mars. And I another. The barons in revolt,
Each from his province, brings his vassals, serfs,
What volunteers he can. We meet this night
To consummate our plans.

Marie. Where?

Cinq Mars. At Marion's.

Marie. (*With jealousy.*) At Marion's! Can your troops match with Richelieu's?

Cinq Mars. If not, then Spain will lend her aid with soldiers,
Full seventeen thousand.

Marie. What, Spain? Will Spain send soldiers into France
To fight 'gainst Frenchmen?

Cinq Mars. A treaty is agreed and waits my seal.
If dire necessity shall force my feet
Close to this precipice, I'll try this leap;
Not otherwise.

Marie. Is this not treason?

Cinq Mars. Treason if failure follows, glory if not!
'Tis strange how narrow is that line divides
The patriot from traitor; him who founds

A nation, hears a nation's hallelujahs
Ringing within his ears, is sepulchred
In millions of warm hearts, from him
Who, when the cap is drawn across his eyes
Upon the scaffold, hears a million curses,
Anathemas and jeers, and then is thrown
To dogs, unburied, on the Potter's Field.

Marie. This makes me shudder! My flesh begins to creep!

How if you win?

Cinq Mars. Then I am Constable of France, and naught
Forbids our public banns.

Marie. How if you lose?

Cinq Mars. Hope sickens at the thought.

[*Here* Baptiste *walks out of the confessional and out at the western portal. They see him and call, "Père Hyacinthe! Père Hyacinthe!"* Cinq Mars *follows him to the door and calls after him.* Isabelle, *who has been waiting outside, comes in. They both go up to her.*

Saw you Père Hyacinthe?

Isabelle. I saw a monk, cloaked like a Huguenot.

Cinq Mars. Of sweet and saintly countenance?

Isabelle. A face of vinegar, wine-stained and angry.
A brow whereon a thunder-cloud was seated!

Marie. This could not be Père Hyacinthe.

Cinq Mars. Not he? Who was it, then?

[Grandison *comes in, with blood upon his face.*

Grandison. Woe! Woe! Oh, my poor master! You poor Princess!

Now wring your hands! Now weep, weep scalding tears!

For Satan has encompassed you; the Devil

Has strangled justice, honor, truth, and love!

Cinq Mars. Your face is scarred! There's blood! How were you hurt?

Grandison. Not I! Not I! But you, my master! You,

Sweet Princess! Robbed! Oh, would that I might suffer

For you! My Grace, my father — no — your Grace,

Your father, were he here, would flay his serf.

That ever this day came and I survived it!

Cinq Mars. Be still! Stop! Calm yourself! What troubles you?

Why, why this fright? This flagellation?

Grandison. Did you not see him?

Cinq Mars. Him! Whom?

Grandison. Baptiste! Baptiste, the Jesuit!

Cinq Mars. That was Baptiste? And not Père Hyacinthe?

Grandison. Yes! Yes! True! True! They gagged me, stole the key;

And Baptiste took the key and entered.

Marie. He then heard everything, knows everything. [*In terror.*

Cinq Mars. Knows everything . . . and Richelieu, too . . . will.

Marie. Have faith! No harm will come. All men have loved.
The child that ambles at its mother's knee,
The belle of sweet sixteen, the anchorite,
All who have hearts have kissed sweet Love.
Yes, Richelieu himself once loved!
Cinq Mars. The Queen, the Church, Fair France, himself. None else!
Ambition rules. That thistle of the mind
Has rooted out the rose that grew there once!
Marie. Then God have pity on us! Let us hope
The rose, mayhap, has choked the weed!
Cinq Mars. This treaty must be signed at once! Then Spain
Will fight against him. War to the knife!
No grace for Cardinalites! And no quarter!

ACT III

Scene I

The Conspiracy and Enrollment

The same evening, later. A room vaulted like the catacombs. Whole stage dimly lighted. Enter MARION DE LORME.

Marion. My heart beats fiercely like some prisoned bird
Pounding itself against its iron cage!
Since lisping youth I've languished in a convent
And fed on roots and creeds and piety;
Stale books and marble saints my boon companions.
My childhood coasted down the hill of life
As boys down snowy steeps. My lonely heart,
If heart I had, was stone. Cinq Mars has touched it
With Promethean fire. Is he some Grecian god
New lighted on this sphere, Antinous
Reborn, Endymion? Waste places spring
To life! The desert blooms with flowers of May.
The bloom, the flush of fever burns my cheeks.
Some spark electric sets my soul on fire.
I wandered once in vales of asphodel;
Now thistles sting my feet, and passion-flowers
And blood-stained tulips paint my pathway red.
The moonlight of philosophy no longer

Distils its essence in my veins. Ah, now
Volcanic fires spout flame and smoke. I burn
With expectation. Here, to-night, and soon,
The King's friends meet. New light illumes my eyes.
My uncle's iron hand has gripped too long
The conscience of the King. Now France must have
A respite from his tyrannies.

[*Enter* Cinq Mars *excitedly.*

Cinq Mars. The great god Fortune is a cruel god!

Marion. You seem perturbed!

Cinq Mars. 'Twould shake the nerves of Vulcan!

Marion. Where have you been?

Cinq Mars. To church.

Marion. But you must calm yourself.

Cinq Mars. True! True! I must be calm.

Marion. (*Eagerly.*) Have you the bracelet?

Cinq Mars. Not yet!

Marion. Not yet?

Cinq Mars. One man I sent to fetch it has just now
Come back from Portsmouth, but had it not.
Another waits, and naught will stay his hand
But Death.

Marion. Have you no other news?

Cinq Mars. Yes, Buckingham is dead.

Marion. Dead?

Cinq Mars. Dead. Murdered.

Marion. Murdered?

Cinq Mars. Stabbed in his chamber by one Felton,
A mad fanatic: drove his dagger deep enough
To let out all his life-blood. But my Swiss

Had handed him my missive and was waiting
In his boudoir for his answer.

Marion. My Queen! My hapless Queen! No courtier yet
Has touched the chords of Anne of Austria's heart
And wakened them to ecstasies of joy
Till noble Buckingham. Two days, and then
The King's reception comes. My uncle knows,
For Baptiste saw the Duke unclasp the fatal
Jewel: and never will he let our King
Forget its absence.

Cinq Mars. She must be beggar for more time.

Marion. But Louis' jealousy has now been fanned
To furnace heat!

Cinq Mars. What man can do, my Swiss will do.

Marion. How many will be here to-night?

Cinq Mars. Full thirty, armed with hope and their good swords.

Marion. And Gaston, too?

Cinq Mars. Not he. We have his promise, though.

[*Men in masks begin to come in, whom* Marion *and* Cinq Mars *greet cordially and converse with quietly, among them* De Thou. *When he enters* Cinq Mars *takes him aside, and* Marion *and the* Duke de Bouillon *receive.*

(*In an undertone.*) How came you here, dear friend? How learned you this?
This is no place for you! This air is poisonous.
Who enters here, behind him stalks the headsman.

De Thou. Where danger lurks for you, there is my home.

Cinq Mars. In friendship's name, I beg you will withdraw.

De Thou. In friendship's name, I beg you let me stay.

Cinq Mars. These are conspirators against Richelieu.

De Thou. I am his enemy as well as you.

Cinq Mars. Our hands may soon be red with treason.

De Thou. Your hands are not quite alabaster now. Too late! These others know me. Should I withdraw 'Twould cast a shadow o'er your enterprise.

[Bouillon *comes up and shakes hands with* De Thou.

Bouillon. We need such Nestors here to-night.

Cinq Mars. Have all our friends assembled?

Bouillon. Yes, all but Gaston.

Cinq Mars. Gave all the countersign?

Bouillon. All said: "Death to King Richelieu."

Cinq Mars. Friends of the King and enemies of Richelieu!

Lovers of France! Haters of tyranny!
Who slew the Count de Soissons? Montmorency?
Who slaughters Huguenots like swine? Degrades
Our Parliaments? Humbles our peers and marechals?
Who sells our offices? Who sucks our blood?
Who makes our nobles, barons bite the dust?
Who lashes Freedom's back with bloody scars?

Who stamps his effigy upon our coins
And crams them down our throats? These are his pinchbecks! [*Throwing a handful on the floor.*
Who stamps upon our laws? Tears off the robe
Of majesty from God's anointed King?
Throttles our priests; smears them with foul disgrace?
What anchorite in France escapes his blows?
Who would be papal patriarch of France,
And forge the thunderbolts of Church and state?
Who grabbed with greedy claws old Fontevrault,
And stuffed great Chinon's keep into his maw?
Who drives on fiery wheels a chariot
That blazes as the sun outshines a star
And pales the radiance of our great King's?
Who builds a palace that o'ertops the Louvre,
And costlier than Taj Mahal, that gem
That gleams on India's breast?

[*Cries of "Richelieu!" "Monster!" "Tyrant!" "Robber!" Groans and jeers.*

I hear your groans, your jeers, and know the cause,
What feverish wrongs run riot in your veins.
The hatred flames to Heaven against the fiend
Who's lord on land and sovereign of the sea,
Keeps garrisons in all our forts and towns
To crush our hopes and throttle Freedom's prayers.

[*Cries of "Murderer!" "Usurper!" "Bravo, Le Grand!" "Bravo, Cinq Mars!"*

How many soldiers can we muster?

One Baron. I can bring a regiment.

Another. I have a troop of cavalry enrolled.

Another. Five hundred vassals follow me.

Another. Five hundred more for me.

[*Cries of "Three hundred!" "Two hundred!" "Four hundred!"*

An old Baron. (*To* MARION.) I'll wear your colors, mademoiselle: my corps
All wear pale blue; my crest, an allumette.

[*They crowd around* CINQ MARS, *forming a circle.*

Cinq Mars. Now, what shall be our shibboleth?

[*Cries, "Death to Richelieu!" "The Holy League!" "Pillars of the state!"*

An old Baron. Monsieur le Grand: and you, my patriot friends!
We love our King, our country, and sweet peace.
Vengeance belongs to God! Our battle-cry
Should not be hate and blood, but King and Peace!
Le Roi et la Paix should be our banner-cry.

[*Cries of "Bravo!" "Bravo, M. le Baron!" "Vive M. le Grand!"*

Cinq Mars. This watchword wells like blood from your warm hearts.
"Le Roi et la Paix," this is our battle-cry.
Come, let us all enroll ourselves!

[*They crowd around* MARION DE LORME, *who writes down the names and contingents each can furnish. While this is being done,* CINQ MARS, BOUILLON, DE THOU *and others stand in a group talking over plans of action. When the enrollment is finished* CINQ MARS *takes the paper and, after adding it up, says:*

All told make fifteen thousand.

Bouillon. 'Tis not enough. King Richelieu has more
Twice told at Perpignan.

A Baron. I'll bring a hundred more.

Another. Two hundred more for me.

Another. Five hundred more. [*Applause.*

Another. Fifty more.

Another. Ten more. [*Silence.*

Cinq Mars. No more? [*No response.*

(*After a pause.*) In case of need the Spaniard has agreed
To send us seventeen thousand men.

[*Murmurs.*

Bouillon. Those are not Frenchmen!

De Thou. (*To* Cinq Mars, *aside.*) This must not be!
This smells of rankest treason!

Cinq Mars. But we must win. Necessity is above
All law. When Cæsar crossed the Rubicon
He broke the Senate's law to free his land
From anarchy's red sword, and built an empire
Bounded by the sun. How oft have pygmies,
When on the brink, and Hell was leagued against them,
Begged Heaven to send them help. You know the lore
Of ages; know the Tuscan, the Sicilian,
The Greek, the Roman, too, aye, France herself
Has craved a friendly hand to help her throttle
Xerxes, Apollyon, some Nemean lion.
But when this Devil's whelp has broke his teeth

On granite, then we'll pipe the Spaniard home.
Come, let us swear!

[*There is some reluctance. But at last, urged by* Cinq Mars *and other enthusiasts, they all gather in a group, centre of stage, draw their swords, and raise them aloft to swear. A naked sword is now let down above their heads by an invisible cord.* Marion *sees this, but no one else.*

Marion. A sword! A sword!

[*All look about in consternation.*

Look! See! It turns its point toward Cinq Mars!
'Tis — 'tis some harbinger of evil! Thus
Did the sword of Damocles hang down.

[*They have been looking about them, and when some of them look up, the sword has been drawn up. After they stop looking it is let down again.*

This horrid portent comes again!

Cinq Mars. 'Tis naught! Some fiction of the brain! Proceed!

All. We swear! We swear! We swear!

[*As the oath is being taken a paper is thrown from the rear into the circle.* Cinq Mars *picks it up and reads it. No one knows who threw it.*

Cinq Mars. Some traitor is among us!

[*Consternation. All look at each other. Cries of "Traitor!" "A traitor!" "Judas among us!" "Seize him!" "Shut the doors!"*

Marion. My servants may be false.

[*Goes to lock the door.*

[*A coolness now spreads over the assembly. They separate into groups and discuss the matter. After awhile* Cinq Mars *speaks.*

Cinq Mars. Have courage, gentlemen! All have faced death
Before! If one, then all are marked! No faltering!
You know our rendezvous! All France is with us!
If any would recant, let him now speak!

[*Silence. After a pause.*

Thank God, there are no whitened livers here!
The fate of France rests on our shoulders. You
Alone, now Soisson, Montmorency's dead,
Can bear your arms in this great holy war
And raise aloft the banner of the free.
Now let us nail our standard to the mast
On land and sea! Come, save the "Old Régime"!
Then France in gratitude will write our names
Among the stars! "Le Roi et la Paix!"

All. (*Shout.*) "Le Roi et la Paix!"
"Le Roi et la Paix!"

Scene II

Richelieu's Cabinet

Same as first scene, Act I. RICHELIEU *and* BAPTISTE *in earnest conversation.*

Richelieu. I have him by the throat: where Cromwell has
King Charles! My mastiff-fangs are buried deep!
A princess ne'er can marry save her King
Consents. Besides, she is betrothed to Poland.
This boy, Cinq Mars, has but a count's escutcheon;
His bantam castle Langeais' tower o'ertops,
And Chinon thunders death! This bracelet?
Did you see it?

Baptiste. With both my eyes.

Richelieu. And did he kiss her hand?

Baptiste. He smothered it with kisses.

[*Teasing him.*

Richelieu. The Queen's! How was her Majesty beminded?

Baptiste. She blushed as maidens do when amorous eyes
Disclose Love's first enrapturing secret.

Richelieu. She blushed! (*Angrily.*) Her eyes?

[*Mildly.*

Baptiste. Her eyes seemed swimming in a sea of joy.

Richelieu. Did she withdraw her hand?

[*Jealous.*

Baptiste. Aye, once, as if the crown she'd put aside.

Richelieu. The Queen drew back her hand?

[*Gladly.*

Baptiste. But for a moment! Then she held it forth
As if the very wantonness of joy
Had conquered modesty's restraint.

Richelieu. (*Aside.*) Would God it had been mine!
Would, would my mouth
Could gloat at such a feast! Oh, for one kiss!
If I could feel her velvet hand upon my mane,
The lion's heart within me would be tamed!
(*Aloud.*) I wrote a sonnet to her Majesty,
Long years ago, before Antinous
Had donned the livery of wise Ulysses.
She sent for me, coquetting with my love;
Before her lady's-maids she made me play
The fool. They dressed me up like Harlequin,
With cap and bells; they made me amble like
A popinjay; they laughed behind their fans
To see the statesman play the mountebank.
I thought my heart would crack with stifled pride

[Baptiste *is laughing in his sleeve.*

Love scorned is Satan's whelp! But come! This meeting?

Baptiste. There were just thirty.

Richelieu. All enemies of mine?

Baptiste. Excepting one.

Richelieu. Excepting one?

Baptiste. Our spy.

Richelieu. This treaty! Has it been signed?

Baptiste. Not yet. A courier starts with it at once
To reach, on wings of light, the Spanish capital.

Richelieu. He said that Spain would lend him soldiers?

Baptiste. Aye, so he said.

Richelieu. Some seventeen thousand men?
[*Meditating.*

Baptiste. Aye, that he heard distinctly.

Richelieu. This cannot be! Spain never would attempt it . . .
Unless . . . perhaps . . . for some return of favors.
In affairs of state gratuities are scarce
As eagles' eggs.

Baptiste. Would Spain dethrone your Eminence to set
Some puppet in your shoes?

Richelieu. Send seventeen thousand men. . . .
[*Reflecting.*
The treaty signed. . . .

Baptiste. No, to be signed.

Richelieu. . . . And sent to Spain. . . .

Baptiste. It must be sent there to be ratified.

Richelieu. But who's to carry it?

Baptiste. Some one of the conspirators, I trow.

Richelieu. But who?

Baptiste. He did not say.

Richelieu. And when will it be sent?

Baptiste. At once — to-night, if not already gone.

Richelieu. This shall not be! This treaty we must have
Before 'tis ratified! Else, France must arm
For war, that languishes for peace. Some one
Who loves his country more than self must seize
This parchment ere it sees the Pyrenees!

[*Reflecting.*

Santane? That butcher has not nerve enough!
De Thou? A princely son of a princelier sire!
Alas! He loves Cinq Mars better than life.
Count Mirabeau? Too old! The ague has him.
I need some robber baron, poor and spendthrift,
Whose castle walls are mouldering; whose eyes
Are famishing for yellow gold. Ah, ha!
Laubardemont! Laubardemont! You know
That greedy, devilish caitiff?

Baptiste. Yes, well. He pants for blood as pants the panther,
When starved and shivering with famine's ague,
Pants for some cowering doe. His lands are deserts;
Chateau's a robber's den; his daughter mad
With piety and turned adrift, companion
For kites and swineherds. He is in Paris, knocking
Lone travellers upon the head to filch
Their only sou.

Richelieu. The very man we want. Where sleeps he?

Baptiste. With Jacques the Butcher, down in Saint Antoine.

Richelieu. Go fetch him here!

Baptiste. At once, your Excellence?

Richelieu. At once! At once! Before the pot has cooled
The porridge should be eaten.

[BAPTISTE *starts to go.* RICHELIEU *calls after him.*

If Cinq Mars signs that parchment, that is treason!
I'll have his head or he'll have mine.

[BAPTISTE *goes out.* RICHELIEU *falls back in his chair, sad, sick, disconsolate. Presently he recovers strength and begins to reflect.*

In youth I loved a maid, blue-eyed, sweet-voiced,
As fair as ever lily of the vale;
A seraph kissed her at her birth, an angel
Taught her faith and love and charity.
I called her Artemis; I worshipped her;
I laid my heart against her breast and vowed
To follow in her train till Death should trip
My heels and lay my head upon the sod.
But time rolled on. Another maiden dawned
Upon my sight, a statelier Diana:
Dark-haired, full-browed, with voice like rippling rills;
The lightning slumbered in her eyes. She drew
Me not by silken thread; commanded me:
I followed at her chariot wheels, her slave.
This first love was the Church; my second, France.

[*He falls forward on his knees.*

Sweet maiden of my earlier years! Forgive,
O Holy Bride, thy recreant swain's backsliding!
And thou, Fair France, my Bride of manhood's years,

Still rest thy hand in mine! I'll guide thy steps
Through this dark vale of woe. (*Coughs.*) Sustain
my strength!
Already now I hear the cataract's roar.

[*He falls forward in a faint.* LAUBARDEMONT *comes in, goes to him, raises him and puts him in his chair, and fans him back to consciousness.*

Laubardemont. You sent for me, Lord Cardinal.

[*Arranging his pillows.*

[RICHELIEU *nods half consciously. A pause.*

Richelieu. Laubardemont, I have not seen you since
Young Grandier was burnt for heresy
In yonder forest. [*In a weak and trembling voice.*

Laubardemont. But I have been in Paris.

Richelieu. And doing what?

Laubardemont. Breaking the bread of poverty.

Richelieu. A footpad!

Laubardemont. Not quite so low as that! A bandit,
though.

Richelieu. Your daughter, where is she?

Laubardemont. She's in the Pyrenees.

Richelieu. And why?

Laubardemont. For falsehood to our Church's holy
vows.
I gave her to a mountaineer — a Basque —
To do his menial offices, to tend
His flocks — a servant dairy-maid.

Richelieu. But why?

Laubardemont. As punishment for heresy.

Richelieu. As beautiful as Luna's bow at morn,
The sun paints on a virgin cloud!

Laubardemont. A vision once of innocence!

Richelieu. Why, then, dethrone her from her high estate
And mate her with base swineherds?

Laubardemont. She grew to womanhood a Huguenot.

Richelieu. 'Twas cruelty incarnate! She but thought
The bread and wine were not Christ's bleeding flesh
And ruddy blood, but emblems.

Laubardemont. A heretic! Her mind is shattered now.
She's lunatic.

Richelieu. Where dwells she in the Pyrenees?

Laubardemont. 'Tis in the Pass Sebastian; on the border,
Where giant hills betroth the maiden sea.

Richelieu. Loved she young Urbain Grandier?

Laubardemont. Both him and his religion.

Richelieu. Another Heloise and Abelard!

Laubardemont. They were not married!

Richelieu. But he has robbed her of her jewel?

Laubardemont. He left her chaste as snow! But filched
A gem more prized by us, her piety,
And steeped her soul in heresies he brewed.

Richelieu. Laubardemont, I've work for you to do.

Laubardemont. Lord Cardinal, I've hands for work.

Richelieu. Your daughter, would you see her?

Laubardemont. No . . . Yes . . .

Richelieu. This mountaineer, has he a ready hand?

Laubardemont. For anything. A brigand lives by murder.

Richelieu. Then mark! This night, this day, a courier
Took horses for Madrid. This Pass Sebastian,
Where dwells your child, is on the way to Spain's
Proud capital. This messenger will fly
By horse to Orleans, and thence by couriers
Of the stream adown the Loire to Tours; and, thence
By horse to Biarritz, will scale the pass
Beside the hut where that fierce mountaineer
Now tethers your sweet child. This messenger
Is burdened with a packet, worth to me
And France the victory she lost at Crecy.
It holds in leash the wolves of war. My fate
And France's both hang upon this mission. Stab
That traitor to the heart, and bring to me
That treaty! Ask, then, what you will, in gold,
In lands, 'tis yours! . . . You'll go?

Laubardemont. As swift as Arab to avenge a brother's murder!

Richelieu. Bethink you now, will you succeed?

[LAUBARDEMONT *meditates.*

Laubardemont. I know that pass as nuns their paternosters.
My father was Great Henry's forest-warden,
And there I chased the stag long ere I learned

My letters. No! This whelp cannot escape me
If I can win the pass before him!

Richelieu. And you will start?

Laubardemont. As soon as I get horse.

Richelieu. There is an Arab barb within my stables
Behind the Palais Cardinal, as swift
As sound. Emir Pasha sent me this gem
Upon my six and fiftieth birthday. God
Go with you! Time is more than horseflesh!

Laubardemont. But should I kill him?

Richelieu. Your sin is pardoned ere 'tis done.

Laubardemont. But should his dagger find my heart?

Richelieu. You die the Church's martyr, and your feet
Your holocaust shall light through Purgatory!

[RICHELIEU *takes a cross from his own neck and puts it around* LAUBARDEMONT'S *neck, and kisses it.*

This have I worn, close to my heart, for years.
Now go! You go, the Church's David.

[LAUBARDEMONT *goes out.* RICHELIEU *sinks back exhausted, and after awhile gathers strength.*

There is no glitter in the gold that gilds
My visions now, as in those halcyon days
Of yore, when young ambition sought to climb
That ladder Jacob, in his dream, had seen
Ascending angels mount to Heaven upon.
That Heaven of youth is not the haven now
I seek; I, now so tossed upon the seas,

So beaten, battered, bruised and bleeding, shipwrecked,
No oars, no sails, no rudder, compass, nothing!
Think any port is Heaven! Oh, how hard
For him, who, buffeted by adverse winds,
No wife, no child, no friend, love, anything,
Must lay his head, at last, upon the breast
Of Mother Earth: no hand to smooth his pillow;
No eye to shed a tear; no tongue to shield
His memory from malice! [*A fit of coughing.*
Die I must! . . .
But die as sinks some battle-beaten ship,
Colors at the masthead and cannon shotted
To the muzzle, belching life's fierce requiem.
[*Feels his heart.*
It flutters! But my hand still holds the plow,
And I will drive the plowshare to the beam!
Whate'er awaits me in those realms of rest,
No man shall spit upon my grave and say
Here lies a coward! Till Death's grim angel stay
The sculptor's hand, his chisel still shall carve
A Phidian France, like that Olympian Jove!
I still can hurl the thunderbolt! Boy! Boy!
Wilt thou — thou snatch the bolt from my old hand?
My palaces? My castles? Plumage? Fame?
Will you pluck out the eagle's eyes before
He dies? The Church! What! Must her garments trail
In the dust? The Huguenots be lords of France?
My quiver holds one dart, yes, it holds two,
And I will hurl them, poisoned with gall!

Poor boy! Your shallop ne'er can sail these seas
And maelstroms, churned by passion's swirling tides,
Where rudders veer with every shifting breeze.
Your rashness, boy, shall cost your curls!

ACT IV

Scene I

A salon in the palace of the Louvre. Enter two courtiers, dressed as dandies.

First Fop. Cinq Mars smokes out the fox to-day! Richelieu
Would rather lose his brush, his ears, his skin
Than go. He's burrowed here for twenty years.
Second Fop. Is it so long? I hear his baggage's packed,
His palanquin is ready, bearers shod.
First Fop. At first to Orleans; and thence by barge and oars
Adown the Loire to Blois . . .
Second Fop. (*Interrupting.*) 'Tis there the mother of our King he dungeoned!
First Fop. Thence on to Chaumont . . .
Second Fop. Cinq Mars' retainers there will line the shore
And fill the air with jeers, as he floats by.
First Fop. And thence to Fontevrault. . . .
Second Fop. The ghost of Cœur de Lion here will taunt
Him with the memory of faded glories!
First Fop. True! Cœur de Lion sleeps here, and his father.

Second Fop. French worms have eaten him!
First Fop. And then by the Vienne to Chinon . . .
Second Fop. The jackdaw stole this from our King!
First Fop. Then home to Richelieu, the pig-stye whence
This parvenu began his reign of terror!
Second Fop. Already this Parisian air seems rarefied.
First Fop. Yes! Yes! My lungs expand more freely now;
My head could bump the stars.
Second Fop. Come, let us weigh it down with Burgundy!
First Fop. I saw our King, to-day, buried in business,
Affairs of state, up to his very ears;
Sweating and fuming, face as red as saffron,
His wig awry as if the mice had built
Their nests in it; big seals and pages everywhere.
Second Fop. No wonder, with an empire dumped upon
His back.
First Fop. I thought old Ætna had exploded.
Second Fop. The fox resigned his burrow once too often, [*Satirically.*
These cares of state so troubled him. [*Laughing.*
First Fop. He needed rest so much. [*In derision.*
Second Fop. "I pray you, Sire, relieve me of my load.
Pray find some younger shoulders."

First Fop. "I sink beneath the burden of your honors."

Second Fop. "Take back your palaces."

First Fop. "This Palais Cardinal, it is too large."

Second Fop. "Chinon too large a burden for my purse."

First Fop. "My equipage too grand for me."

Second Fop. Come, let us drink his health in Burgundy.

First Fop. His deep damnation!

Second Fop. An easy passage on to Hades!

First Fop. And here's an obolus for Charon.

[*Taking a coin from his pocket.*

Second Fop. This friend of old Pisistratus.

First Fop. And Nero, fiddling 'mid the flames of Rome.

Second Fop. Come, come, we're wasting time.

[*They go out arm in arm.*

[*Enter the* QUEEN *and* CINQ MARS.

Cinq Mars. Your Majesty is sad to-day.

Queen. For I have lost a friend.

Cinq Mars. Your Majesty has other friends.

Queen. Companions many, but, alas, few friends!
That sweet commingling of the wine of life
Which we call friendship comes but seldom. Oh,
Our royal lives are hedged about with spies;
We are bombarded by so many eyes,
Bitten by tongues, shot at by jealousies,
And churlish envy dogs our heels so closely
That friendship, when it comes, is doubly welcome.

No news as yet from England?

Cinq Mars. Not yet. Three couriers have gone to Calais,
Lashed into fury by my scolding tongue.

Queen. The fear of their defeat has made me heart-sick.
This Felton! Have you heard no more of him,
What motive was the rowel spurred him on
To kill the Duke of Buckingham?

Cinq Mars. He said that Buckingham fomented strife,
Fed to King Charles suspicion's hellebore,
Wasted no love on England or her people;
Besides, there was, 'tis said, some girl, some sister,
Some maid of honor Buckingham deceived.

Queen. His Grace of Buckingham could ne'er do that! [*Resentfully.*
'Twas he who came a-wooing for Prince Charles
And led our Henrietta back to England.
The curse of courts is this; the biting curse
Of station is that arrows aimed at them
Are dipt in envy, malice, guile, suspicion,
Those black alembics brewed from fiendish poisons.
Joan of Arc, the saintliest of maids,
Those devils daubed as black as Erebus.

Cinq Mars. Ah! Then this was some idle tale the winds
In wantonness have swept across the Channel.

Queen. Your couriers, when they come back, bring me

At once their message!. Oh, that gilded gewgaw!
'Tis worth a kingdom now to France's Queen!

Cinq Mars. Before the messenger has caught his breath
I'll bring his message here.

Queen. To-day goes Richelieu to Orleans?

[Cinq Mars *nods.*

Banished?

Cinq Mars. Aye, so the ravens say. His Majesty
Has ta'en the seal of state, and packed him off
To old Touraine for rest and its enchantments.
'Tis time his cavalcade should come
Along the river. Hark. I hear it now.

[*The noise of tramping horses is heard in the distance.*

Queen. My mind is deluged with misgivings, and
The unexpected is their paramour.
When in the deadly breach some novel wile
Will always raise its horrid form to front us.

Cinq Mars. No fear! His Majesty has taken down
The sword of state: his cabinet is lined
With secretaries and ambassadors
In double rows.

[*Shouting is heard without, jeers and groans. Enter the* Princess de Gonzaga.

Queen. What noise is this?

Princess. The Ex-King, Richelieu, goes by! The people
Shout their jeers and groans and riddances.

[Cinq Mars *goes to the window and opens it.*

Murmurs, groans, jeers come in. "Murderer!" "Tyrant!"

Queen. At last I breathe without restraint! A load
Is lifted from my breast. That cloud, that pall
Of doom is lifting. [*Enter the* QUEEN DOWAGER.

Queen Dowager. A funeral is passing by! 'Tis Richelieu's!
The streets are gay with revellers, as if
Some wedding pageant passed. Hear you their pæans?
[*Enter* COLIGNY.

Coligny. (*Satirically.*) May I, too, see the conqueror pass? No Roman
Has ever triumphed so before. They shadowed,
Thronged their roofs and temples, and built arches
To celebrate the coming of their victor:
Paris throws up its hat to see ours go.

[*Enter other courtiers, dancing with unrestrained joy.*

A Courtier. Your Majesties! Forgive, forgive our joy
To know that this Colossus' feet are clay!

Queen. Yes, show your joy howe'er you will!

[*Some one extemporizes music and they all join in a minuet. Before it is finished the* KING *comes in haste and anxiety.*

King. Has Richelieu gone?

Coligny. Yes, gone, and God be praised!
[*Shouts of joy.*

King. Go call him back! Find him! Bring him! He must

Return! These burdens are too great for me
To bear! The affairs of Spain, of Portugal,
Of England, these I cannot solve alone.
Half England has revolted! Rank rebellion
Faces King Charles! One Cromwell heads the rebels.
Charles begs for help: wants troops to curb these traitors.
Richelieu has counselled patience, for fear that I,
By taking up the hatchet for my brother,
Provoke the Puritans, and, should they win,
E'er long the weight of England fall on us.
I need a pilot knows these shoals and reefs
And maelstroms of diplomacy; I must
Have one can guide the staggering ship of state,
Now wallowing in this angry trough. I . . . I . . .
I was not trained for this hard task. The ways
Of peace and pleasure, soft dalliance with toil,
These were the midnight oils I burned.

[*While he is speaking a horseman, booted and spurred and covered with mud, enters and hands a packet to* Cinq Mars. *A maid of honor calls the* Queen *to the side (front), where* Cinq Mars *gives it to her. She undoes it, takes out the bracelet, and puts it on her arm.*

Queen. (*Aside.*) My throne, my honor now are safe!

[*The* Queen, Queen Dowager, Cinq Mars *and* Coligny *approach the* King.

My Sire, be not, we beg, infirm of purpose,

Nor rash in your decision. The yoke you wear
Will soon adjust itself. It galls your neck,
Weighs heavily at first, but counsellors
And use will lighten it.

Queen Dowager. My noble son, your father, great Navarre,
Oft groaned beneath his load, impatient seemed
In small affairs e'en to the verge of madness.
But burdens seemed to steady him, as cargoes
Will keep the great leviathans of ocean
Upon an even keel. Be patient yet
Awhile. Your eyes will soon become accustomed
To the light. When prisoners are freed from dungeons
Their eyes at first are blinded by the glare
Which afterwards can match the eagle's sight.
Let us be helpers. We, your faithful Queen
And mother, know the labyrinths of state,
Will find the golden cord will guide you through
Unto the light. [*Enter* RICHELIEU — *pale, wan.*

Richelieu. Your Majesty has sent for me.

King. Welcome, Lord Cardinal! I was so much
Absorbed in state affairs I knew not
Your going till I heard this noise.

Richelieu. Bullfrogs and ravens croaking at the sun!

King. I want to breathe again the sweet aroma
Of your wise advice.

Richelieu. (*Feigning reluctance; has fit of coughing.*) Your Majesty must not forget Death's angel
Is beckoning me and will not be denied.

King. A little rest, to breathe again the air
Of old Touraine, your native heath, then you
Can look Death out of countenance. You are
Not old in years.

Richelieu. Nor young in cares.

King. Good Cardinal, I faithfully have tried
To learn the stops and frets of that great organ
Which, 'neath your touch, discourses harmonies
Will echo through the royal courts of Europe
As some cathedral's diapason will set
The echoes dancing in true measure.
My fingers are not deft enough for such
Diplomacies.

Richelieu. (*With feigned obsequiousness.*) Your
Majesty is gracious. Now your lips
Distil the honeys of Hymettus.

King. The just reward of long and faithful service!

Richelieu. (*Aside.*) It was not always thus. The
taste of gall
Was ne'er a stranger to my lips.

King. Ingratitude is oft the crime of kings.
Let bygones pass! Take up the reins again
And drive again the quadriga of state.

Richelieu. I am too weak, infirm, to hold the reins;
I fear the fate of Phaeton.

King. Not Phaeton, but his great father Phœbus.

Richelieu. (*Still feigning unwillingness.*) I must
protest. I am not well. If you,
Your Majesty, decline the august duty,
Confer it on some worthier servant, one

Who loves his country more. Why not Cinq Mars?

King. A boy of four and twenty years to hold
The conquering sword o'er France and Europe?

Richelieu. Her gracious Majesty, the Queen, might take
The royal sceptre. [*In mock earnestness.*

King. She has her son to educate, a court
To interest and pacify.

Richelieu. The royal Dowager of France, your gracious.
Mother, she might be persuaded.

King. The reign of petticoats is o'er in France.
France needs a hand of steel to keep her barons
From tearing the ermine off her King.

[Baptiste *enters in haste and hands a sealed packet to* Richelieu. *It is the coveted treaty.* Richelieu *breaks the seal, opens and scans it with eagerness, then delight, excusing himself to the* King *for the delay.*

Richelieu. Your Majesty will pardon me a moment. . . .
Should I take up the sword, your Majesty
Would wrest it from me soon again.

King. No — never! This I swear before the Court.
[*Consternation.*

Richelieu. With what authority, what power would you
Invest your minister?

King. Full power, as formerly, to do whate'er
The needs of France require.

Richelieu. To punish traitors?

King. Most certainly!

Richelieu. E'en if their feet besmear the throne, aye,
Tread upon the robes of royalty?

King. The nearer to their King, the more their hearts
Should love and honor him.

Richelieu. (*Eagerly.*) This treaty made with Spain?

King. What treaty?

Richelieu. The treaty you made yesterday.

King. I made no treaty, neither countenanced
Nor signed a treaty!

Richelieu. This treaty I have here?

King. Where?

Richelieu. Here in my hand. [*Exhibits it.*

King. Let me see it.

Richelieu. Your Majesty shall know its import. [*Reading it.*

This paper bears the date of yesterday.
That day 'twas sent to Spain. That day I sent
A messenger to follow it, to seize it
By force or guile. He overtook the bearer
Three hours ago at Orleans and he shot
The traitor like a dog. He found this parchment
Hidden within his boot, and brought it here
To me. This parchment gives to Spain our forts
Along the border; Spain agrees to send
Troops, seventeen thousand strong, to France at once.

These are to meet the forces of the King
Your Majesty commands at Perpignan.

King. Who signed this villainous agreement?

Richelieu. Your Majesty shall see yourself.

[*Hands it to the* KING.

King. (*After examining it.*) Cinq Mars.

[*Consternation. Several voices: "Cinq Mars!" Princess de Gonzaga faints. Commotion.*

Is this your signature? [*To* CINQ MARS.

[CINQ MARS *bows his head.*

A traitor — double-dyed! [*Silence, and pause.*

Richelieu. What is your Majesty's behest?

King. Whate'er his minister commands!

Richelieu. (*To the guards.*) This traitor to the Conciergerie!

Another sun shines over France to-day!
No! 'Tis the same! But yesterday eclipsed!

[*Guards arrest* CINQ MARS. KING *turns his back upon him and walks alone out of the salon.* QUEEN, QUEEN DOWAGER, GASTON *and the courtiers follow. As the* KING *passes* RICHELIEU *he says in a low tone:*

Richelieu. Your Majesty, the bracelet!

[KING *turns to the* QUEEN.

King. I asked your Majesty to wear to-night
That bracelet I gave you on our wedding-day.

Queen. I have obeyed your Majesty.

[*Shows him the bracelet.*

[RICHELIEU *is left alone.*

Scene II

Same scene, with the lights turned down. Its gaiety has departed. RICHELIEU *sitting alone, writing.*

Richelieu. 'Tis like the slaughter of the innocents to slay
That boy! Straight from his mother's arms he leaped
Into this vortex of diplomacy,
And breasted it with lusty arms. Strange marvel!
Hyperion's curls upon the head of Nestor!
I could have kissed those soft, sweet, ruby lips.
How can I face his plaintive eyes when they
Are turned upon me on the Judgment Day?

[*He reads over the paper he has been writing — it is the order for* CINQ MARS' *execution — and rings for a secretary. This whole scene is acted with suppressed, intense emotion, for both* RICHELIEU *and* MARION *know all that has so far happened and, out of regard for each other, suppress their feelings.*

Robert, one copy in a fair, round hand;
Attach the seal of state, and bring it here,
When finished, for my signature. [ROBERT *goes out.*
(*Soliloquizing.*) The Square of Henry IV. 'Tis handy to
The Conciergerie! The hour of dawn.
I always waken at the dawn. My hour of prayer!
When the great orb of life has frightened night,
Then is the freshened soul fittest for sweet

Communion. How many a man has shuffled off
His mortal cerements at dawn! Cinq Mars
Was always in the fashion; shall be still.
[*Rings a bell; another secretary comes in.*
A messenger to the Conciergerie
To bring Cinq Mars in half an hour here.
[MARION *enters, dressed in black, and approaches slowly.*
In weeds? And why, sweet Marion? Your eyes
Are lead; your step is like the galley-slave's,
Dragging behind him his torturing weight of chain.
Cheer up, my pretty bird! Come sing to me,
Sweet nightingale, the joys of maidenhood!

Marion. I am not well.

Richelieu. Not well? Then you must see some leech.
[*He moves to ring the bell, but she stops him.*

Marion. It is my heart that's sick.

Richelieu. Some medicine will lighten it.

Marion. My soul is sad.

Richelieu. (*Banteringly.*) Would'st rather have some mender of bad soles?

Marion. My head is swimming like a bladder in the air.

Richelieu. Valerian, my dear, will quiet it.
Come sit you here and I will wrap my cloak
About you. [*Rises to help her to a chair.*

Marion. I fear I ne'er shall sleep again.

Richelieu. 'Tis too much gaiety! To-night you'll sleep

From weariness. These ghosts that haunt our dreams
And frighten to their caves the fairies of
Queen Mab, who would anoint our sleepless eyes
With slumber's balm, these ghosts will Weariness
Affright.

Marion. No sleep, I fear, will visit my sad eyes
To-night or evermore.

Richelieu. Where is your pain?

Marion. I have no pain.

Richelieu. No pain? Yet cannot sleep?

[MARION *nods.*

Where do you suffer? [MARION *points to her head.*
The mind diseased?

Marion. Not diseased, afflicted!

Richelieu. With what?

Marion. Remorse.

Richelieu. And why remorse?

Marion. That I urged forth the stag yet could not stay
The hunter!

Richelieu. That was Diana's crime.

Marion. I did the same, but did not have her wand.

Richelieu. You speak in riddles. Sit you here. I know
The balm for some afflicted minds.

[*He urges her to sit. She hesitates, but finally yields.*

Marion. You know the balm for me, and yet withhold
The cure.

Richelieu. What is the cure?

Marion. Does Cinq Mars live?

[RICHELIEU *nods.*

And does he die?

Richelieu. To-morrow at the dawn.

Marion. And where?

Richelieu. In the Square of Henry Fourth.

Marion. And who will be his executioner?

Richelieu. The jailer of the Conciergerie.

Marion. He is too young to die.

Richelieu. Yes, young in years, but old in crime.

Marion. What crime?

Richelieu. The greatest of all crimes, high treason.

Marion. 'Twas Cæsar's, Paul's, St. Peter's, Constantine's!

Richelieu. True! But these men were the heirs of Fortune,

And Victory perched upon their standards.

Marion. Can you not pardon him?

Richelieu. I can.

Marion. Then will you?

Richelieu. On one condition.

Marion. You'll tell me what that is?

Richelieu. Not you. 'Tis only for his ears.

Marion. If your condition strips the robe of manhood

From off his back he never will comply.

Richelieu. I fear it does.

[MARION *staggers but recovers herself.*

Marion. The mother of our holy order seeks

To see him ere he dies, to assuage his soul
With consolation.

[Richelieu *signs a paper and hands it to her.*

Richelieu. She has permission.

Marion. Is there no respite?

Richelieu. No — not one hour!

Marion. But why?

Richelieu. The Court, from Queen to servitor, are on
My back, their talons at my throat, their teeth
Gleaming with hunger for my blood. Let me
Relax one tittle and I'm lost. They hold the Queen;
I hold the King and play my card at dawn.
With Cinq Mars dead this whole conspiracy
Will die as ripples on a summer sea.

Marion. Can no one else make reparation?

Richelieu. No one.

Marion. Not Gaston?

Richelieu. Gaston's a fool and coward, shallow as a puddle.

Marion. But Gaston led him on.

Richelieu. I know this well.

Marion. And promised him the cloak of royalty —
The King's consent — should cover all his acts.

Richelieu. I know all this. But if the statesman let
The whims, the follies, weaknesses of Kings
They play as pawns in this great game of state
Have sway, ere long they'd meet a checkmate.

Marion. But Louis gave him countenance.

Richelieu. Poor fool! To trust a royal promise!

Marion. Are Kings such base deceivers?

Richelieu. But why such interest in Cinq Mars' fate? [*Avoiding her question.*

Marion. I cannot, must not tell.

Richelieu. You need not, for I know.

Marion. Then you should pity me.

Richelieu. I do. God knows I do.

Marion. 'Twas you who led me on! 'Twas you who said

" There cometh soon to court the son of these,
Of her I loved, and should he turn his eyes
On you, you'd think the sun in all its glory
Had arisen." I said, " Suppose it dazzle me?"
You wished it might.

Richelieu. (*Affected.*) 'Tis true! 'Tis true!

Marion. (*Rising.*) You took the dearest kin you had: you took
Your sister's child and led her to this spring
And bade her drink. And when she drank,
Drank as the panting hart the crystal brook, drank deep,
'Twas poison! Agony! 'Twas death! Is this
No crime? 'Twould bring the tears, black, iron tears
From Rhadamanthus' eyes.

[Richelieu *bows his head in sorrow and is silent.*

Richelieu. Affairs of state!

Marion. " Affairs of state!" This Juggernaut of State!
It rides remorseless over bleeding hearts
And trembling saints as soulless, conscienceless

As Satan, Hell's great King!

Richelieu. My country first, and then the Church, then self.

'Twas Brutus who condemned his child to death.

Marion. But Brutus' child had sinned. Your sister's child

Is stainless as the snow.

Richelieu. Did she not counsel these conspirators?

Marion. Conspirators 'gainst Richelieu, against

His tyranny, but not against the King!

Richelieu. Because you are my sister's child your sin

Is pardoned ere you ask it.

[*Extending his hand.* MARION *bows her head in thanks.*

Marion. Can love not sanctify his sin?

Richelieu. My poor dear child! I fear you chase a rainbow.

Cinq Mars's in love with Marie de Gonzaga.

Marion. She is of royal blood.

Richelieu. Yet Cinq Mars madly loves her. This is why

He's sought to riot in your uncle's ruin.

Marion. But marriage is impossible.

Richelieu. And yet a cat may gaze upon a Queen.

Marion. Could she be happy with a count's escutcheon?

Richelieu. Ah, many a Queen, poor soul, has found the breath

Of royalty she laid her blood-red heart

Upon a stone, an iceberg.

Marion. How know you of their love?

Richelieu. I am argus-eyed and have a hundred ears.

Two nights ago, they went to Sainte Chapelle
To tie the banns.

[MARION *is deeply affected. Her lips quiver; her eyes stare into vacancy, and then moisten with tears. But soon pride asserts itself. She is sad, not angry. After awhile she bows her head, and with a glance at her uncle walks sadly off the stage. He rises as she goes out, then resumes his seat and is buried in thought. The secretary soon comes back with the warrant for the execution.* RICHELIEU *takes it, reads it, meditates, hesitates; bows his head upon his hand, as if uncertain what to do. Then he rings and the secretary returns.*

Is Cinq Mars here?

Secretary. He is, your Eminence.

Richelieu. Then send him in, and tell the guard to stand
Without the door. [*Secretary withdraws.*
'Tis hard to send this boy,
In life's fresh heydey, to the block!
Ambition's vistas, the red buds of Hope
Are opening on his eager eyes. The kiss
Of Genius trembles on his lips. We, who
Delight to rule, we love to match our wits
'Gainst men whose truncheons wear the beard of age.

[Cinq Mars *enters. His manner is still untamed. He slightly bows to* Richelieu, *who makes no return to his salutation. The usher announces: "The Grand Count."*

The Grand Count! [*Under his breath, satirically.*

[*A silence ensues, which is becoming painful, when* Cinq Mars *speaks.*

Cinq Mars. You sent for me, Lord Cardinal.

Richelieu. Ah, yes; I had forgot. Monsieur le Comte,
Your altered circumstance has altered not
Your manner.

Cinq Mars. A cell and palace are alike to true nobility.

Richelieu. The headsman's axe is the true leveller.
'Tis like Procrustes' bed! It makes all equal.

Cinq Mars. The blood it sheds sometimes an aureole
Of crimson glory.

Richelieu. (*Aside.*) A stubborn stripling! Longing for martyrdom!
Who brought you here to court?

Cinq Mars. 'Twas you, Lord Cardinal.

Richelieu. How long ago?

Cinq Mars. Two years ago.

Richelieu. And what your station then?

Cinq Mars. A simple count. Our chateau was at Chaumont,
On the Loire. The river, field and forest,
The falcon and the deer, and loving service

To a widowed mother were my boon companions.

[*At the mention of his mother* Richelieu *starts. He was once in love with her.*

Richelieu. I knew her once. Our baby feet have prattled
Across that field and forest many a time.
Yes, well. We learned our letters from the self
Same book. Our baby lips their first, faint words
Coined into language, hand in hand. It was
One mint that stamped them into currency.

Cinq Mars. So I have heard her say.

Richelieu. Cinq Mars, I brought you here to court to please
A royal whim; to play, to dance, to hunt,
To sing, to feed a jaded appetite.
Our King was splenetic; his Queen had ceased
To feed him with the food of love and joy.
No sooner were you here than, lo! the boy
I'd thought would be a puppet in my hands,
Aspired to seize the reins, like Phaeton,
And drive the coursers of the sun. The Court,
From Queen to chamberlain, soon turned on me,
Kowtowed to this new sun. Grown favorite,
You soon were brewing hatred and rebellion,
And tripping up the heels of him had made you.
But was this gratitude?

Cinq Mars. Kittens when born are blind. I came to play.
My eyes were opened soon. I saw a tyrant
Had brought nobility to bay; had stripped

Prerogative till it was splenetic;
Had spiked its culverins; had razed its castles;
Had freed its vassals; painted ruin on
Its brow, and left the proudest heritage
The sun e'er saw to feed on barren moors.

Richelieu. You nobles held the sceptre in contempt;
The King was nerveless to restrain your pride.
I grasped the King's right hand and led him up
To magisterial heights; showed him a land
Flowing with milk and honey, he could rule.

Cinq Mars. And still another horror smote my sight.
I saw the Huguenots, hunted like hounds,
Dwelling in caves and quarried sepulchres,
Burnt at the stake, branded as galley-slaves,
While you were lord of palace and of fell,
The Pope's and God's vicegerent.

Richelieu. Some one must rule. Where all men are the masters,
Red anarchy and social chaos riot.

Cinq Mars. There is no master in the Church save God,
And Christ is His Vicegerent. Every one
Should worship God according to his conscience.

Richelieu. Newfangled heresies! Sectarian!

Cinq Mars. Freedom to worship when and how and where
We please — this is our shibboleth.

Richelieu. This rage, of English birth, poisons the state;

Has led Cinq Mars to lift his eyes and hope
To wed with royalty.

Cinq Mars. The Princess de Gonzaga! She and I
Were playmates from our budding infancy;
Played hide and seek; picked daisies on the moors;
We sailed our shallops on our mimic seas,
And never dreamt our happiness was sin
Or thought man's petty laws could outrage Heaven's
Decrees and fence up Cupid with stone metes
And bounds as calves are fenced.

Richelieu. You learned it afterwards.

Cinq Mars. Yes, when I put the manly toga on;
But vowed to win some rank would not demean
A princess, and she vowed to wait.

Richelieu. Two nights ago, at Sainte Chapelle?

Cinq Mars. Your spy was there. Then Fortune's sea was at
Its flood, and surged about the throne.

Richelieu. But Richelieu still lived, and while he breathed,
Although he gasped, 'twas vain to hope to rule
This broad domain of France.

[Richelieu *has a fit of coughing.*

Cinq Mars. I thought not so that night. The wisdom of
To-day is oft the folly of to-morrow.

Richelieu. But Marion de Lorme, my niece, why took
You her, a runaway, and mured her up

Within your chateau, all alone?

[MARION, *not knowing* CINQ MARS *is here, has come back, and appears in background.*

Cinq Mars. The tooth of slander's sharpened oft by malice.

Richelieu. You compromised her honor by that deed.

[RICHELIEU *is testing his feeling for his niece, to see if there is any possibility of marriage.*

Cinq Mars. Not so! Our hunting-party, drenched with rain,
Took refuge with a good Samaritan,
My mother. 'Neath her roof the saintliest maid
May bare her bosom to a staring world
Without a breath of scandal.

[MARION *raises her hands to Heaven in thankfulness and goes back.*

Richelieu. (*Thankful*). No knight of olden time, not Charlemagne
Could better guard a woman's jewelled casket.

Cinq Mars. It is the truth, no varnished lie!

Richelieu. Those mists that choked the doorway of my mind
Your words dispel. This treaty which you signed?

Cinq Mars. I saw a huge Colossus, standing on
The neck of France, strangling religious freedom
As he had strangled our nobility,
And swore I'd lift his cloven, blood-drunk foot.
'Twas then the Spanish legate tempted me.
My crime was Brutus' sin.

Richelieu. The die he cast he won. Who takes up arms,
Foments rebellion, thinks to lift the crown
From off the head of power, he must win
Or pay the penalty.

Cinq Mars. I knew the risk, and I will pay the forfeit.

Richelieu. But other souls are red with treason's blood.

Cinq Mars. But mine is bloodiest.

Richelieu. But all who sinned should share the penalty.

Cinq Mars. You catch the thief before you punish him.

Richelieu. Their names are legion.

Cinq Mars. The world was up in arms against you.

Richelieu. The leaders, who are they?

Cinq Mars. Go ask the Sphinx her riddle!

Richelieu. Give me the names of twenty?

Cinq Mars. No.

Richelieu. Of ten? [CINQ MARS *shakes his head.*
Of five?

Cinq Mars. I dare to die; I dare not be a coward.
I dare not give the axe to those I'd thought
To make immortal. [*The secretary enters.*

Secretary. The King awaits your pleasure.

Richelieu. Tell him I come at once.

Secretary. He wishes you to bring the warrant.

Richelieu. (*Nods.*) Send the jailer here.
[*Jailer comes in.*

The majesty of France demands that he
Who aims a dagger at her heart should die.
To consort with her enemies is death.
My heart had once a woman's tenderness,
But I have tempered it to Spanish steel.
That heart that flutters at the thought of tears
Or blood, his name's not Richelieu. The sword
Of state hangs o'er your head. Consider well
What I have said.

[RICHELIEU *retires. The Jailer handcuffs* CINQ MARS *as the curtain falls.*

ACT V

Scene I

A cell in the Conciergerie, dimly lighted; straw on the floor for a bed. DE THOU *and* CINQ MARS.

Cinq Mars. Our trial was a travesty of justice;
Those minions of the Cardinal, who judged us,
Vomited his vengeance!

De Thou. Our judges were unjust; yet justly we
Must die, for we have crossed that narrow line
That parts the patriot from traitor.

Cinq Mars. 'Tis wanton arrogance for man to attempt
To poise the scale of justice! He who sees
Our hearts and reads their secrets, He alone
Can part the sheep from goats.

De Thou. We die to-day, the jailer says, at dawn.

Cinq Mars. Our steps are on the threshold of that land
Whose glens are voiceless and whose echoes dumb,
And frail inhabitants are shadowless;
Whose shores are laved by that Lethean stream
Forever seeks Eternity's dread sea;
I hear the speechless murmur of its waves
And feel its ghostly spray; it chills my cheek;
I dimly see the spirit forms of saints
And hear the rustle of seraphic wings

And feel the holy warmth of loving hands;
A friendly kiss now courts my brow, my lips;
I hear sweet benisons of welcome say:
"These are the Realms of Death; here are the fields
Elysian; around you are the forms
Of martyrs, saints who loved their fellow men."
And who shall say, when the Great Books are opened,
Our acts are weighed, our failures, methods, motives
And deeds the sun has never seen, that one
Who faced in silence Night and blinding sleet
And Arctic storms, with, for his lantern, Love,
May not, among the first, receive the crown?

[*A knocking at the door. The Turnkey opens it, and* MARION DE LORME *enters, disguised as a Sister of Mercy.*

Turnkey. The Lady Superior of the Convent of St. Ursula.

[MARION *now unveils her face.*

Cinq Mars. Why, Marion, is this not you?

Marion. Speak not so loud! These walls may not be deaf.

Cinq Mars. How came you here? How gained you access?

Marion. The Cardinal allowed our holy mother
The privilege to give Life's dying grace.
And she commissioned me.

Cinq Mars. We die at dawn.

Marion. So reads the sentence. But this shall not be!

Cinq Mars. This shall not be? And why?

Marion. We have a scheme annuls the Court's decree.

De Thou. But how and when and where?

Marion. Now listen patiently. Speak not one word
Until the purpose of this mission I unroll.
Before the lark shall call from night the Dawn
And summon to their tombs the wandering ghosts,
Some thirty trusty friends, armed to the teeth,
Will meet within our trysting-place,
Caparisoned, disguised in various garbs
As pedlars, artisans and troubadours,
As clowns and acrobats and street musicians.
Here will our plan of battle be arranged.
Thence, issuing forth by devious ways and lanes,
We'll wend our steps unto the Square of Henry
Fourth: there a scaffold has been built from which,
The Cardinal declares, you both shall bid
Farewell to Day, the world and its enchantments.
These leaders of your troops who never fought
Will crowd around the foremost edge. Some noise,
Dispute will court the guard's attention,
When, quick as thought, some few will climb the stage,
The others in a vise will clutch the guards;
A twinkle sees you spirited away,
Disguised and mounted on some flying steeds
As swift as couriers of the air, away
From sight and Paris or immured awhile
Within the catacombs till Fortune brings
Escape to Spain. What think you of our plot?

Cinq Mars. It has a pleasant savor.

Marion. About its consummation?

De Thou. How many soldiers will be there?

Marion. The jailer says — he's ours! — a dozen more or less.

Cinq Mars. What signal has your coup d'état?

Marion. The dropping of your handkerchief.

Cinq Mars. This asks for our consent.

Marion. In the giving of the signal only!

De Thou. The Duke de Bouillon is your leader?

Marion. Yes.

De Thou. Thinks he the plot will prosper?

Marion. 'Twill sink or swim, he says; which, matters not.

We all embarked our fortunes in one pinnace,
And all should suffer shipwreck together
Or reach some landlocked harbor.

Cinq Mars. I fear 'twill fail.

Marion. (*Lovingly.*) But then we die together.

Cinq Mars. 'Twere better two than all!

Marion. Not so! For death ends all, while life, although
It drags an endless chain of sorrows, heartaches,
Repinings, starings into vacancy,
Is better than that everlasting stillness.

[*The Turnkey unlocks the door and says:*

Turnkey. The Lady Superior's mission is ended.

Cinq Mars. Grant us, good Jacques, two minutes more.

Marion. Two minutes more! Then I'll return —
Our scheme is understood?

Cinq Mars. Quite well.

Marion. In each detail?

Cinq Mars. And we will carefully consider it.

Marion. Consider?

Cinq Mars. We cannot now say more.

Marion. Has life no charms for you?

Cinq Mars. But few. My hopes are dry as Egypt's dust,
My candle sputters in the socket.

[De Thou *retires to the corner.*

Marion. (*Deeply affected.*) Then live for others, country, home and friends!
Another life, now burning low, goes out
When yours expires!

Cinq Mars. But men would die by scores if we should fail;
Scores, yes, hundreds. Marion, sometimes
You may have thought me blind, but not unkind,
I hope. If we had met in happier times
Our lives, perhaps, had flowed together like
Some brook that wanders down the hill of life
Singing sweet lullabies, sparkling with joy.
If ne'er we meet again this side that river
Whose distant thunders echo in my ears,
Then may my dying eyes behold your face
The last of all things earthly!

[*Kisses her on the forehead. She swoons in his arms, but recovers when the key is turned in the door, and walks out.* Cinq Mars *and* De Thou *prepare their couch on the straw.*

De Thou. The night is almost spent. And now let Sleep
Dam up the surging tide of Care, draw out
The tangled threads of Fate with kindly fingers,
While calm Philosophy her moonlight sheds
To lighten Sleep's sweet labors.

[*They lie down on their couches and the stage is dimmed to darkness. While they sleep,* Marion *sings from the side of the stage, unseen, the following song:*

Marion. Sleep! Sleep! My darling, sleep!
May Peace her vigils keep.
And may Death's angel weep,
To-morrow's dawn to see!

[*The faintest rays of dawn begin to creep across the stage.* Cinq Mars *and* De Thou *awake.*

De Thou. I've slept within the arms of Death as sweetly
As ever babe upon its mother's breast.
I thought the Genius of Philosophy
Stood watching o'er my couch and held aloft
A torch to light my steps along some path
Lugubrious and tortuous. It led
Me far away to some enchanting land.
Have you slept well?

Cinq Mars. At times! At times I heard a cataract's
Hoarse roar, and felt my footsteps sliding down
Upon its crested billow, sliding, gliding down
Through freezing mists to some Lethean pool.

At times I hung abreast a precipice,
My fingers clutching at the shelving rock,
With naught except immensity of space
To catch me, falling, in its ghostly arms.
One time, a tiger stifled me and drank
My sobbing blood. And once I screamed with shame
As thirty pairs of glassy eyes stared forth
And thirty bony fingers pointed thus,
As if to say, " Thou art our murderer."
Such spectres hovering round the throne of Reason
Affright the judgment.

De Thou. Ah, sleep touched not so softly on your eyelids
As on mine. Are we to die or live?

Cinq Mars. Would you could lift this load from off my shoulders!

De Thou. You are the captain, I the sailor.

[*A knock at the door. The Turnkey enters.*

Turnkey. Your hour has come! Prepare!

Cinq Mars. Good Jacques, how many tired travellers
Have you led hence to meet the headsman?

Turnkey. A score or so.

Cinq Mars. All apples plucked by Richelieu?

Turnkey. Yes, all.

De Thou. And all brave men?

Turnkey. All died, their hands upon their hearts.

Cinq Mars. Good Jacques, how did they robe themselves to meet
The headsman?

Turnkey. In different garbs, as suited each.

Cinq Mars. We two are dressed as for my wedding-day,
For I had thought the priest would shrive me,
And not the headsman. [*They all go out.*

Scene II

The Execution

The gray of morning. A square in Paris, showing the equestrian statue of Henry Fourth, and behind it a scaffold draped in black. People passing or collecting to see the execution. A knife-pedlar; a shoemaker with sabots strung across his shoulders; a mason; a tailor; a carpenter, on his way to his work, with his tools in his hands; a street musician with a violin, another with a flute; a merry-andrew; a dog-fancier; a gambler showing tricks at cards. These are all conspirators in disguise. Three of them are Duke de Bouillon, Coligny, *and* Marion de Lorme, *who is dressed as a nun.* Coligny *and* Bouillon *pretend to be returning from an all-night revel, and appear intoxicated.*

Coligny. Oh, what a night of bacchanalian fun!
My head's a hogshead, seething with fumes and aches,
A geyser, spouting vapors. Ugh! It reels
And floats and bubbles like a cauldron.

Bouillon. (*Feigning intoxication.*) Mine swims as bladders do upon the waves;
'Tis filled with gas! Are you two men or one?
Marion. You need some effervescent medicine
To still these vapors of the brain.
Coligny. What's this? An execution? The stage is ready.
Some poor unlucky waif upon life's sea
Sails into port to-day.
Bouillon. Perhaps some hungry oaf has filched a loaf
Of bread, and pays the forfeit!
Coligny. (*To a bystander.*) My man, whose wedding-day is this?
Bystander. No wedding-day. 'Tis Cinq Mars' funeral!
Bouillon. Cinq Mars! Who's he?
Bystander. A friend of Richelieu.
Another. King Louis' friend! His sword was at the throat
Of Richelieu!
Coligny. (*Pointing to the statue.*) His royal father, yonder, ne'er regaled
His friends in such a bloody fashion!
Bouillon. Tut! Tut! The stones have ears.
Three-card-monte Man. Come pick your card! Who wins gets twenty sous.
Don't be frightened of the widow! She's a lucky card!
[*Two or three gather around him. The dog-fancier shows off a trick with his dog.*

Dog-fancier. Pitch your coppers at him! He'll catch them in
His mouth. Don't throw him any francs or louis!
They'll break his teeth.

[*Two cooks hurry in.*

First Cook. You said he was to die at dawn!

Second Cook. Yes, dawn! So Jacques the Jailer told my wife.

First Cook. I've left the coffee on the hob and the bread
In the oven, and can't wait long. These
Butchers are so slow sometimes. Who swings
The axe to-day? Old Jacques?

Second Cook. No, Young Jacques, I hear; and he's no novice
With his axe. Young Jacques can cut with
Twice the skill of his old daddy. No mutton
Will be cleaner cut. He's the slaughterer at the
Shambles in Saint Antoine.

[*The muffled notes of a drum are heard, and a procession appears, comprising half a dozen halberdiers, escorting* Cinq Mars, De Thou *and* Père Hyacinthe. *They kneel in the middle of the stage.*

The Jailer. Ten minutes, so my orders read,
For your farewells and prayers.

[*The halberdiers fall back a little.* Cinq Mars *and* De Thou *and the priest kneel and say their prayers. Meanwhile, at the side of the stage;*

Marion. How many guardsmen are there?

[*In an undertone.*

Bouillon. I see but six.

Marion. That's all I see! How many do we number?

Bouillon. I see but twenty-nine. There should be thirty.

Marion. Some one is late.

Bouillon. Some one may play us false.

Marion. But we are five to one. The horses, are they ready?

Bouillon. Two stand beside the nave of Sainte Chapelle,
Both picked by Grandison, and two disguises.

Marion. But which way shall they ride?

Bouillon. That circumstance must tell. But this seems wise.
On mounting, they should separate, and one
Should ride towards Saint Denis; the other ride
Adown along the Seine. At Saint Cloud bridge
A boat is moored, which either one can take
And row down-stream, and on to Rouen, Havre,
And there take ship for England. Is one headed,
Cut off, let him bestir himself for Cluny,
Where some one waits for him, to let him in
And vanish. Thence his eager steps can reach
The Catacombs, where food for twenty days
Is garnered, till we spirit him to Spain.

Marion. Well planned! We cannot fail.

[*Softly to* Cinq Mars.

The winds of fortune blow our way and bear
Our enterprise to safety's harbor.
Cinq Mars. Eternity's great sea has but one port
Of entry. Death stands sentry at its gate!
No roving winds can e'er its surface ruffle.
'Tis landlocked 'gainst the storms of envy, malice,
Ambition, lust of power, greed of pelf.
The silence of oblivion is heart's-ease
To weary pilgrims on the thorny road
Of high endeavor.
Marion. Death is annihilation! Better far
To hurl the discus, though it miss its aim,
Than sit and sigh within night's fluttering tent.
Here now are twenty-nine sworn friends.
Cinq Mars. The thirtieth is a traitor! He will tell
Whate'er betide you here, and bear your names
To Richelieu's quick ear. His sleuth-hounds then
Will hunt from Saint Michel's lone rock away
To where Sirocco sings its melodies
To Afric's sable sons, and find them all
And tear them limb from limb.
Marion. All, all have shipped for this same voyage, and come
What may, we all should die together.
Cinq Mars. Not so! 'Tis better two than thirty: better
We die than civil war should spread its wings,
Its vulture wings o'er France. Sunk in the sea,
No ripple soon will tell our sepulchre.
France will breathe easier when we are gone.

Jailer. The time for farewells and prayers is ended.

[*While the procession is forming to go to the scaffold the curtain falls.*

Scene III

Richelieu's Cabinet again, same as Act I, Scene I. He is dying in his chair of heart-failure. MARION, BAPTISTE *and the doctor stand or kneel about him. Two months have elapsed since the execution.* MARION *is rubbing his hands to keep up the circulation.*

Marion. He does not breathe. Is this the end?

Doctor. Not yet! His pulse still flutters.

[RICHELIEU *opens his eyes and sees* MARION.

Richelieu. Poor child!

Marion. Think not of me, but of yourself.

Richelieu. What day is this?

Marion. December fourth. 'Tis Saturday.

Richelieu. Two months, two months since Cinq Mars died. Ah, me!

I little thought to tread upon his heels
So soon. (*Sighs.*) But Time, the Great Avenger, makes
Us all, the prince, the priest, the lover, yes,
The saint, the rich, the poor, e'en Lazarus,
Who licked the crumbs from Dives' table, equal
At the grave! What news from Spain?

Baptiste. The treaty is annulled and all is peace.

Richelieu. That load is off my heart! O France, *dear* France!
When first I grasped your trembling hand, your steps
Were like a tottering child's. But you are stronger.
The bloom of health now flushes manhood's brow,
Defiance blazes in your eye. No group
Of satrapies! A kingdom now! And grown
The arbiter of Europe. Austria
Is on her knees, and Spain's your suppliant.
Baptiste. But England's in the throes of revolution!
Richelieu. Yes, Charles will lose his throne. The Puritans,
With Cromwell at their head, will rule that land.
Baptiste. These were your enemies, and all have been
Subdued.
Richelieu. I have had many enemies, but all
Were enemies of France.
Baptiste. And all forgiven?
Richelieu. All enmities are ended at the grave.
[*He has a fit of hiccoughs, incident to heart-failure, and appears to be dead. But he rallies sufficiently to say in a feeble voice:*
Tell . . . Mazarin . . . this . . . country must have peace . . .
Peace . . . peace . . . peace . . . [*He dies.*
[*The* King *comes in in haste.*
Marion. Too late, your Majesty! He's dead.
King. This was a great, great politician!
Such politicians, dead, are crowned as statesmen.

TYROLESE PATRIOTS

THE PLOT

Time, 1809. Between the battles of Essling and Wagram. For five hundred years the Tyrol had been under the protection of Austria, its people, who were mountaineers, enjoying constitutional freedom. Their country and their life resembled that of the Swiss. The treaty of Schönbrunn, made after Austerlitz (1805), had given them to Bavaria, — their lands but not their hearts. Bavaria had tried to reduce them to subjection by destroying their self-government, erasing their boundaries, preventing their priests from conducting the mass without taking the oath of allegiance, and blotting from the map even the name of their country. She taxed the people without mercy. There were few either of the priests or people who would bow their neck and walk under the Bavarian yoke.

In the spring of 1809, Napoleon began another war with Austria. Their former Emperor begged Tyrol to revolt, and they eagerly heard his prayer, and rose as one man. Andreas Hofer, Straub, Harpinger, Speckbacher, and Oppacher were among their leaders. The defeat at Essling and the isolation of half his army on the isle of Lobau compelled Napoleon to call all his troops from the Tyrol, and as many as possible from Italy, to Vienna. The patriots took advantage of this good fortune to capture Innsbruck and set up a patriot government. They reduced the taxes and

repealed the obnoxious laws. Hofer, as leader of the patriot council, became the Peasant-King of Tyrol and its real ruler for six full months. Some forty thousand French-Bavarians had been taken to Vienna, and Prince Eugene and Marshal Macdonald had taken two divisions out of Northern Italy, and this left the patriots a free hand.

But Wagram changed the tide. It took two thousand square miles of territory from Austria, and three millions and a half of people, and released the French-Bavarians who had held the Tyrol down. The leading Tyrolese were driven to the mountains, were hunted with dogs, killed, starved, drawn and quartered. An amnesty was offered, but many, though believing resistance useless, would not lay down their arms. Hofer advised submission, but had not the heart to desert his misguided friends. Defeated, he was driven to the mountains for refuge. The Emperor offered to create him Count of Tyrol and give him a suitable annuity, but he refused the offer. Born a peasant, he would die a peasant.

When finally caught he was court-martialed. The court martial, in appreciation of the mercy he had shown to others, wanted to save his life, but Napoleon would have none of this and ordered his immediate execution.

SCENES

Act I, Scene I. The Tyrol beneath Bavaria's harrow. A village green, an inn on the left, and the façade of a church at the background of the stage.

Scene II. Same scene. Rebellion rampant.

Scene III. Same scene. Preparing for war.

Act II, Scene I. The rendezvous of the conspirators. A mountain gorge in a forest, with a bridge at back of stage.

Scene II. Same scene. The attempt to blow up the bridge and the advance of the patriot army.

Act. III, Scene I. A square in Innsbruck. The gate of Maximilian's palace at back of the stage. The success and the destruction of the patriot government. After the battle of Wagram.

Act IV, Scene I. Hofer's hut in the mountains. His capture.

Scene II. The Quay of St. Mark's and the Bridge of Sighs at back of stage. Saved by the court martial. Shot by Napoleon's order.

Posters

I. A Tyrolese Hunter.
II. The Peasant-King on horseback.
III. Gretchen in the costume of a Tyrolese girl — as "Daughter of the Regiment."
IV. Emelia, a beautiful Italian girl. "Daughter of the Medici."

THE TYROLESE PATRIOTS

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ANDREAS HOFER, *the Peasant-King. An innkeeper in the village of Sand, and leader of the Tyrolese.*

JOSEPH DE MEDICI, *one of the Medici of Florence. A scholar and ardent patriot.*

JOSEPH SPECKBACHER, *a hunter, unlettered, but an able soldier. In love with Gretchen. About twenty-five years old.*

BARON HAPSBURG, *an Austrian noble. In love with Emelia.*

COL. DITTFURT, *commander of the Bavarian Guard. Defender of Innsbruck. The Gesler of the Tyrol.*

FRIAR JOACHIM, *a Romish priest and ardent patriot.*

PETER GRUBER,
JOSEPH STRAUB,
JACOB SIEBERER,
WILHELM WINTERSTALL,
ANTON OPPACHER,
HEINRICH ETSCHMAN,
PETER WIESLAND,
} *Tyrolese patriots, who represent the different cantons. Young students or leaders in their cantons.*

JOSEPH RAFELLE, *a Jew, the Judas who betrays Hofer.*

Two Bavarian Guardsmen; several Soldiers; several Tyrolese men, women and children.

Emelia de Medici, *daughter of Joseph de Medici. A handsome, clever, masterful woman and ardent patriot.*

Anna Hofer, *wife of Andreas. A German hausfrau.*

Gretchen Hofer, *her daughter, about eighteen years old. In love with Speckbacher.*

Isabelle Gamper, *a servant in Hofer's family.*

Hofer's Son, *a boy of ten years.*

ACT I

Scene I

Time, 1809. A village square. On the left of the stage is the entrance to an inn. From the front of it is a hanging sign, with the words, "The Sandhof, Andreas Hofer." A pair of chamois horns is over the entrance. A table for guests stands in front of the inn. In the background is the façade of a church, showing its big doors. ANNA HOFER *is carding flax upon a frame and* GRETCHEN *is spinning on a flax-wheel,* ANNA *dressed as a Tyrolese peasant and* GRETCHEN *as a girl of the peasant class.*

Gretchen. You've seemed so sad the last few days, dear mother!
A cloud has hung upon your brow; your eyes
Have seemed to gaze afar, miles off, as if
They feared the shadow of some evil.
Anna. 'Tis nothing, dear! A passing cloud!
Gretchen. But passing clouds ne'er linger on the Brenner
As this one does.
Anna. 'Tis naught should cast its shadow over you!
Gretchen. Whatever care has laid its hand on you
[*Coming up to her.*
Has gripped your daughter's heart. 'Tis right it should.

Tell me your secret, mother. [*Kissing her.*

Anna. That old, that horrid ghost of revolution!
This ghastly spectre shakes its head at us
And makes your father's days a sepulchre
Of buried hopes.

Gretchen. No new guest in our forest home!

Anna. No. Ever since that sun of Austerlitz
'T has sat, unbidden, at our fireside!
It sits beside us at our board and eats
The bread of poverty and never starves.
'Tis four years since the hand of conquest tore
The Tyrol from its mother-breast 't had nourished
And laid its aching head upon for ages.
Napoleon bade us love another King
And hate the heart had loved us.

Gretchen. Oh, poor, poor Tyrol! Poor, poor Tyrol!
How her children weep
At their misfortunes and their mother's fate!

Anna. Those tendrils which for five long centuries
Have wound their loving fingers round her heart,
They cannot be so boldly wrenched away
And forced to live in alien soil.

[*A storm is gathering.*

Gretchen. Bavaria, our foster-mother, she —
Does she not grow more kind?

Anna. She's crueller than ever! No charity
For our old love! Had she but been e'en kind
We Tyrolese had walked in leading-strings,
And, maybe, kissed the hand had smote us.
Had she half-kept the plights and promises

She made when she adopted us, she might
Have smothered these fires that burn so fiercely now.

Gretchen. But what is fanning them to flame?

Anna. Ah! I must tell you, child. You ought to know.
Napoleon now is coiled about Vienna.
Bavaria is levying contributions
Of men and money to feed his mad ambition.
The Austrian Emperor has sent his couriers here
To beg his faithful Tyrolese to rise
And snap Bavaria's chains.

[GRETCHEN *sits at her mother's feet.*

Gretchen. And will our people rise?

Anna. The Tyrol is a cauldron of sedition
And brews Protean schemes.

Gretchen. But this will lead to bloodshed?

[*Meditatively.*

Anna. This fear is not a stranger to our hearts.
Your father holds the lamp to hope, forbearance,
And all Passayerthal hangs on his lips
As Israel hung on Moses'!

Gretchen. These men whose steps with stealth at night
Visit so oft our hearthstone, these are patriots?

[*Thunder and lightning.*

Anna. (*Embracing her daughter, half-frightened.*)
Too true, my child! A storm is gathering.
The skies and mountain-tops are over-charged
With sulphur; lightnings stretch their bony arms
And fiery fingers towards the eastern summits:

These portents have some bloody meaning.

[*Flashes.*

They are the flashings of the angry eye of God!

Gretchen. And what can woman do?

Anna. What woman always has and always must.

Gretchen. (*Eagerly.*) What's that?

Anna. Be patient and endure!

Gretchen. But should the storm-cloud burst, what then?

Anna. Be helpmates to the men; bind up their wounds,
Stay here at home and sow and reap the crops,
And knit and mend and spin and weave.

Gretchen. The fires of one revolution, so
Emelia says, turned spoons to bullets.

Anna. Ah! She's a daughter of the Medici
And knows much more of history than I.

Gretchen. 'Twas in the New World women melted down
A statue of their King to mould to bullets.

Anna. Exemplars for our Tyrolese!

[Emelia *appears.*

Gretchen. Here comes Emelia.

[*Jumping up and running to meet her.*

[Emelia *comes forward and* Anna *rises to greet her.*

Emelia. Why are you both so sad? Your faces are
As long as Father Joachim's sermons.

Gretchen. Oh, mother — has — been — saying —

[*Hesitating.*

Anna. Saying — you have not told your beads to-day? [*Playfully.*

December showering snow upon the head
Of May! December is a cruel jade!

Gretchen. Oh, no! Not that!

Emelia. You've put too little rennet in the milk?

Gretchen. Not that, indeed!

Emelia. Not salt enough in your last churning?

Gretchen. (*Smiling.*) No! No!

Emelia. Forgot to feed the lambs?

Gretchen. No, never that! Now you must guess again.

Emelia. The weasels making mincemeat of your chickens?

Tut! Tut! I have you now.

Gretchen. Not yet! Not yet!

Emelia. Ah! Joe has not been here to-day. Ha! Ha!

I have you now. Your face confesses it.

Anna. You are in merry mood to-day, Emelia.
What makes us sad is of a graver sort.

Emelia. Death has not shot an eagle shaft
Among your kin? [*Alarmed.*

Anna. Not yet! Not yet! May God be praised! [*Knocks on wood.*

Emelia. "Not yet?" What can this mean?

Gretchen. Come, may I tell our secret, mother?

Anna. But little news to her, I fear!

Gretchen. Have — you — yet — heard? Emelia, do you know [*Taking her hand in hers.*

That our Passayerthal is festering with revolution?

Emelia. I know my father has been writing hats-full
Of mystic symbols, saying: "The Time has come."
I know that Mercuries are on the wing
Like bats, conveying them, by night, now here,
Now there and everywhere. I heard, one night
When sleep sat lightly on his eyelids,
Him say: "Put shavings, soaked in blood, afloat
Upon the river Inn."

Anna. What mean such bloody portents?

Emelia. He has not *said,* nor have I asked.
[*Archly.*

Anna. But yet you know?

Emelia. Could I stand on the tower when patriots
Are scattering cockatrice's poisoned eggs,
And let my eyes swim on in dreamy sleep?
The heads that hatch such schemes may ere long grin
From castle gates.

Anna. These rocks, these walls, these solitudes have eyes,
Have ears and tattling tongues, perhaps. [*Alarmed.*

Gretchen. Yes, yes, speak not so loud, Emelia.
[*In a whisper.*

Emelia. They'll soon hear groans and sighs and women's wails,
Hear whistling messengers, on ravens' wings,
Splitting their ears with deadly whir and crash.
Your father? Will he soon return?

Gretchen. He's in the mountains, hunting.

Emelia. Chamois, no doubt! They must be thick as leaves. [*Incredulously.*

Why, all our peasants have turned hunters! Where'er
You go, the men are in the mountains, hunting;
Their wives crawl round like frightened deer.

Anna. But on the Brenner is't the same?

Emelia. Yes, so I hear.

Anna. And in the Pusterthal?

Emelia. The same.

Anna. At Innsbruck, too?

Emelia. The same.

Anna. Along the Inn?

Emelia. The same.

Anna. At Botzen so?

Gretchen. And in the Dolomites?

Emelia. (*Half in mockery.*) The same! The same! The men are *hunting.*

Anna. We can no longer hide our thoughts and fears. [*Frankly.*

You know our hearts as well as we.

Emelia. I know your hearts! Your fears are idle winds!

We all wear telltale marks upon our faces:
These hunters are *conspirators.*

Anna. I fear they are.

Emelia. For years we've groaned beneath a staggering burden

Of churches profaned, of taxes murderous;
Our trades, the hands whereby we live, are wrenched
From out our grasp; our fathers, brothers, sons,

Conscripts to fight Napoleon's wars in Prussia, Spain,
E'en in Vienna, where our kindred breathe
The soft delicious atmosphere of home.
The very name of Tyrol — dear to us
Next to our own! — e'en this that red right hand
Would wrench from us. Our vales, which God has christened
With his creative kiss of deity,
These carpenters have hewed and portioned out
In provinces, bounded and labelled so
The Tyrolese now scarcely knows his home.
This man insults the great Creator; wrongs
Our fathers by such acts.

[*The ranz des vaches is heard upon the mountains. All three listen. After awhile it is repeated.* ISABELLE GAMPER, *the servant, rushes in.*

Isabelle. 'Tis Joe!

Gretchen. Here come the students, mother!

Emelia. Our homes are but the spoils of conquest, thrown
To Bavaria as offal is to dogs,
To dull their appetites! So lions tear
The carcass of some steer apart and toss
A leg to one, a shoulder to another.
At Austerlitz this angry boy bethought
To punish Austria by tearing off
A province, valley, town, its people, too,
To throw them to the greedy wolves and jackals
Who followed at his heels. So Alexander —
Another spoiled and petted child of Fortune! —

Tore off some satrapy, tore out the heart
Of Persia; threw them to his generals.

[*The ranz des vaches is heard again nearer.*

Anna. (*Reflecting.*) I fear our lintel's blood-marked!

Emelia. (*Continuing.*) These masters grind the faces of our poor,
They confiscate our land or bread for taxes.
You know poor Marie Krieg, the farrier's wife,
Whose husband went to Spain? Poor Marie strove
With might and main, from dawn to dawn again,
To eke out pittances and feed her babes.
She nursed the sick; she sweltered in the fields;
When Winter clutched these in his icy vise,
She knit, she sewed, she spun and wove for others,
While Wilhelm's blood was drenching Moorish plains.

[*A hunter's voice is heard calling his dog.*

Her fight with want had left her thin and wan
When April raised the latch on Hohenschwangau's
Gates and let the Spring in gorgeous splendor in.
On yester-e'en I passed her rookery
And saw this sword of conquest send her forth
A waif and wanderer.

Gretchen. Poor Marie! She's but one of hundreds, now
Scouring these barren hills for roots and herbs,
To keep the demon Hunger down.

[Joseph Speckbacher *enters with* Jacob Straub, *both of Hall, and* Heinrich Etschman *and*

PETER WIESLAND, *both of Tassig. These latter three are students in the University of Vienna.* JOSEPH *is a hunter, the Tell of the Tyrol. All are ardent patriots. They come on the stage singing the "Marseillaise," hot and dusty from their long tramp. Some have their hats in their hands, and one has an Austrian flag waving from his cane. They are dressed in the Tyrolean jager costume, with little green Tyrolean hats, an eagle's feather in each.*

Gretchen. We heard you up the mountain.

Joseph. (*Wiping the sweat from his forehead with his shirt-sleeve.*) Well, by the Great Horn Spoon! We tramped across
The Pass as if the Devil were on our heels!

Anna. But why such haste?

Straub. Only for fun! We're on a lark. We've chucked
Our books away to get a drink of mountain air.

Etschman. And good Tyrolean beer!

Anna. You must be thirsty.

Joe. Yes, we could drink a hogshead!

[GRETCHEN *begins to arrange the table. Puts on glasses and pretzels.*

Anna. (*To* ISABELLE.) Go fetch some beer.

ISABELLE *goes to fetch some beer.*

Joe. A hogshead! (*In an undertone to* GRETCHEN.) Is anybody here?

Gretchen. *We* seem to be here, Joe.

Joe. (*Laughing.*) No! No! Police!
[*His finger on his lips.*

Gretchen. Oh, no! What makes you ask? You frighten me.

Joe. They're skulking hereabouts. That's why I yodeled.

Gretchen. I'm glad my father is away.

Joe. But where is he?

Gretchen. Upon the mountain, hunting.

Joe. (*Amused.*) Chamois, no doubt! They're thick as strawberries!

Gretchen. (*Innocently.*) Yes.

Joe. As plentiful as baby elephants!

[ISABELLE *comes in with a big pitcher of beer in each hand.* JOE *seizes one and, without waiting for a mug, begins to drink.* STRAUB *tries to get it, but* JOE *runs across the stage with it, drinks his fill, and hands the pitcher to* STRAUB, *who finishes it and sets it on the table. The others are taking seats.*

Joe. (*Wiping his mouth across his shirt-sleeve.*) With beer like that all countries would be free!

Etschman. 'Tis better than Vienna beer.

Straub. Och! Much the same.

Joe. But better beer than Munich. That's only ink! [*All assent.*

Wiesland. Only for soft-shells!

Straub. Bavarian swells!

Joe. But not for mountain goats!
[*Satirically.*

Straub. Or chamois hunters!

[ANNA *and* GRETCHEN *take seats at the table.* ANNA *drinks beer from the mugs with the others, but not* GRETCHEN. EMELIA *stands aloof, at the door of the Inn.*

Etschman. Come, a song! A song!

[*Others say, "A song."*

Straub. Come, Joe. Yes, a song.

Joe. What shall it be?

Straub. The "Stein Song."

All. Yes, yes, "The Stein Song."

[JOE, *with a mug in his hand from which he drinks occasionally, and his foot on a chair, sings "The Stein Song," a drinking-song popular in Boston about 1900. Others applaud and join in the chorus, tapping their mugs on the table in time with the singing.* ISABELLE *refills the pitchers and brings more pretzels when needed. When the song is ended,* STRAUB *says:*

Straub. That song is as filling as beer!

Joe. All right. Give me your shoppen.

[*He takes* STRAUB'S *mug, and drains it, to the amusement of the others. After a silence:*

Wiesland. Another song. [*All assent.*

Joe. Come, Straub, it's your turn!

[STRAUB, *who has been growing sweet on* GRETCHEN, *sitting beside her, sings "Drink to me only with thine eyes," and tries, at the close, to fondle her under the chin. This she*

smilingly resents. Joe shows some impatience at this liberty. Emelia *smiles knowingly at* Anna, *who resents* Joe's *attempt to make himself at home. She thinks him a bit of a vagabond. Clicking of glass in time and jollity. During this* Hofer's Son, *a boy of ten years, enters, followed by a Bavarian Guardsman, chasing him.*

Boy. Help! Help! [*Running up to his mother.*

Guardsman. Come here, you little rebel.

Boy. Save me, mother! I didn't mean no harm.

Anna. Why, what's the matter, dear?

[*Stroking his head.*

Guardsman. Matter enough. I found this little rascal on the top of King Leopold's statue, riding on the horse behind the King, and half a dozen other boys were cheering him. Here they come, the pesky varmints! [*Other boys come in.*

Boy. I didn't mean no harm. The other boys dared me, and I took the stunt.

Anna. This is the statue of our new King!

[*Reproachfully.*

Another Boy. Bavaria's King, but not the Tyrol's.

Guardsman. There! You see the very children here are rebels.

Another Boy. He's not our King. The Tyrolese are Austrians!

Another Boy. King Francis is our King!

[*Guardsman tries to catch this boy, but they all run away.*

Guardsman. I'll show you who's your King.

[*Takes hold of* Hofer's Son.

Joe. 'Twas all in sport.

Guardsman. Indeed, 'twas not! It was only yesterday these ragamuffins pelted spit-balls at King Leopold's face. Two nights ago they tied some tow to the horse's tail and set it afire.

Anna. Some *man* suggested this.

Hofer's Boy. A man told us about the tow. But the spit-balls were my own idea.

[*Some smile.*

Joe. But what's his crime?

Guardsman. Lèse majesté.

Straub. But this applies to living kings, not iron effigies.

Joe. What's the penalty?

Guardsman. Two hundred marks.

Several Voices. Two hundred marks for nothing!

Guardsman. But those who ride with kings must pay a kingly price.

[*Starts to lead* Hofer's Son *off.*

Anna. Oh, let him go! He'll never do this thing again.

Guardsman. No. He'll do more, perhaps.

Joe. I'll vouch for him.

Guardsman. Are you his father?

Joe. No.

Guardsman. What, then?

Joe. Oh, — nothing, — yet.

[Gretchen *blushes, and* Anna *looks stern.*

Guardsman. Who will vouch for you? Where is his father?

GRETCHEN. He's in the mountains, hunting.

Guardsman. (*Satirically.*) Humph! Hunting! What's his name?

Gretchen. Andreas Hofer.

Guardsman. Arch-rebel of the Tyrol! Come, come along!

Joe. You must not take this boy.

Guardsman. I'll take you, too.

[GRETCHEN *appeals to* JOE *to refrain from interfering.*

Anna. His father will be here ere long.

[*Guardsman takes the boy off.* ANNA, GRETCHEN, JOE *follow.*

Emelia. They drink rebellion with their mother's milk!

Straub. And rarefy each drop by Freedom's breath!

Emelia. How long must we endure these chains?

Straub. Napoleon now is chained on Lobau Island.
A courier from Vienna came to Innsbruck
To order all the French-Bavarian troops
Out of the Tyrol to his relief.

Emelia. What's this I hear?

Etschman. Tell her the tale.

Straub. The Danube has been our deliverer.

Emelia. But how?

Straub. He sought to cross his army o'er the Danube;
It rose and swept his bridge away.

Half of his army now's on Lobau Island.
Lannes has been killed; his dying words were these: —
" You would sacrifice us all to your ambition."

Emelia. The River-God in rage at his presumption!

Straub. So Neptune's jaws once crunched old Spain's Armada.

Emelia. The rills, whose baby drops have breathed the air
Of Alpine heights, — those cradles of the glaciers! —
The eagles and the stars watch piously;
There, in sweet Freedom's awful solitudes,
They learned her sacred song; and this they chanted
As down the steeps they swept in surging volumes
Till Nature's diapason swelled to Danube's roar.

Straub. Now here's the chance the Tyrol's longed for!
Napoleon calls his sleuth-hounds to Vienna
And the Tyrol can be free.

Emelia. But the sleeping giant must awake.

Etschman. Yes, every vale and hamlet must awake.

Straub. And send their sons to form a patriot army —

Etschman. And bulwark 'gainst invasion.

Emelia. And who shall lead them?

Straub. Andreas Hofer. [*All assent.*

Emelia. To-morrow he comes here.

Straub. The Tyrol may be free!

[*All go out, waving their hats and cheering.*

Scene II

Same scene as preceding. The morning after. Time, sunrise. ANNA *and* GRETCHEN *are on the stage when the curtain rises, dressed as dairy-women.* ANNA *stands at a tub in front of the door, wheying curd, and putting the whey in a bucket beside her.* GRETCHEN *is churning with a dash-churn.* ISABELLE GAMPER, *the servant, passes in and out about her work.*

Gretchen. (*Looking down over the valley below.*)
How sweetly smiles the God of Day, dear mother,
Upon our village! Smoke is curling up.
See! Incense rises from a hundred altars,
And forms in golden aureoles above
Each happy home!

Anna. Yes, Sand is beautiful. When Father Joachim
Came back from Palestine he told us all
That Bethlehem, itself, lay not more sweetly
Upon the bosom of Judea's hills;
Nor did that chosen people of our Lord
Lie closer to their Master's heart.

Gretchen. (*Looking afar.*) The herds are winding up the mountainside,
Some loitering beside the brook to drink,
Some playing hide-and-seek among the bushes.
There are three heifers racing like three children;

The red one is ahead! No, now the white!
Now Brindle is ahead! Yes, Brindle wins!
The Bell-Cow stands there watching them like some
Gray-bearded judge, who scorns such idle sport.
I think sometimes they're happier than we.

Anna. And why, dear child?

Gretchen. They've naught to do but eat and drink and sleep;
They breathe clear ether, drink from sparkling springs,
And feed on heather bred by sun and dew,
And ramble where the sweet thyme climbs, and sleep
Their thoughtless sleep where Nature spreads her tent.

Anna. They have no moral nature, never know
When right is right and wrong is wrong.

Gretchen. But on these heights we tread that know no sin,
No slums of vice, no whirlpools of temptation,
Our native sense of right is much like theirs.

Anna. What, man is like the beast?

Gretchen. Our sensibilities are like our muscles:
Unused, they're nerveless, limp and powerless.

Anna. They have no souls, these beasts.

Gretchen. The soulless lives they lead are happiest.
The nearer to our Mother-Earth we come,
To birds and beasts, devoid of conscience, the happier our lives.

Anna. Then nuns who take the veil and dwell in cloisters
Are happier than we. Yet who would lead
Their dull and painless life-in-death?

Gretchen. Ah me! (*With a sigh.*) I wonder if, when we are dead,
Our souls do really enter beasts and birds?
Emèlia says some Greek philosophers
Thought so. If this be true, I wish my soul
Might haunt some milk-white heifer
And be beloved by Jove.

Anna. (*Smiling.*) Then I should be the mother of a heifer,
Be killed and eaten, skinned, and turned
To seven-leagued boots.

Gretchen. (*Smiling and going up to her, affectionately.*) Oh, how absurd you are! You are too good
And kind and sweet for such base uses!

Anna. (*Stroking her hair.*) I'm glad you are a girl with heaven-blue eyes,
And cheeks as rosy and as sweet as dawn,
So velvety the amorous winds delight
To kiss them, kiss and kiss again as I do now.
[*Kissing her.*

Gretchen. And I am glad to be your loving daughter,
So both are satisfied.

EMELIA *comes in, a little out of breath from climbing the hill.*

Emelia. What joy! What sweetness fills the air! 'Tis drunk
With sun and dew and nectrous perfumes!
As I climbed up the hill your shining homes

Seemed like a group of snow-white nuns, fair maids
Invested with the veil of sanctity.

Anna. Such happy thoughts were guests, too, in our minds.

Emelia. Last night I could not sleep with worrying.
I lit my candle, took a book, and read
The form and circumstance of consecration
When first the Pope puts on the triple crown.
'Tis meant to teach that piety of life
Is more than all the panoply of power;
For when that crown is placed upon his head,
There in that chapel luminous with genius,
With Angelo's Last Judgment facing him,
And those colossal words are said, " Father
Of Kings and Princes, Regent of the World,
God's Vicar upon earth," a silver staff
On which a mimic flame of flax is burning
Is raised before him, and these words pronounced:
" Sic transit gloria mundi " — so shall fade
The glory of this world, for holiness
Alone withstands the alchemy of God.

Anna. (*Kneeling and raising her folded. hands.*)
A solemn sight in this our hour of peril!

Emelia. That symbol staggered me! Somehow these sleepless
Hobgoblin nights, which so reduce our vigor,
Help us to see our frailties.

Anna. Is this not why some holy, godlike men
Have lived by fasting, dwelt in dens and caves,
Been hermits, anchorets, and stood on columns,

Chewed grass and herbs to crucify the flesh?

Emelia. No doubt!

[GRETCHEN *looks into the churn.*

Gretchen. Isabelle! Isabelle! Come take the churn,
The butter has come. [ISABELLE *comes in for it.*

Anna. Come back and take the tubs to the dairy,
And I will put the curd into the press myself.

[ISABELLE *comes back and helps with the tub, and she and* ANNA *go off.*

Emelia. (*To* GRETCHEN.) Where is Joe?

Gretchen. He went to Sterzing early this morning.

Emelia. When I left home my father too had left
On wings for Sterzing.

Gretchen. But why to Sterzing?

Emelia. Can you not guess?

Gretchen. I half suspect.

Emelia. The rendezvous! The League of Patriots
Meets there — the centre of the Tyrol.

Gretchen. Your father — told — you — this?

Emelia. Not he! Oh, no! But I have eyes and ears!

Gretchen. I, too, last night slept little. Dreaming, I saw
An avalanche come sweeping down upon us,
As Herculaneum was entombed beneath
The fury of Vesuvius.

Emelia. A dream! A dream! Naught more! Our dreams are not
Prophetic oracles, but vaporings

Of half-awakened fancy.

[Baron Hapsburg *enters, in hunting costume, with gun and game bag.*

Gretchen. Here's some one come to see you.

[*Archly, in undertone.*

Emelia. He has his gun; some other kind of deer
He's hunting for.

Gretchen. The antlered deer falls easier, but Cupid's
Shots are feather-winged and not so deadly.

Baron. Good-morrow, queen of dairy-maids! The sun
To-day has played the laggard. His steps
Were on the mountainside long after yours.

Gretchen. An hour, perhaps.

Baron. Diana, too, has wet her fairy feet
With earlier dews than usual.

[*To* Emelia.

Emelia. I have not seen the Huntress Queen to-day.

Baron. I fear you dressed without your looking-glass,
For I descried her, lighting like a cloud
Upon the grassy shoulder of a mountain,
All robed in majesty.

Emelia. Rather an unsubstantial robe! Was she
About to take her bath?

Baron. A bath of sunshine.

Emelia. And all her nymphs caparisoned the same?

Baron. I saw but one, and she was robed in sweet
Simplicity. [*Turning to* Gretchen.

Emelia. Better to dress in plain Tyrolean home-spun! [*Turning away.*

Baron. Have you seen Joe to-day?

Gretchen. Not seen, but heard him. He was off before
The lark was up.

Baron. I hoped to capture him for hunting.

Emelia. You are too late. The chamois takes to cover
Before the sun is high.

Baron. Too late! It seems to be my fate. I'll wait
Awhile. Meanwhile, will Isabelle bring me
A glass of milk?

Gretchen. I'll send her here.

[*She goes out and* Isabelle *brings in a pitcher of milk and a glass.*

Emelia. A mild decoction, this, for men! [*Satirically.*

Baron. You have no smiles to-day.

Emelia. I'm not in humor quite for idle words.

Baron. And may I ask what troubles you?

Emelia. Yes, you may ask, but answers are not cherries
A man can pick whene'er he will.

Baron. One question I have often asked.

Emelia. One answer I have always given.

Baron. But why?

Emelia. Because it suits my will.

Baron. But why? Please tell me that.

[Emelia, *who has been indifferent, meditates.*

Emelia. You wish to know the truth, the very truth?

Baron. I do, indeed.

Emelia. And can you bear the truth?

Baron. I can.

Emelia. Then you shall know! You have a right to know!

I have no smiles for tinselled popinjays
Who flit about the Austrian Court as moths
About a candle, basking in its rays,
Its glimmerings, as if these were the sun.
This world has work to do. Our lives are wasted
When spent in fripperies and dress-parades.

Baron. But I would work if I knew how and where.

Emelia. But you were born to hold command; endowed
With talents; yet you hunt and fish and browse
Through life like yonder flocks and herds.

Baron. What would you have me do?

Emelia. Do something, anything which man should do
Made in the image of his Maker! Love
Your fellow-men! Strike off their shackles!

Baron. But I am Austrian, not Tyrolean.

Emelia. But I'm Tyrolean!

Baron. My sister is betrothed to Louis, Prince Of Bavaria.

Emelia. Need that put jewels in your ears?

Baron. My sister is the wife of Prince Eugene, Napoleon's foster-son.

Emelia. Both are our enemies. And you?

Baron. A neutral.

Emelia. Hermaphrodite! Who is not with us is
Against us. In times of awful stress,
When stricken souls sweat drops of agony,
Irresolution is an enemy.

Baron. But I have tried the Fabian way to chain
These tigers who would lick the Tyrol's blood.

Emelia. Then cross the Rubicon! These minute-men
And peasants nothing know of war. They'll wing
An eagle at good distance; in the open
They're a mob. But you have been a soldier,
And trained in Austrian camps. Our passes are
Thermopylæs where a hundred could outface
A world in arms. But on the plains this God
Of War can beat us.

Baron. But will the Tyrol rise?

Emelia. These snows upon these mountains, will they melt
When April suns shall beat upon their heads?
Sirocco's blasts sweep up from Lombardy?
Then every brook, released from Winter's chains,
Will whisper, every torrent roar its song
Of Freedom. So will every vale and hamlet,
Each glen and pass, when Andreas Hofer lights
The signal-fires, echo Freedom's song.

Baron. Can this be true?

Emelia. I cannot say when will the tocsin sound,

But I'm no dreamer, and these words are true.

[*They walk off the stage in earnest conversation.* JOSEPH *enters in haste, with a paper in his hand.*

Joseph. A man, all out of breath with running, brought me this paper, as I was on my way to Sterzing. He said that Andreas Hofer gave it him, and bade him give it me at once. What! No one here? I cannot read. The devil take those days when I played truant. But Isabelle can read.

[*Calls, "Isabelle, Isabelle," and* ISABELLE *comes in from her work, with her sleeves rolled up.* Can you read French? [*Blusteringly.*

Isabelle. Oh, no! I never studied French.

Joseph. (*Looking at the paper.*) But can you read Italian?

Isabelle. No.

Joseph. But you have been to school?

Isabelle. Oh, yes, indeed! Three winters.

Joseph. And cannot read?

Isabelle. Yes, yes, I can.

Joseph. You can! I don't believe you. Now I'll just try you and see if you can read.

[*Shows her the paper.*

Isabelle. But this is not Italian.

Joseph. Ha, ha! So! So! Who said it was? I thought that you could read!

Isabelle. I can.

Joseph. Why don't you, then? You're fooling me. Give me the paper. (*Takes it.*) I'll read it for myself.

These children nowadays are frightful ignorant.

[*Pretends to read.*

Isabelle. That's only writing.

Joseph. Oh, ho! Only writing! Not French, Italian! [*Confused.*

Isabelle. That's Tyrolese!

Joseph. (*Regaining his composure.*) Of course it's Tyrolese! Why, don't you think I know my native tongue? Now let me see if you can read your native tongue, and mind you read it carefully, and dot your i's and cross your t's. Make no mistakes.

[*Handing her the paper.*

Isabelle. It's upside down.

Joseph. (*Taken aback.*) Oh, ho! So! So!

Isabelle. But I can turn it round.

Joseph. So! So! Why, of course you can.

[*Surprised.*

Isabelle. (*Reading slowly and pointing at each word.*) "The — time — has — come. — Rouse — "

Joseph. (*Eagerly.*) What? What word is that? Make no mistake!

Isabelle. "The — time — has — come. — Rouse — the Passayerthal — " [Joe *nods. She hesitates.*

Joe. (*Impatiently.*) Spell it.

Isabelle. (*Spelling it.*) "And Pusterthal."

Joe. Yes, Pusterthal. That's right. You read much better than I thought you could. You must have been to school two winters.

Isabelle. *Three* winters, Mr. Speckbacher.

Joseph. Three winters! So long? I quite believe

you. Now, fire away! Your eye upon each word, and spell it when you are not sure.

Isabelle. "Light — fires — on — Berg Isel."

Joseph. Yes, yes! I will. Light — fires — on — Berg Isel. When? When? Read quick!

Isabelle. (*In a little huff.*) I read as fast as ever I can and make no mistakes. If you can read it faster, do it yourself. [*Offering him the paper.*

Joe. Come, come, Miss Puss, don't be so cross. I only want to see how fast your little tongue can run.

Isabelle. I'm not a jumping-jack. I cannot run and skip as if I were a schoolmaster.

Joe. Well, well, now let us see if you can read the rest.

Isabelle. (*Reading.*) "Light — fires — on Berg Isel — and — on — the — Brenner — to-morrow — night — at — sunset." That's all.

Joe. My God! Do you read true?

Isabelle. Indeed I do. Read it yourself.

Joe. (*Taking the paper.*) You read it very well, as well as I could read myself. Go send your mistress here. Now run away.

[Isabelle *goes after* Gretchen.

Joe. (*Musing.*) To-morrow! To-morrow night at sunset! Thank God the fight begins! "Light fires on Berg Isel and on the Brenner. Rouse the Passayerthal and Pusterthal." Four mountains to be climbed! They are twenty miles apart.

[*The sound of galloping horses is heard. Enter two Guardsmen of the Bavarian police.*

First Guardsman. Where does Andreas Hofer live?

Joe. This is his inn.

First Guardsman. Is he at home?

Joe. 'Tis not my home. I do not know.

First Guardsman. When will he be at home?

Joe. I'm not his keeper. Ask of those that know.

[GRETCHEN *comes in, is surprised to see the Guardsmen.* JOE *tips her the wink.*

Joe. Here comes his daughter; she may know.

First Guardsman. This inn is Andreas Hofer's?

Gretchen. It is.

First Guardsman. Is he at home?

Gretchen. No, not to-day.

First Guardsman. Where has he gone?

Gretchen. He's in the mountains, hunting.

First Guardsman. (*Winks at Second Guardsman. Aside.*) These rebels all are in the mountains hunting.

Second Guardsman. He will be at home to-night?

[JOSEPH *makes a cautionary motion to* GRETCHEN.

Gretchen. Unless the deer beguile his steps too far or other cause delay him.

First Guardsman. (*Satirically.*) How very definite! Come, let us have some beer. Have you Bavarian beer?

Gretchen. We have Tyrolean beer.

First Guardsman. Shall we try that?

Second Guardsman. No, no. It gives me waterbrash.

Gretchen. They have Bavarian beer at the Hotel Boule d'Or sometimes, across the mountains.

First Guardsman. Too far away!

Gretchen. Will you not try our native wine? We call it "Maedchen-Milch." The Tyrolese adore it.

First Guardsman. The name is quite alluring.

[*As* GRETCHEN *goes to fetch it* JOE *makes motions to her to put into it some sleeping decoction.*

First Guardsman. Know you one Joe? He's often hereabout. Some people call him "Hunter Joe."

[JOE *startled, but soon composed.*

JOE. I know some hunters, and I've heard the name of Joe.

First Guardsman. Most people have.

[*Amused at* JOE'S *apparent simplicity.*

Joe. (*Feeling his way.*) A tall, ungainly man?

First Guardsman. Yes. That is his description.

Joe. He has a gun.

First Guardsman. Most hunters have.

Joe. He hunts among the mountains?

First Guardsman. (*Amused.*) Chiefly in cities! There game is plentiful.

Joe. A worthless (*Guardsman nods*), shiftless, (*Guardsman nods*), brainless, good-for-nothing oaf.

First Guardsman. Yes, yes, so people say.

Joe. His father owns the salt mines down at Hall?

First Guardsman. Yes, that's the man. A famous shot. The best in all the Tyrol.

Second Guardsman. At all the schützenfests this guzzling Joe is loaded down with prizes.

Joe. I think I've heard of him somewhere.

[*Here* GRETCHEN *comes in with the wine and sets*

the two glasses on the table, smiling to JOE, *but soon withdraws to hide her anxiety for his welfare.*

First Guardsman. That wine is fit for the gods to drink. (JOE *pretends he would like some.*) I'm sorry for you, Sorrel-Top. 'Tis not for you!

First Guardsman. We've scoured the country round from here to Innsbruck in search for Joe.

Joe. That vagabond?

First Guardsman. Yes, Joe, the vagabond.

Second Guardsman. He's wanted by the Governor at Innsbruck.

Joe. For what?

Second Guardsman. For treason against Bavaria.

Joe. This brainless, shiftless, guzzling vagabond?

Second Guardsman. Yes — he.

First Guardsman. A price is offered for his head.

Joe. A price? (*Coolly.*) How much?

First Guardsman. A thousand marks.

Joe. But is he worth so much?

First Guardsman. That's not for us to say. 'Tis a big round sum!

Joe. (*Meditating.*) Well, that's an object. And now I think of it, I saw a fellow yesterday at Innsbruck might fit your coat. The people called him Joe. He won the prize at Botzen a day or two before.

Second Guardsman. And so did "Hunter Joe," I heard.

Joe. A cross-grained man.

First Guardsman. So we hear.

Joe. An ignorant cub.

Second Guardsman. He cannot read or write.

Joe. (*A little ashamed, and looking sheepishly at* GRETCHEN.) I did not see him read. But I should *think* this man could *read.*

First Guardsman. He hated school, this Joe. And when the other boys were at their books, this Joe was in the woods, and hunting.

Joe. A very dunce.

First Guardsman. A brother of old Baalam's ass.

Joe. (*Half-angry.*) Yes, so 'twould seem.

First Guardsman. Come, help us find this fellow, and we will give you part of our reward.

Joe. How much?

First Guardsman. A hundred marks.

Joe. But how much down?

First Guardsman. Why, fifty.

Joe. In hand?

First Guardsman. (*To Second Guardsman.*) How many marks have you?

Second Guardsman. Twenty.

First Guardsman. (*Counting.*) Yes, in hand.

Joe. Then let me see the silver.

First Guardsman. (*Showing it.*) See how it shines.

Joe. Well, count it out!

[*First Guardsman counts out fifty marks and hands it to* JOE, *who coolly buttons it up in his pocket.*

First Guardsman. He is a monstrous shot, this fellow. A hunter told me this but yesterday. He saw

the trick. Joe took his hunting-knife — a knife like yours — and drove the blade into a tree, back to, then took his gun and ran dog-trot and loaded as he ran, then whirled and fired and split the ball upon the blade.

Second Guardsman. He shot an apple in a hunter's hand!

Joe. He did? God pity then Bavarians on whom he draws a bead!

Second Guardsman. We'd rather meet the devil than meet this mountain goat.

Joe. (*Aside.*) A mountain goat is better than "old Baalam's ass."

[*These men, who have been growing sleepy from the drugged wine they have drunk, now fall asleep.* EMELIA *and the* BARON *return, and* JOE *shows* EMELIA *the paper and they draw to the side of the stage.*

Emelia. My eyes drink up these words! 'Tis war at last!

[*She shows the paper to the* BARON. *All confer in low tones.*

Emelia. It will take four to do this work. Joe, you must take Berg Isel, and Isabelle the Schneeberg. Gretchen and I will go to Meran and rouse the minute-men.

Joe. But who will warn the Pusterthal?

[*All look toward the* BARON. *He makes no response.*

Emelia. (*To the* BARON). A bonfire must be built upon the Shreckberg before the sun goes down.

Baron. It is too far! Cannot be done!

Emelia. But will you try? Five thousand men are waiting to see that beacon-light!

[Baron *shakes his head in hesitation, while all look at him anxiously.*

Emelia. (*Aside to the* Baron.) You say you love me, say you wear your heart
Upon your face, your eyes are books wherein
I ought to read your tragedy of love.
You mope and heave deep sighs and say my heart
Is ice or it would melt beneath this heat.
Now will you light this fire for me?

Baron. Yes. I will do what man can do.

[*They all go off in different directions. As* Joe *goes out he turns scornfully at the sleeping Guardsmen.*

Joe. (*Between his teeth.*) If ever I draw bead on you, 'twill not be
Baalam's ass that kicks you.

Scene III

Next day. Same scene. About sunset. As the curtain rises it discloses a group of women at work preparing articles for the soldiers, Emelia *and* Gretchen *among them, dressed as hospital nurses, giving directions. Some are picking lint, some tearing bandages, some sewing, blankets, shirts, and packing them in boxes. A group on the side are moulding bullets.*

Emelia. Gretchen and I have been to Meran. All
The people, men and women, e'en the children,
Are at white-heat with patriotic ardor.
Five thousand men, with guns, pitchforks and scythes
And half a score of cannon, minutemen,
Will answer Hofer's call to arms. They march
To-night for Sterzing.

A Woman. Let God be praised!

Another Woman. They must have blankets, food . . .

Another. Powder and bullets . . .

Another. And lint and bandages to dress their wounds . . .

Another. Mothers and sisters to nurse them . . .

Another. And priests to bury them.

Another. Women to dig their graves and cover them with hemlock boughs so no Bavarian can tell the number of our dead.

[*A dozen children, boys and girls, come skipping up the stage from the corner of the church. Some women try to stop them.*

Anna. Here come the children! School is out!

Gretchen. Oh, let them have their dance!

Anna. Yes, yes, poor dears!
Be merry while you can! Your feet will soon
Be leaden.

First Woman. Eyes like rivulets —

Emelia. Their voices
Attuned to war's great diapason!

[*The children dance an informal Tyrolean dance*

about the stage, their feet keeping time to the music of this song:

Sparkling and bright,
With joy bedight,
The laughing brook sings on its way
And bears upon its silver spray
The words the mountain echoes say,
Joyous and free,
Babbling with glee.

Love thou, O sea,
Our life so free!
The music of our sighing pines,
The gems that sparkle in our mines,
Our nectars and our crystal wines
Borne in our arms
Are blest with charms.

On spirit wing
Upward we spring,
Ethereal shapes of air and cloud
Returning from old ocean's shroud,
We Naiad Queens, ghostly and proud,
The Mist and Foam,
Returning home!

[*As the sun is setting the Angelus tolls twelve strokes from the church tower. The dance*

stops. The children and women kneel and cross themselves, bowing their heads and repeating their Pater Nosters. Then they rise and reverently march in procession through the church doors. When they have entered they are heard singing the vesper hymn. After this is finished, COL. DITTFURT *and two soldiers enter. They are dressed in Bavarian uniforms.*

Dittfurt. All rebels! All this land is honeycombed
With treason! Yes, the very priests here preach
Sedition. All the abbeys have been closed,
The bishops exiled, friars ostracized,
And yet Rebellion poisons the very air!
No priest should say the mass without the King's
Consent, or take the oath of true allegiance.
'Tis this that staggers them! They blink and bite
Their tongues and hem and haw and bolt this oath.
No priest should wear his surplice, pardon sins,
Or raise the chalice to his traitorous lips;
And yet they lead their flocks to sheltered cotes
And slyly feed them with the bread of life,
And when I chase them from one den, they find
Some other covert in a twinkle.

Soldier. Must we hunt them with fire and sword?

Dittfurt. Such are my orders! Naught but fire and sword
Will kill these weeds of treason and sedition.

Soldier. Here's Hofer's Inn. There's no one here.

Dittfurt. Go through the house. Smoke out the rats!

[*Soldier goes into the house and comes out.*

Soldier. 'Tis silent as a sepulchre.

Dittfurt. But sepulchres have oped their jaws before
And vomited the fumes of Hell.

[*They hear the voice of the priest saying the mass. One of the soldiers opens the door and looks in.*

Second Soldier. The mass is being celebrated.

Dittfurt. The mass? And here? Great Hell! An unfrocked priest!

[*He looks in at the church door.*

'Tis Friar Joachim. Damn'dest of traitors. Clear the church!

Soldier. With bayonets?

Dittfurt. Yes, bayonets! No, wait! Where are the dogs?
Go bring the wolf-hounds here.

[*Soldier goes for the dogs.*

Soldier. There are no men. They're women, children, kneeling.

Dittfurt. Before an unfrocked priest. 'Tis rank rebellion
Against the law. Bring on the dogs.

Soldier. They have not fed to-day.

Other Soldier. (*Bringing them in leashed.*) I scarce can hold them.
See how their teeth are gleaming with hunger.

Dittfurt. They soon will have enough. Throw wide the doors!

[*Soldier unleashes the dogs, who bound through the door. The barking of dogs and screaming of women and children is heard. Soon women and children rush out on to the stage, pell-mell, and terror-stricken. Some kneel and raise their hands to Heaven for protection.*

I'll teach you rebel curs the majesty of law.

[Emelia *comes out with a child in her arms, frightened and bleeding. She tries to comfort the child.*

Never you mind the brat! It serves her right!

Emelia. The man who strikes a woman is a coward.

[Dittfurt *draws his sword.*

Dittfurt. The man who called me that would die.

Emelia. Who sets such hounds of Hell on women, helpless,

Defenceless children, he is a devil!

Dittfurt. No more! No more! Beware!

Emelia. Your heart's a very fiend's! No threat of yours

Can make me blench. Strike, strike me if you dare!

These women here will tear you limb from limb.

The sword of God or man ere long shall fall

Blood-red and dripping on your head! Remember!

Dittfurt. I never feared the face of man or God.

When Fate decrees my death shall come, then only.

The law ranks petticoats with trousers. Nail,

Nail up the doors! [*To the soldiers.*

[*As the soldiers are about to execute this order,* FATHER JOACHIM *comes out of the church, and raises his hands to command peace.*

Father Joachim. Peace! Peace, my children! We must kiss the hand
That chastens us, for so our Master taught.
Forgive your enemies! 'Tis this that makes
The Christian people nobler than prophet
Or philosopher e'er taught.

[*He comes down among them. All bow their heads to receive his blessing, while the curtain falls.*

ACT II

Scene I

The Rendezvous at Sterzing. Night. A mountain gorge, crossed by a stone bridge. Rose-colored Dolomites in the distance. Enter Andreas Hofer, Peter Gruber *and* Joseph de Medici. Hofer *and* Gruber *are dressed as Tyrolese hunters.* De Medici *as a scholar. The former are about thirty-five years old, the latter about sixty.* Hofer *has a long red beard,* De Medici, *a long gray one.*

Hofer. What lightning changes these three days have brought!
We then were thirty. Now we're thirty thousand.
Gruber. Our hopes were but a mirror of the Tyrol;
The love of country is the lodestar draws us all.
Medici. The setting sun beholds our signal-fires
Leap on to-night from alp to alp. Oh, what
A flame of fierce delight these fires will kindle
Within the Tyrol's heart!
Hofer. Our friends will soon be here. Shall we not build
A fire to warm and welcome them?
Gruber. Leave that to me.

[*He gathers brush and kindles a bonfire on the stage, round which they all gather as they come in.*

Hofer. Hark! Hark! What noise is that?

[*Peering into the darkness.*

Medici. Some branches crackling! Who goes there?

A Voice. Friends.

Medici. The countersign?

A Voice. "The time has come."

Medici. Oh, Speckbacher! And Jacob Straub!
Well named our minutemen! [*Recognizing them.*

[SPECKBACHER *and* STRAUB *enter. The others greet them cordially.*

Speckbacher. And Father Joachim trails behind.

[FATHER JOACHIM *comes in. They gather round the fire.*

Hofer. You came through Meran? Many stirring?

Joe. The village was alive! The streets were full,
As if a hive of bees had swarmed.

Hofer. All friendly to the cause?

Straub. All boiling with rebellion!

Hofer. Our first fight may be here.

Joe. No better place! Here let us stand our ground!
Here let the war begin!

Hofer. 'Tis easily defended.

Medici. 'Tis a Thermopylæ!

Hofer. Three carts of hay stand in the pass. These we
Can use for barricades. And we can pile
Up stones behind them.

[*Moon rising.*

Medici. See where the moon now lays her silver fingers
Across the Adige and the Dolomites,
Those rosy-mantled, cowled and giant monks
Who guard the passes up from Italy.
Look! Look! There! There! I think I see three forms
Stealing like thieves along behind the shadows.

[*All gaze out into the darkness.*

Joe. I see them!

Straub. So do I!

Hofer. Yes, I can now.

Joe. Hello!

[*A faint response is heard.*

Are you Bavarian, French, or Italians?

A Voice. Thank God, we're neither; we're Tyrolese!

Hofer. The countersign?

A Voice. "The time has come."

Joe. 'Tis Sieberer and Winterstall!

Gruber. And Anton Oppacher!

[Sieberer, Winterstall *and* Oppacher *enter, and while the others are greeting them,* Heinrich Etschman *and* Peter Wiesland *of Fassig, come through the forest from the other side of the stage, suddenly, followed by others.*

Etschman. We stole upon you unawares, like wolves
On unsuspecting sheep!

Hofer. The rebels were outrebelled.

[*A distant clock strikes nine. All listen.*

Medici. 'Tis nine o'clock! The curfew tolls the hour
For sleep. Let Tyranny now close her eyes
And patriots awake to vigilance,
For energy's the price of liberty.

Hofer. Are all now here? Five Cantons stand around
This fire we few have kindled. God be praised!

All. Amen!

Hofer. Shall I begin the Diet?

All. Such is our wish.

Hofer. With prayer, as was the ancient custom?

[*All assent. They take off their hats and bow their heads; some kneel.*

Friar Joachim. O Thou great God, who rulest land and sea,
And hold'st the Tyrol in Thy hollow hand,
Extend Thy wings above us! Be our buckler!
Oh, give this people strength, this council wisdom;
Confound the councils of our enemies!

Hofer. Shall I speak first? [*All assent.*
Good friends, a people's fate
May hang upon our counsels. Shoulder to shoulder
We've stood together, a bulwark of defence
In four short wars. Napoleon, Joubert, Ney
Have smote these rocks and they have gushed forth blood.
Torn from our mother's side, her heart, her joy,
We have been thrown like carrion to wolves.
Our Constitution, kissed by the reverent sons

Of half a thousand years, is now in rags.
Our farms are graveyards; churches, deserts; we
Cannot worship God, for Jews gloat o'er
Our chalices. Want stares us in the face.
The name of Tyrol, this has been wiped off
The map of Europe. [*Cries of "Shame! Shame!"*
Now 'tis three days since
I left Vienna, when our Emperor
Bade me to bring this message to his children,
His faithful Tyrolese: "Rise! Cast off
The chains Napoleon forged at Austerlitz!
He's now my prisoner on Lobau's isle;
We hold the key, with eighty thousand men.
The lion has been caged within this jungle.
Expel the invaders! Trust to Austria!
She holds the whip-lash over him. He breaks
His teeth 'gainst granite. Ground to the quick,
His jaws are toothless. Then our dogs of war
Will tear his heart out, drink his blood."
This is the message that he sent to you.
Will all the Cantons join this Patriot League?

A Voice. Let Nestor speak!

Medici. The Adige grasps the hand Passayerthal
Extends, and puts her shoulder to the wheel.
Our woes are mountainous as hers. We, sons
Of Italy, love liberty as you do.
My toils have been with books. When you have slept
Your dreamless sleep on beds of asphodel,
The ghosts of bygone ages haunted mine.
The deathless dead have been my boon-companions.

I've walked with Dante through the fields Elysian
And held sweet converse with the shade of Milton;
I've heard the Gracchi tell of that great chasm
That threatened to engulf the might of Rome,
And listened to great Greece's Cassandra sage,
Who thundered 'gainst the sword of Macedon,
And drunk deep draughts from that Thessalian spring;
I've ate the bread the new republic feeds on,
And knelt beside the tomb of Washington
As Paul once sat before Gamaliel's feet;
I've sipped the loving-cup with Lafayette
And Danton, Mirabeau and sweet Lamballe.
This converse with the great, this life upon
The mountain-tops of Time has filled my lungs
With Freedom's holy atmosphere. No men
Are good or great who breathe the air of slaves.

[*Applause.*

Hofer. The Pusterthal, will that rebel?

Peter Gruber. I keep an inn — I know the woes of peasants.

The Pusterthal is broken-backed with taxes;
The farmer drags a lengthening chain; he plows
A furrow tracked with blood. Want grins at him;
Hunger barks at his heels; his children cry
For bread; he gives them stones, and horsehair rags
To shield them from grim Winter's tiger teeth.
And when he lays his head upon his bed
Of husks to die, not e'en his parish priest
Can hear his prayer or cover his dead corse
With Faith's or Charity's cold coverlet.

Bavaria takes from us our young, our old,
And makes them slaves of War. Our homes are here:
These homely stones our baby feet have kissed.
We hoped that stumbling age might cosset them.
Death has some charms for him who dies defending
His hearthstone 'gainst the oppressor. We stand true.
[*Applause.*

Hofer. The valley of the lower Inn stands true?

Straub. Yes, every rock! 'Tis like a stream of lava
Ready to burst its bonds. We scarce can wait.
The night before Vesuvius belched forth
That frightful deluge of Hell's cerements,
Pompeii's face was bathed in sun and smiles.
Sweetly she slumbered like a new-born babe.
So sleeps the valley of the lower Inn.
These signal-fires will wake Vesuvius.

Hofer. The upper Innthal? Is that true? What says Herr Sieberer?

Sieberer. No avalanche is surer, after rains
Shall melt and frosts shall crack its old supports,
To make the valley rock with desolation.

Hofer. And will the Church stand true?

Friar Joachim. The cross, and not the sword, is her true weapon.
The Holy See is regent of the world,
The Pope is God's Vice-gerent upon earth,
And Austria her first-born child, her best-
Beloved, since France has spat upon her robe.
Your chaplain I will be, St. Peter's priest,
And wield at times, as Peter did, the sword,

And see that none lie idle in the trench
Who should be on the walls.

[*Several voices call, "The man of Rinn! The man of Rinn!"*

Joseph. I live, you know, by hunting. The chamois knows
My step. The Brenner Pass has been my cradle,
The avalanche has sung my lullaby.
These mountains bow their heads to me in friendship.
The winds that shake their grizzled beards
Have been my breath; the sky my canopy.
But since the fumes of Tyranny have soiled
This atmosphere, so crystalline with freedom,
Hunger and unkempt fields and shrivelled faces
Stare out at me where'er I go. Last week
My bosom-friend and I, chasing a deer,
Outran our welcome, crossed the Tyrol's border
Into that lair where lurk Bavaria's tigers.
I lay me down to sleep beneath the pines
While he went on to find a cooling spring.
A shot crashed through the air! I woke to see
The man I loved tied to a tree, stone-dead.

[*Cries of "Shame! Shame!"*

They seized me, gagged me, bound me, pinned me down
While they could cook their noontide meal.
I begged the boon of doing this for them.
Tired, the watchman slept. I buckled wings
Upon my feet and fled. But not for aye!
These signal-fires that light the mountain-tops
And waken all these glens and glades and dales

As springtide suns awake the sleeping fields,
Shall guide to Innsbruck eighteen thousand men.
They'll seize the castle, — once 'twas freedom's shrine,
But now its charnel-house! — restore it once again,
While Satan leads away his myrmidons
To bleach their bones upon the Danube's banks.

[*Loud applause, by pounding their guns on the ground.*

[*Dawn is breaking.*

Hofer. A rosy light now skirts the Dolomites!

Medici. The kiss of Day upon the breast of Night!

Gruber. (*Who has been on watch, peering into the darkness.*) That line of white — can it be tents?

[*All look eagerly southward.*

Several. Yes, those are tents!

Hofer. Macdonald's tents! The French are on the march
From Italy along the foot-hills towards
Vienna. Good! Necessity now pricks
The heels of our great purpose. To-morrow's sun
Will hear the footfalls of five thousand men
Marshalled within this pass of Sterzing.

Medici. The call to arms has sounded! Signal-fires
Will blaze all night; the church-bells ring at dawn.
To every village has been sent the billets
Burnt upon bark with fire: "The time has come,"
The children were our Mercuries.

Joseph. The Inn and Adige rise upon the Brenner.
Thence little planks, with blood-red flags equipped,

Will bear to all our friends the bloody summons.

Medici. And shavings, soaked in blood, will help these nymphs
To tell our bloody purpose.

Hofer. Now let us lift our hands and swear that, come
What may, the Tyrol shall be free.

[*All take off their hats and raise their right hands and say in unison, "We swear! We swear! We swear!"*

Our ship is launched. God grant that she may find
Safe port and anchorage! We shall not fail,
For God helps him who helps himself. We'll win!
And while we fight our wives will work and pray,
Will reap our crops, will sew and knit and spin;
Will moisten the dry tongues of those who faint,
Will bury those that sleep the patriot's sleep
In beds of flowers, wreathe them too with boughs
That no unfriendly eye may count our dead.
Yes, we shall win! I read it in the clouds!
One summer's morn, in these Tyrolean Alps,
I climbed a mountain with the climbing sun.
The rocks, the rills, the trees, the deer, the birds
Were waking from their slumbers, singing
Matins of joy. I climbed far up a giant's shoulder
Where two deep valleys join. My eyes were rapt
In wonder at the awful scene. A storm
Was rising. Soon the thunder roared, the forests
Rocked and trembled. Then came a crash. I saw
The earth, the rocks, the trees in motion down

The mountainside. Anon they reached the gorge,
Made one mad leap into the dread abyss,
And all was chaos. When I looked again
A cloud streamed up and floated off. Then all
Was solitude — a fading memory.
This portent has a meaning. An avalanche,
When Heaven's flash of liberty has fired
The German heart, will surely come. 'Tis fate!
The storm will rise where Baltic mourns fair Freedom's
Sleep. Sweeping south and gathering strength each
league,
'Twill hurl these petty treaties, frail alliances,
This paper realm that sits upon the sword,
These squadrons, princes, dukedoms, kingdoms, all
Into the seething current of the Rhine.
The hand of God is mightier than that sword.

[*Murmur of applause.*

[*After the enthusiasm has subsided, and they have shaken hands in congratulation.*

Medici. I move this Diet now adjourn to meet
Again whene'er our chief shall call.

[*Voices: "Agreed! Agreed!"*

Hofer. This Diet is adjourned. Let each perform
The part assigned. God grant us full success!
Now let us meet the peasantry in arms,
And let this be our Shibboleth, —
"Our God, our Fatherland and Emperor."

Scene II

Same scene. Faint streaks of dawn. Enter GRETCHEN *and* EMELIA *in haste and out of breath.*

Gretchen. Well, here's the bridge!

Emelia. And here we are! All that is left of us!

Gretchen. Poor frightened lambs, pretending to be goats!

Emelia. You ran like a gazelle.

Gretchen. But you, I fear, more like some broken-winded wether!

Emelia. Is this the summit of the Brenner?

Gretchen. Not quite. 'Tis Sterzing. Here the pass is narrowest.

Emelia. How drunk they were! [*Laughing.*

Gretchen. With sleep. [*Laughing.*

Emelia. Blest be the poppy!

Gretchen. The food for leaden legs and pudding-heads.

Emelia. A rare decoction! I wish its strength were double.

Gretchen. 'Tis mother's balm for pain. She makes it
When our poppies are in flower.

Emelia. How did you mix it?

Gretchen. I poured some in each bottle.

Emelia. These men! These men! But show a man a bottle . . .

Gretchen. Or pretty ankle . . .

Emelia. He'll follow it a mile.

Gretchen. 'Twas lucky that you came! I never should

Have dared to face these forest-goblins all alone.

Emelia. Which was the drunkest?

Gretchen. Sir Bottle Nose! He rattled on — the loon —

Like some old mill.

Emelia. But where were you?

Gretchen. Behind the corner of the inn.

Emelia. What happened when they woke?

Gretchen. They both began to bellow out with rage that

Joe had cheated them and fled! "Where is
That brother of old Baalam's ass?"

Emelia. "That mountain goat."

[*Both in a gale of laughter.*

Gretchen. Yes, "brainless — worthless . . ."

Emelia. "Good-for-nothing oaf."

Gretchen. That "hunter Joe" . . .

Emelia. That "guzzling Joe."

Gretchen. That "vagabond," that "ignorant cub."

Emelia. But then he is a "famous shot."

Gretchen. "And won the prize at Botzen."

Emelia. (*Feigning fear.*) "I'd rather meet the devil."

Gretchen. If ever Joe draws bead on them . . .

Emelia. "'Twill not be Baalam's ass that kicks them."

Gretchen. The mutton-heads!

Emelia. But how about the bridge?

Gretchen. 'Twas he with curly locks — Sir Bottle Nose.

Emelia. What did he say?

Gretchen. Dittfurt, he said, will swear like Mars, and asked the other if he had the fuse. The white-faced lamb said, yes. "But can we find the keg?" "As sure as thirsty mouths find beer," said Lamb. "The bridge is ten miles off," said Bottle Nose.

Emelia. And Lamb?

Gretchen. Said "Baa! There's time enough ere morning."

Emelia. What else?

Gretchen. He baaed once more and then I ran away.

Emelia. The powder keg! The powder keg!

[*Looking about.*

It must be near the bridge.

[*They begin to look for it, going off the stage even and returning.*

[*Noise of voices is heard.*

Emelia. Hark! I hear some voices. [*Listening.*

Gretchen. 'Tis Lamb and Bottle Nose.

[*They run off the stage, as the two Guardsmen appear, hot and tired.*

Second Guardsman. We're here before the rebels.

First Guardsman. Damn the rebels! I'm tired as a dog.

Second Guardsman. Dittfurt thought they would be here by dawn.

First Guardsman. Damn Dittfurt! Damn the dawn!

Second Guardsman. We have no time to lose.

First Guardsman. Nor beer to drink. My throat is hot as ashes.

Second Guardsman. And so's your nose. (*Laughing at him.*) The keg! The keg!

First Guardsman. Yes! Yes! The keg!

[*First Guardsman goes looking about in an aimless way and goes off the stage right. Second Guardsman goes off the stage left. Meanwhile* EMELIA *shows herself. She is watching them.*

I cannot find the thing!

Second Guardsman. Some chamois's swallowed it!

[*They cross over and disappear again.*

I have it! I have it! Here it is! [*Shouting.*

[*Rolls the keg on the stage gingerly with his foot. They then take it up and put it under a corner of the bridge, and Second Guardsman prepares the fuse and begins to light it.*

First Guardsman. Now give us time enough! Five minutes sure!

[*They hurry away and disappear.* EMELIA *and* GRETCHEN *run on the stage, stamp out the fuse and pick it up and run away. The Guardsmen run back.*

Those cussed girls! Those girls we saw last night!

Second Guardsman. They heard you blab.

First Guardsman. I hate a petticoat!

Second Guardsman. Those petticoats are better than our trousers.

First Guardsman. A petticoat is senseless, brainless!

Second Guardsman. Had brains enough for us this time.

[*The distant music of the Marseillaise is heard.*

Here come the rebels.

First Guardsman. We must be quick.

[*They fumble about in their coats and finally find and cut off another piece of fuse. The music is gradually drawing nearer. While they are absorbed in their work,* Joe, *who has been scouting in advance, bounds upon the stage and rushes up and seizes one of their guns, which had been laid down, and* Emelia *seizes the other.* Joe *collars the First Guardsman and* Gretchen *seizes hold of the Second Guardsman as he starts to run away.*

Joe. Hold! Halt! You scarlet-faced galoot!

[*He backs him against the bridge, and begins to tie his hands behind him.*

Have you the scarlet-fever, or the measles?

[*The Guardsman coughs a little to hide his chagrin.*

Emelia. The whooping-cough, perhaps!

[Joe *now goes to* Gretchen's *aid.*

Joe. We'll make you daughter of the regiment.

Emelia. And what shall I be, Joe?

Joe. A captain — no — a baroness. [*Smiling.*

Emelia. Not to-day!

[*He stands the two soldiers side by side, and puts* Emelia *and* Gretchen *guard over them, giving* Gretchen *a stick for a gun. The*

music has been growing louder, and now Hofer *appears at the head of the patriot army, a motley army of hunters and farmers, with guns, one with a flail, one with a pitchfork, and one with a scythe. Their earnestness saves them from appearing ridiculous.*

Joe. These two recruits have saved the bridge.

Hofer. Let God be praised! I feared it might be gone.
These bridges are the Tyrol's arteries,
And when they go its great heart beats in vain,
And she becomes a starving, shrivelled wraith.
Ah! War revenges Nature; turns the milk
Of kindness into gall and burns a blister
Upon the face of Justice. Here at Sterzing
Let us now rest and kiss the hand of God.
This is the rendezvous of all five Cantons
At dawn to-day. From here we take our march
To Innsbruck. There Dittfurt's in command.
He eats men's flesh and licks up women's blood
And roasts our children for his noonday meal.
He holds the town. We'll camp upon Berg Isel
To-night. To-morrow's climbing sun shall see
Us hovering o'er it as War's Furies hover
O'er their prey, swooping down when darkness swoops.
God help us; 'suage the flow of blood; God make
The Inn our friend; temper its rage, tell it
To lend a gentle hand to its old friends.

[*While they are resting a distant convent bell begins to ring.*

Friar Joachim. The Angelus now calls to morning prayer.

To-morrow's sun may set in crimson clouds
And many souls stand naked at the Judgment-seat.

[*All kneel and are saying their prayers when the curtain falls.*

ACT III

Scene I

A public square in the city of Innsbruck. At the back of the stage the entrance to the Viceroy's palace. Messengers passing in and out. A soldier, in jager costume, on guard. Two Tyrolese peasants, strangers in the city, enter.

First Peasant. Is this the Viceroy's palace?

Guard. Some people call him so, and some the Peasant-King.

First Peasant. Which does he like the better?

Guard. Neither. He calls himself the "Sandwirt."

First Peasant. Innkeeper of Sand!

Guard. He kept the inn there.

First Peasant. His father did before him.

Second Peasant. Was not this Maximilian's palace?

Guard. Yes, years ago. That's Maximilian's tomb. [*Right.*

Second Peasant. Where those great statues are? Heroes of bygone
Ages guarding his tomb?

First Peasant. Does Hofer like this knightly state?

Guard. Not he! He has no guard, goes unattended.

First Peasant. True peasant-king! How long has he been King?

Guard. Six months.

Second Peasant. Good fortune has not spoiled him?

Guard. Nor never will.

First Peasant. You helped him capture Innsbruck?

Guard. Yes, I was here.

First Peasant. A noble army.

Guard. Yes, eighteen thousand men . . .

Second Peasant. And women!

First Peasant. Who sprang up in a night . . .

Second Peasant. Like Jonah's gourd.

First Peasant. The very blades of grass grew into men.

Second Peasant. A glorious day . . .

Guard. But bloody fight!

First Peasant. I heard the French commander, Bisson,
Shed tears when he surrendered up his sword,
And said he never more should dare to show
His head in France. But Hofer was like Tell of old
And bade him keep the sword he used so well.
It was the boy grown man. When we were boys
I often trudged across the Brenner with him,
Taking horses to that land of sun. Then he would
Share his crust with me or with his horse.

Guard. You know him then?

First Peasant. 'Twas years ago; now he's forgotten me.
A generous man as ever loved his horse.

[*Here* HOFER *and* JOSEPH *come out, talking together. The peasants stand back but* HOFER *espies them and stops to shake hands.*

Hofer. Heinrich! Can this be you?

[*First Peasant bows deferentially.*

You've grown a beard since we were horsemen.
Ah, those were happy days! No cares of state!
The sceptred chief sleeps not on beds of roses
With cherubs fanning him with perfumed wings,
Nor are his nights those rapturous siestas
Which maidens fondly dream in fairy tales.
The sword of state, — that ghost that never sleeps! —
This stands beside his bed the livelong night,
And never knows its scabbard all day long;
Plays hide-and-seek, and riots in fierce fray.
These cares that clutch our heart-strings, waken us
To hear the echo of some battle's roar,
Or see some sword is rampant we thought sheathed.

[*A Shepherd enters, with a sheepskin over his shoulders for a covering, accompanied by one of* SPECKBACHER'S *scouts in jager costume. They go up to* SPECKBACHER.

Scout. This shepherd's from Verona and has news.

Joseph. Bad news or good? What is it?

Shepherd. (*In a broad country accent.*) Two days ago I left Verona. There had I gone with sheep to sell.

Joseph. You'd smuggled across the border.

Shepherd. Our customs laws are not Bavarian now that we are free. I did, your Excellency. We cannot starve. We have a right to live, and cannot live on

air or by plundering Bavarian refugees. As I was saying to your Honors, two days ago at dawn I started back, and was at Jannack's. You know the place, 'tis in the Kaiserplatz. He sells Tyrolean beer, not that Italian wash.

Joe. Go on! Don't mind the beer!

Shepherd. Not mind the beer? Why not? 'Tis pale as amber, pure, no rosin in it.

Joe. Well, well, your news!

Shepherd. Unless I stopped to get my beer I should have had no news. As I was saying to your Honors, just as I was settling the reckoning and buttoning down my wallet (it had the money for the sheep I sold), a French cuirassier, I think they called him, came, hot as Tophet, on a panting horse all white with lather. His boots were red with mud. No, brown . . .

Joe. Never mind the mud.

[*Impatiently.*

Shepherd. But how could I help seeing it when his boots were covered all over with it?

Hofer. (*To* Joe.) Let him tell his story as he will.

Shepherd. I tell it right. I tell no lies. I heard him say the words myself.

Hofer. What were his words?

Shepherd. He said Napoleon had whipped the Austrians at Pagram, near Vienna.

Hofer. Said what?

Shepherd. He said, as I was telling you, Napoleon had met the Archduke John and routed him at Pagram,

near Vienna. He fired this off in some French jargon, which Jannack told to me.

[HOFER *and* JOE *are incredulous.*

Joe. A pretty fable! My scouts have no such news.

Hofer. Where heard this man this news?

Shepherd. From some Venetian merchants come from Vienna.

Joe. Venetian varnish to sell their wares! Take him away!

[*To the Scout.*

Hofer. Order more powder from Corinthea! 'Tis prudence.

[STRAUB *brings in a prisoner, a peasant, and hands a package to* JOSEPH. *He takes and opens it and hands it to* HOFER.

A proclamation from Eugene, Viceroy
Of Northern Italy. It is addressed
To the Tyrolese and couched in language soft,
Foreshadowing redress of grievances,
Kind sympathy for all our sufferings,
And amnesty for past offences,
The hand of fellowship to all our clergy.

Joe. What's its date?

Hofer. Two days ago.

Joe. A ruse! A fake! 'Tis meant to gull us!

Straub. We were not born on yesterday.

Joe. Our eye-teeth have been cut.

[MEDICI *comes in.*

Medici. Is Hapsburg here?

Hofer. He has not come.

Medici. I met him in the village on his way.

Hofer. What news?

Medici. Straight from Vienna. Here he comes.

[*Enter* Baron Hapsburg.

Baron Hapsburg. I greet your Excellencies. My journey from
Vienna left me a famished wreck. I tarried
At the Kaiser-hof for slight refreshment.

Hofer. Your coming has outrun you.

Baron. Ah, then my rest was fortunate. Throughout
This war the raven's been my prototype.

Hofer. You're always welcome, dove or raven!

Baron. A message from our Emperor.

[*Handing him a paper.*

Hofer. The package is unsealed!

Baron. 'Tis so 'twas handed me.

Hofer. (*Reads.*) "My Tyrolese. I've tried to keep the promises I made to you some days ago, when France was on her back and we were at her throat. The French were then, I thought, my prisoners, upon the isle of Lobau. Napoleon brought up reserves from Italy and from the Tyrol. Prince Eugene and Marshal Macdonald brought up two army corps from Italy. Marshal Lefebvre brought all the army from the Tyrol, full forty thousand. Thus reinforced, the French defeated us at Wagram. To save my capital and throne, advised by all the princes and my generals, I made a treaty, and yielded two thousand square miles of territory, and of my people three

millions and a half. The Tyrol, by its terms, remains a province of Bavaria, and all my soldiers must be withdrawn from there. My sorrow for your misfortunes, which make my heart bleed, and my gratitude for your fidelity, exceed all bounds.

" (Signed) FRANCIS."

[*Consternation.*

Sad news! 'Tis like a dagger to our hearts!
Will Austria desert us now? Leave us
To grapple with this huge Colossus, lone and single-handed? [*Meditating.*

Medici. So says that letter!

Hofer. The Emperor! He promised me, when in Vienna, never to put his hand to any compact except his " Faithful Tyrolese " — these were his very words! — were once again his children, bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh.

Medici. That promise was the echoing light of that
Bright morning star called Hope! The guns, alas,
Of Wagram shattered this reflection — if
Wagram ever was and there were guns.

[*The people in the city have heard the rumors and are coming eagerly in squads, during the rest of this scene, till the square is full.*

[ETSCHMAN *and* WINTERSTALL *come in, and* FRIAR JOACHIM.

Friar Joachim. What news is this Dame Rumor trumpets through
The city's streets? A score of villagers
This horrid tale are croaking in my ears!

[*He and* Hofer *talk together, and* Hofer shows *him the package and letter.*

Hofer. This unsealed package is an open book
Which any one might write and foist upon us.
Bring me a letter with the Emperor's seal
And I'll believe the Emperor has signed it.

Joachim. This, this is lies, deceit, some artifice
Invented by those artful French to gain
Surrender! Idle chaff! I'll none of it!
A Trojan horse! A Trojan horse!

Baron. This is no Trojan horse! This letter signed
By Francis, Emperor of Austria,
Was given me three days ago.

Joachim. By whom? His name?

Baron. His name I did not learn.

Joachim. His rank?

Baron. An aide-de-camp.

Joachim. Of whom?

Baron. The Emperor.

Joachim. The letter was unsealed?

Baron. 'Twas as you see it.

Joachim. Your orders were?

Baron. Deliver this to Andreas Hofer.

Joachim. Know you the signature?

Baron. The Emperor's.

Joachim. You've seen him write?

Baron. No, never.

Joachim. How know you then 'tis his?

Baron. I do not *know*. I *think* 'tis his.

[*The* Baron *has been growing red in the face and*

excited by this volley of questions and his ambiguous position. HOFER *and* JOSEPH, JOACHIM *and* MEDICI *confer. They believe this is another part of the stratagem, meant to entrap them and gain the surrender of Innsbruck.* JOACHIM *tears the letter into pieces and throws the pieces into the* BARON'S *face.*

Joachim. A trap! A trap! Baited with forgery!

[*The* BARON *advances to resent the insult, but is overcome by his anger, and falls in an epileptic fit.*

Another Ananias!

Joe. A mad rascal!

Medici. Sold to the French! This is God's judgment!

Joachim. God's wrath has struck him down!

Joe. (*To two soldiers.*) Go, take him out!

[*The* BARON *is carried out. One of* JOE'S *scouts comes in with a package, which he hands to* JOE *and* JOE *hands to* HOFER.

Hofer. One is addressed to the "King of Bavaria,"
One to the "Crown Prince of Bavaria,"
One to "General Drouet d'Erlon." [*Reads.*

"Your Majesty. The Emperor of Austria accepts my terms. Napoleon."

"Your Grace. The Emperor yields me two thousand square miles of territory and three and a half millions of his subjects. Napoleon."

"General. The Emperor Napoleon orders three di-

visions of the Italian army to be at Linz, in the Tyrol, and six to be at Muhlbach, in six days, to reconquer the Tyrol. Botzen, Innsbruck and Pegri will be retaken at once. Show forbearance to the Tyrolese. Extend amnesty to all who lay down their arms. Duroc (Chief of Staff)." [*Consternation.*

[*After a silence.*

The raven has spoke true! Our doubts are shadows!
Our roseate dreams turn gray! The hand that held
The Tyrol in its clutch is giant grown!
No Constitution now! The Tyrant rules.
Now will he seize our freedom by the forelock
And drag it through the mire of despotism.
Religion weeps hot tears and tears her hair,
For he will choose the shepherds who shall lead
Our children's feet along the thorny road
To Heaven! Sixty thousand men! Napoleon!
O God, how long! How long must that remorseless,
All-conquering sword carve Europe into states
As butchers hew the carcasses of steers?
Have mercy! Hang Thy scales of Justice high
In Heaven, a promise to the nations right
Shall triumph, nor shall cease, till Peace shall spread
Her ægis over Europe.

Joachim. (*Who has been examining the papers and conferring with* Joseph.) A trick! A trick! A Celtic, Jewish trick! —

Your Excellencies, and you, compatriots:
All's fair in war, this God of War believes.
A paper bullet's softer than a leaden;

And if it does its work, why not then use it?
We mountaineers know not the craft of men,
The stratagems which blind the eyes with sand
The easier to drive the dagger home.
They think us senseless as the senseless sea
That idly laps the shore; they think us flotsam.
These words are forgeries! Tear them to shreds,
And stuff them down this Frenchman's throat! The lies
Yon Judas tried to speak choked him to death.
A Frenchman fattens on such diet.

[*The crowd cheer these sentiments. But* HOFER *and* JOE, *who are not convinced, are silent.* EMELIA *and* GRETCHEN *come in.*

A Peasant. (*To* HOFER.) Must we embrace the knees of our oppressors,
Lay down our arms, give up our hopes and vanish?

[*Several Voices: "No!" "Never!" "Never!" "Never!" "The Tyrol for the Tyrolese!"*

Second Peasant. (*To* JOACHIM.) Don't God help those who help themselves?

Friar Joachim. He often has in ages past.

Medici. Ten thousand Greeks at Marathon withstood
The hordes of Persia. [*Applause.*

Friar Joachim. Three hundred at Thermopylæ withstood three millions! [*Applause.*

Medici. Across the sea, three million farmers faced
All England and her myrmidons.

[*Applause.*

A Voice. And France and Spain lent them their swords.

A Voice. Prussia will help us!

Another Voice. She hates the French!

Another Voice. She's boiling with rebellion.

A Voice. (*To* Hofer.) What proof have you the Emperor signed that paper?

Hofer. Baron Hapsburg brought it here.

[*Voices: "An aristocrat!" "A traitor!" "A renegade!"*

A Voice. He hates the Tyrolese.

Joe. He turned his back on us at Hall, and scorned
To send us help, when we were on the edge
And precipice of ruin.

[Joe *is being carried away by the prevailing enthusiasm, but* Hofer *is not.*

Oppacher. Give me five hundred men and I will hold
The pass of Strub 'gainst fifty thousand.

A Voice. Our northern gate! [*Applause.*

Joe. Twice have we held the Brenner, twice captured Innsbruck.

A Voice. Our central gate! [*Applause.*

Medici. We all know Sterzing is Gibraltar.

A Voice. Our southern gate! [*Applause.*

Medici. The Swiss won independence! So can we!

[*Hurrahs, enthusiasm. They swing their hats and crowd off the stage, leaving* Hofer, Emelia *and* Gretchen.

Gretchen. You seem so sad, dear father.

Hofer. (*Shakes his head.*) This is the height of madness!
We are a feeble folk. Our feeble breast
Cannot withstand the battering-ram of Europe.
Emelia. Our purpose and conceptions are sublime.
Desert us not! What counts one feeble life?
Their mountains saved the Swiss; our mountains, too,
May help us build a Tyrolese republic,
And you may be its Tell.

[*They walk off.*

ACT IV

Scene I

The Fugitives

Winter. A hut, small, neglected, thatched roof, on one side of the stage. On the other side a fire at which Anna *is cooking something in a kettle suspended on a crotched stick.* Gretchen *is peeling some potatoes, which she puts in the kettle.* Hofer *is picking up branches of wood in the forest near by, which he brings in and puts upon the fire. All look haggard and hungry. This scene takes the front of the stage.*

Anna. (*To* Gretchen.) What! Fifteen hundred
florins for his head!
Dead or alive!
Gretchen. The French have offered it.
Anna. Who told you this?
Gretchen. There is a placard posted in the village.
'Tis signed by General d'Hilliers.
Anna. A bait thrown to our starving Tyrolese
To tempt some tramp to tell this hiding-place.
Hofer. (*Who comes in with a handful of branches and puts them on the fire.*) No smoke! No noise,
my dears! They might betray
Us to our hunters.

Anna. We know that well.

Hofer. What have you in the pot?

Anna. Some bones for soup. They are our last.

Hofer. To-night, then, I must venture villageward.

Anna. No, no. You will be seen.

Hofer. Your pinched and starving faces frighten prudence!

I think there's no one in our loving land
Who does not love us far too well to tell
Our secret to the breath of Heaven.

[EMELIA *enters, hot and tired from her long climb, bearing a basket on her arm.*

Gretchen. Here comes our good Samaritan!

[GRETCHEN *goes to meet her and takes the basket.*

Emelia. There's bread and honey, butter, cheese and wine.

Gretchen. 'Twas thus the ravens fed Elijah.

[*They all greet her cordially.*

Anna. 'Tis well you came, for Andreas had threatened
To go down the berg to-night, and risk his capture.

Emelia. (*Handing a sealed envelope to* HOFER.) I have good news! Our Emperor sends you this.

All. Our Emperor!

Hofer. (*After opening and reading, while all crowd around him.*) Who gave you this?

Emelia. 'Twas Baron Hapsburg.

Anna. A trick to find our hiding-place!

Emelia. No, no! Not so! My life upon it!

Hofer. (*Reading.*) "Dear, faithful friend. I am fearful for your life. The French have set a price, I hear, upon your head, and hope, no doubt, the price may tempt some starving Tyrolese to turn a traitor. Come here, I beg of you. The Archduke John, who loves you well, joins me in this request. Here in Vienna you are safe; among your mountains, never. Already I have made you Count of Tyrol, and settled on you and your kin an ample stipend. Come quickly, ere it be too late! Francis."

Anna. The Emperor has a noble heart!

Emelia. And Baron Hapsburg has the horses ready For all of you.

[ANNA *and* GRETCHEN *embrace him with joy.*

Anna. Come, Andreas! Come! Now let us go!

Gretchen. Your life is very dear to us, papa.

[*Looking into his face.*

Hofer. Your lives are safe! No blood has stained your hands!

The gates of Heaven, its walls of alabaster,
Are not more stainless.

Anna. Our lives are naught. 'Tis yours!

Hofer. My life is but a feather on the wind.
The winds may blow or north or south, 'tis naught!
My days are barques laden with broken hopes:
And my nights agonies for Tyrol's woes!
All have borne arms since Prince Eugene proclaimed
His amnesty are shot or gibbeted
Or tied to horses' tails, men, priests and boys;
Our hamlets, deserts: towns are funeral pyres:

This Battle-Fury, this awful God of War,
Has never learned the potency of love,
The witchery and statecraft of affection.
This side the Rhine he rules by blood and iron,
By mailed fists, not open-handed favor.
But he will reap what he has sown — hate, hate,
Eternal hate! The murmurs of the surf
Will soon become tumultuous thunderings
Of ocean, maddened, mountainous, majestic.
The corsair chief, who sails his paper barque
In such a tempest, surely will be swamped.
Those hundreds hoarded in Italian dungeons,
In agony of patience, beg the walls
To crush them. *Can* I leave these friends to die?

Emelia. But *can* you save them?

Hofer. I'm guiltier than they. My life might be
Atonement, 'suage the tyrant's rage.

Emelia. No one can die for all.

[ANNA *and* GRETCHEN *kneel to him and caress him.*

Hofer. I was the battle-front of this sedition.

Emelia. But you advised they haul their pennon down
And sheathe their swords.

Hofer. But when the people fell upon my neck
And begged me raise again the Gorgon-head
Of War, I yielded to their prayers.

Gretchen. Not willingly, papa!

Anna. You sweat great drops of blood before you yielded.

Hofer. That matters naught. The sanctity of motive
Is buried, lost in this great holocaust.
I dare to die. I dare not be a coward,
And slink away, a thief with blood-bought pelf.
Thousands have died, breasting the thundering squadrons;
Shall I turn pale before the Great White Horse?
I urged them into battle's sulphurous hell:
Shall I wait death upon a flowery bed?
"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori" —
Earth, Heaven smiles when patriots meet their deaths —
These words have wafted loving souls to Heaven,
Exchanging death for gules of martyrdom.
Shall I live on as lives the galley-slave,
Crawl, sneak, and cower 'neath the patriot's lash,
And die at last with none to shed one tear?
The potion mixed for others I should take.
They've sixty thousand cutthroat knives
Greedy to stab the Tyrol, face or back,
Pile woes on woes until they top the clouds!
It matters naught! The Tyrol's heart is broke.
Hope, like the fairy Lorelei of the Rhine,
Or the sleek Siren of Calypso's isle,
Has lured me on from dream to dream
Till Truth held up her mirror to my face
And broke the glass.

Emelia. (*Pointing to the letter she brought.*) The Emperor has made you Count of Tyrol

And offers you a refuge from these wolves,
And grants a revenue commensurate
With this high title.

Hofer. To take it were a sacrilege. My gratitude
I'll send for his good offices. But I was born
A peasant. Peasant will I die. These people,
They've laid their lives, their honor, country, all
Upon my shoulders; rose as if one man;
The patriotic fires that warmed their hearts
They fused into one flame, a conflagration.
This revolution is a spectacle
That ages hence will gaze upon in wonder.
Shall I alone turn traitor? Shall churlish tongues
Say, when the ship was sinking Hofer fled?

Emelia. Your King deserted you!

Hofer. These people are my King; their love my life;
Their breath my hope of Heaven; their hearts my tomb;
Their faith my crown, e'en though of martyrdom.

Gretchen. Hark! What's that? [*All listen.*

Anna. The crackling of dead branches!

Hofer. Some animal, a deer, perhaps.

Anna. I hear the rustling of dead leaves . . .

Gretchen. Like footsteps crunching through the forest.

Emelia. Into the hut! Into the hut! Quick! Quick!

[Anna *takes the kettle,* Gretchen *the basket,* Emelia *the pan of potatoes.* Hofer *dead-*

ens the fire with ashes. All rush into the hut, HOFER *last, closing and fastening the door.*

A Voice. Rafelle, you rascal, you've been cheating us!

Another Voice. Judas, you damn'd black-hearted Jew, you've lost your thirty shekels! You deserve a beating for taking us this dreadful climb!

[*Enter* JOSEPH RAFELLE, *who betrays* HOFER, *followed by* DITTFURT, *who is beating him over the head and shoulders with his sword and kicking him. Several soldiers come in.*

Rafelle. Oh! Oh! Don't! Don't! I've lost my way!

That's all!

Dittfurt. You'll lose your head unless you find the rebel!

Rafelle. Oh! Oh! I'll find him! He's on this mountain!

Oh! Oh! Don't! Don't!

[*All look about them.*

Dittfurt. This mountain here is rightly called "old Schneeberg":

Its only tenants are the snows and glaciers.
Hofer is no fool, to leave the dales the sun
Has christened with the breath of life
To batten on this iceberg.

Soldier. Ah! Here's a hut!

Dittfurt. Only a hunter's camp.

Soldier. But here are ashes.

Another Soldier. Yes, they are warm.

Dittfurt. Last year, you fool.

Soldier. But they have burned my hand.

Dittfurt. Ah! Ha! Perhaps we're on the scent.

Soldier. This door is fastened.

Dittfurt. Inside?

Soldier. Inside.

Dittfurt. Then use your bayonet.

[*The door is opened from the inside and* HOFER *steps out.*

Rafelle. Yes! Yes! That's General Barbone!

Dittfurt. "Barbone"?

Rafelle. We call him Barbone for his long beard.

Hofer. I am the man you seek. I'm Andreas Hofer.

Do what you like with me, but these are guiltless.

Dittfurt. (*While* ANNA *and* GRETCHEN *crowd around* HOFER *to shield him from arrest.*) Seize him! Bind him! Gag him!

Hofer. There is no need. I'll go with you. I've faced

The cannon's mouth too oft to tremble now.

[*The soldiers seize* HOFER *and throw him down brutally upon his face. One pulls out a handful of his long, red beard, one puts his knee on the small of his back, while another ties his arms behind him. Blood trickles down his face. Meanwhile others tie* ANNA'S *hands behind her back. A soldier leers at* GRETCHEN. DITTFURT *remembers* EMELIA *and offers her no indignity. Then they make a noose in*

a rope, put the noose round HOFER'S *neck like a halter and lead him away by it. As he goes he turns to* EMELIA *and* GRETCHEN.

Hofer. Be steadfast and be patient. 'Tis thus that you
May expiate my sins!

[*One soldier remains behind to set fire to the hut. Two Tyrolese hunters rush out from the forest and seize the soldier and detain him.* DITTFURT *hurries back to the rescue and is struck over the head in the melee with the butt of a gun and falls before the curtain goes down.*

Scene II

Venice by moonlight. The Quay of St. Mark's, with the Bridge of Sighs across the stage in the background. Time, sunset verging into evening. Children at play on the quay and feeding the doves. GRETCHEN *and* EMELIA *come upon the stage arm in arm.*

Gretchen. No answer from the Emperor!
[*Anxious.*

Emelia. It is not time. 'Tis six, no, seven days
Since Baron Hapsburg spurred Bucephalus
Towards Vienna. Have thou no fear, my dear!
Were Alexander's self upon his back

The goal would not be quicker won. No barb
Of Araby, the children of the desert
Hunt the fleet chetah on, could be more swift.

Gretchen. When think you he'll return?

Emelia. He waved me this adieu — these were his words —

"Expect me this day week at sunset."

Gretchen. The sun is setting.

Emelia. Give him some leeway!

Gretchen. Think you the Emperor'll beg Eugene
To spare my father's life?

Emelia. To doubt it were the depth of folly.
Has he not forded bogs of misery?

Gretchen. Composure sat so still upon my father's brow!

Emelia. 'Twas Patience on the cross!

Gretchen. And Marshal Bisson was so kind!

Emelia. Considerate as Justice!

Gretchen. His locks are driven snow! Blazoned with medals!
A prisoner not many moons ago
In Innsbruck! When he yielded up his sword
He tore his hair; his eyes were brooks. "Where shall
I hide my poor, gray head, haloed with shame?
This day's the end of all!" he faltered forth.
My father's mercy turned this grief to love.

Emelia. The whole court martial breathed forth mercy.

Gretchen. "Unless Napoleon stays our hands," he said

To Joe, "your sun will rise to-morrow."

[*Enter* Joe *in haste, disguised as a gondolier.*

Joe. (*Eager and happy.*) I met the General, in
St. Mark's Square,
While on my way. "The Fates," he said, "still guide."
The judges sit again at once.

Emelia. You think they'll vote acquittal?

Joe. Acquittal? No. But spare his life.

Gretchen. My God! My God! I thank Thee!

[*Kneeling.*

Emelia. I'll bear this benison to your mother.

[*Hurries off.*

Gretchen. Saved! Saved! The fiends have lost
their prey! Three weeks
Of agony! The moon rose clear to-night.
The bay appeared a shield of burnished silver:
On it disported domes and gondolas
Caparisoned with nymphs and satyrs, imps,
Ships in full sail, their masts garlanded with wreaths.
Behold the Lion of St. Mark! His wings
Outstretched, that shielded for a thousand years
This city, smile beneath the moonbeam's kiss.
How perfect your disguise! [*Turning to* Joe.

Joe. A gondolier in dress and voice and song,
My song keeps roundelay with my long oar.
The French set, too, a price upon my head:
For months I've habited yon mountains, chased
By greedy, two-legged wolves, a fugitive.
Come, Gretchen, let us lay aside the weeds
Of war that drape the chambers of the mind

And dress our thoughts in flowers and scarlet robes.
How oft among yon mountains have we seen
Anemones unveil their eyes at morn
To let the sunshine dry their dewy tears;
Have seen the humming-bird asleep upon
The zephyr, striding the sunbeam, feeding
Of sweets the summer suns distil! Oh, come
And let us their sweet lesson learn.

Gretchen. The mountain's breath is sweeter than the sea's!

Joe. But this is Venice, Adriatic's Queen;

[*A gondolier's song is heard.*

Ay, queen of queens when clad in Luna's dress.
See where that skiff glides through yon silver lane,
Plowing up jewels in its lengthening furrow!
That gondolier! He's some aquatic god
Just risen from the council-halls of Neptune.
The rainbow lends him hues! Hark, hear his song!
It echoes like some distant organ's voice
Among these walls and sculptured cornices,
Or as the trumpet-swan's soft notes
Float on among our castled crags and cloisters.

Gretchen. All wondrous, beautiful, but yet, not home!

Our hearts love best the Tyrol's solitudes;
Our feet love best the chamois' rugged path,
His home and pastures 'mid the realm of snow;
Our bosom-friends are cataracts and glaciers,
The hawk and eagle, whose broad wings are sails,
Whose vision takes in half the Zodiac.

'Tis these we love the best. [*Affectionately.*

Joe. (*Responding.*) True! True! To-morrow we will wend our way
Back home. This war, its wails, its woes, its tears,
Have woven with a grasping web the threads
We spun in childhood's days. From now we will
Together climb the hill of life. Trust me!
You need a manlier arm than yours to keep
At bay the fauns and satyrs will infest
These solitudes hereafter. [*Taking her hands.*

Gretchen. (*Laying her head against his shoulder.*)
How strange that here between this palace front
And this grim prison we should plight our troths!
[*Music is heard in the piazza.*

Joe. Hark! Hark! There's music! Love's sweet serenade!
It lends Romance's robe to Heavenly vows.
Come, let us wander through the corridors
That bound the Great Piazza, join the throng
Of gay Venetians.
[*They go out hand in hand.*

[*Enter* EMELIA *and* BARON HAPSBURG.

Emelia. And was the Emperor willing?

Baron. Painfully willing! Quick as light he wrote
To Prince Eugene to beg this boon:
A pardon for his "faithful friend."

Emelia. The letter? Have you it here?

Baron. 'Tis flying toward Meran by courier.

Emelia. My heart goes with it! [*Earnestly.*

Baron. But what am I to have?

Emelia. (*Smiling.*) My gratitude! That's not enough?

Baron. Not quite.

Emelia. My gratitude is not enough?

[*Feigning surprise.*

Baron. A hungry man would starve on gratitude.

Emelia. But gratitude is oft the food of love.

Baron. Of woman's, maybe; seldom of a man's!

Emelia. I have naught else to give.

Baron. Ah, pardon me, you have a heart.

Emelia. I fear I have no heart.

Baron. You had one once; and I have seen you throw
That panting jewel at the feet of poor,
Sick, wounded soldiers, stretched on pine-bough beds,
While I, poor wretch, was starving for a smile.

Emelia. Are smiles such jewels?

Baron. Sometimes! Why, think you, have I done all this —
Rode day and night from Venice to Vienna?

Emelia. To save a life.

Baron. Why braved a sister's scorn and risked
A father's life?

Emelia. To serve a noble cause.

Baron. Why joined the Tyrolese?

Emelia. To help a prostrate cause.

Baron. Why faced Bavarian bullets?

Emelia. To set a people free.

Baron. Stood to my smoking guns when Austria
Had called her children home?

Emelia. To find a home in all Tyrolean hearts.

Baron. And lose one heart worth all the rest.

Emelia. But is it worth the price you'd pay?

Baron. Yes, ten times more.

[*She gives him her hand*

Emelia. The prize you covet is not worth, I fear,
The powder you have burned to get it.

[*She yields reluctantly, as if doubting her wisdom.*

[*Enter* Anna *and* Medici, *disguised as a Capucin monk, who takes down his daughter's hands from her face.*

Medici. My daughter, why so pensive?

Emelia. These are not times in which our thoughts can play
As do gazelles with their own shadows.

Medici. True! True, my child! My heart is heavier
Than yours.

Baron. But Hofer's life is saved. What troubles you?

Medici. The old, sad tale of disappointed hope!
My dream of liberty is all a mirror
Broken to atoms! Still, one hope allures.
I saw in vision, half-awake last night,
Napoleon shipwrecked on a desert isle,
Chained to a rock, cabined in a horse-shed,
Activities Herculean penned in a sty;
A vulture gnawing his own vitals, whose
Food had been the enthralling of a world. . . .

Anna. Oh, God! That we might see that day!

Medici. A deep, sepulchral voice — 'twas from above —
Spake in my ears these words: "Since time began
No man has long defied Mankind and lived."

Anna. The voice of God once spoke to Moses from
A burning bush.

Medici. So I bethought myself and prayed.

[JOE *and* GRETCHEN *come back hand in hand.*

Joe. The time draws near when from yon clock-tower gate
The mailèd knight shall strike the hour of seven.

[*The clock begins to strike. All stop and listen, facing the bridge. A ray of moonlight lights the bridge.*

Medici. How spectral is this gloom! That long canal —
Cimmerian in its night — winds in and out
As wound the inky Styx through darkest Hades.
One feeble ray of light brightens this gloom.
Well-named, thou Bridge of Sighs! A palace here;
A prison there; and ocean rolls between.
On either side beneath the tide are cells:
Here reigneth Peace and Joy and Merriment;
There lowereth Grief and Solitude and Crime.
Within this banquet-hall, the Court of Life;
Within that prison hall, the Court of Death:
A birthplace here, and there a sepulchre.
This sea divides two awful silences:
One heralds Birth; one trails pale Death;
And Life's tumultuous billows surge between.

[*The noise of the turning of a great key in a lock and the withdrawing of iron bars is heard, on the palace end of the bridge, where the court has been sitting. Then three figures step out on the bridge, the jailer with the prison-keys,* HOFER *in black, and* FATHER JOACHIM *in a Capucin monk's garb.*

HOFER. (*In a sepulchral voice to his friends below.*)
My judges would have granted me my life —
Napoleon would not have it so.
Farewell! A long farewell! Farewell forever!
I die to-morrow at the dawn.

[*A deep moan goes up from the people below as the curtain falls, and the three move over the bridge.*

Last Scene. Spectacular

The lights go down and it is night. Then, after a while, dawn lights the stage, and people pass along to their work. ANNA, GRETCHEN, JOE, MEDICI *and* EMELIA *come upon the stage in black. The death-march is heard on the drums at a distance, coming gradually nearer, and a guard with guns reversed escorting* HOFER *attended by* JOACHIM *appear. They halt. The captain of the guard reads the warrant for* HOFER'S *execution and tells him he must kneel and be blindfolded. Pigeons are running about picking up corn.*

Hofer. I only kneel before my God! I've faced
Death often, and I shall not blanch. My hand
Upon my heart will guide your soldiers' aim.
My God! My Fatherland! My Emperor!

CURTAIN.

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